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FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

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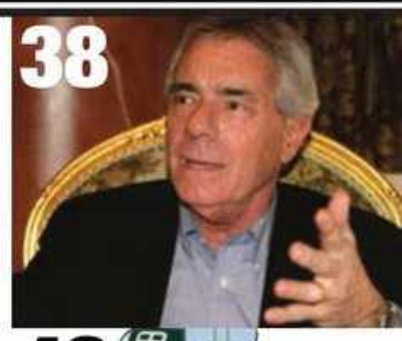

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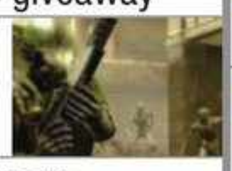

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***Cover photo by Mark Lit/DigitalDesire.com***

# PUT THE PIGS IN JAIL!

Our economy is in shambles thanks to deregulation, which has allowed greed to rule the marketplace. Taking advantage of the system, predatory lenders made mortgage loans they knew would have a high default rate. What did they care? They had already made sure to line their pockets. That's why you don't see any CEOs from Lehman Brothers or Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac being evicted from their homes and living in their cars.

In fact, many—if not all of them—left their shattered companies with golden parachutes. So the taxpayers clean up the mess while the culprits sun themselves in the Bahamas. Is that reasonable? Not the way I see it.

Let's freeze the assets of these corporate pigs, then put them on trial. Need a criminal charge? How about treason, given that they have led our country to bankruptcy? And if not treason, then simple theft. The American people want justice. If we have to pay, then those who brought us to ruin should pay as well—in spades.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

ELM STREET
WOMEN'S
CHURCH
LADIES, JOIN US
SUNDAY FOR THE
ANNUAL
"BLESSING
OF THE
DILDOES"
J. Billette

BY KEITH VALCOURT

# Better living through gadgets. TECH KNOW

## GUITAR GOD

Hey, Guitar Heroes! Want to really rock? The new **Double Range V3** guitar controller does. Not only is it shaped like the classic, shredding flying V, but it also allows you to play wirelessly from up to 30 feet away. It's compatible with both the PS2 and PS3 and features two complete sets of feather-touch fret buttons. The **Double Range V3** is available in three rocking colors: red, blue and black. Available at ***TheAntCommandos.com***. Suggested retail price: $49.99.

## STICK IT

What do you call a guy who hangs around musicians? A drummer! Now that that is out of the way, check out these supercool illuminated drum sticks from TAC. Available in two colors (flame red and electric blue) they are designed for use with *Rock Band* and *Guitar Hero World Tour* drum sets. When you hit them, the entire body of the stick glows with a cool pulse, shining a light on your drumming. The sticks run on two AAA batteries and may make you as cool as Tommy Lee. Probably not though.

Available at ***TheAntCommandos.com***. Suggested retail price: $19.99.

## PORTABLE PARTY

You've always wanted to be a DJ, but either you couldn't afford the equipment or the stuff you bought was too complex and hard to use. The new **Hercules Mobile DJ MP3** for the PC will have you rocking the party in no time. This wireless dual deck is not only the most portable mixer around, but it's so easy to use. Just plug in your USB radio receiver and insert the software CD. You can then control your tunes and get this party started. It runs on two C batteries and features 25 controls for everything from scratching to sound effects.

Available at ***Hercules.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

# WIN SCANDYNA SPEAKER SYSTEM

## STYLISH SOUNDS

Straight outta Denmark (that's right, Denmark), this speaker system lets you unleash the music in your iPod. We know what you're saying: "So what? There are plenty of speaker systems out there that let me do that." Yeah, but do any of them looks as sleek and stylish as the Scandyna System? We think not. These compact and curvaceous speakers resemble a work of art. Don't think something this cool-looking can rock? Wrong again; the system features a 2x15 watt RMS Class T Amplifier, Kevlar bass/midrange driver, and soft dome tweeter with superior sound. Plus, it can be used with whatever iPod you have.

Because we like you, we're actually giving away a stylish dock pack. See details below.

Available at ***PodSpeakers.com*** Suggested retail price: $299.

## SPEAKER SYSTEM CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Your sound never looked so good! Get this cool **Scandyna Speaker System**. For your chance to win just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Scandyna Speakers Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

What kind of articles would you like to see more often in HUSTLER? ☐Sports ☐Rock 'n' Roll ☐Celebrities ☐Porn Star Profiles

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☐Bits & Pieces ☐Music Section ☐Celebrity Section ☐Other: _____

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_____Yes, I'd like to receive special HUSTLER offers at my e-mail address.

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# GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

## IT IS NOT FUTILE!

***Resistance 2***

**Manufacturer: Sony Computer Entertainment**

**Format: PS3**

Designed exclusively for the PS3, the highly anticipated ***Resistance*** sequel finds you once again stepping into the boots of Sergeant Nathan Hale, facing impossible odds and struggling with a virus that is ravaging your insides. This first-person shooter game sees you running through several major cityscapes, blasting away at the seemingly invincible Chimera and the zombies it creates. Remember, the fate of mankind is in your hands. No pressure.

## SLAM DUNK

***NBA 09: The Inside***

**Manufacturer: Sony Computer Entertainment**

**Format: PS3**

The newly released ***NBA 09: The Inside*** features truer-to-life gameplay than ever before. It utilizes 1080 HD at 60 frames per second to put you right there on the court. You'll feel the ball as you drive the lane and take it to the hoop. ***NBA 09*** also features, for the first time on the PS3, something called "The Life"—basically bonus vignettes that offer an inside look at NBA players' personal lives. No, Kobe Bryant won't be seen shacking up in a hotel with a white chick.

## BALLS TO THE WALL

***MLB 2K8***

**Manufacturer: 2K Sports**

**Format: Xbox 360, PS3**

Okay, so maybe basketball isn't your sport. Then check out 2K Sports' latest Major League Baseball game for a dose of nonstop diamond action. All 30 teams are represented, as well as the star players. You can pitch, hit, run the bases and even bunt like a big-leaguer. But do you really want to lay down a bunt? We don't think so.

## SLUG IT OUT!

***Metal Slug 7***

**Manufacturer: SNK Playmore/Ignition Entertainment**

**Format: Nintendo DS**

First things first: We know that the sexy, anime-inspired character in the new *Metal Slug 7* game isn't real. Eri Kasamoto is merely the creation of some ingenious game designer. We get it. That doesn't mean we can't lust for the alluring Asian. With that out of the way, the longtime military shooter is back and available for the DS for the first time ever. With several levels of play and firepower, ***Metal Slug 7*** is sure to provide hours of fun. And the Asian chick is hot. Well, she is!

# Common Sense...And Uncommon Stupidity

## HOW WE'VE TREATED THE MOST IMPORTANT DECISION OF OUR LIVES AS A GAME.

Common Sense" was the title of Tom Paine's seminal pamphlet calling for independence from Britain. It is a trait that Americans have always prided themselves on having in excess, from the farmer revolutionaries of 1776 to the melting pot grunts of World War II bunkers.

In our nation's 233rd year, however, it would seem that those choosing our leaders are too often fantasists, morons and the ill-informed, moved not by logic but passion, fooled by flash over substance, adrenaline over reason. As actor Matt Damon said in September 2008 over the Sarah Palin nomination frenzy, "It's like a really bad Disney movie."

Have we already reached the point at which our electorate becomes so gullible, so ignorant and so driven by a toxic mix of celebrity and money that our democratic system no longer functions? Have we already reached that point? Events of the past year—or ten—would seem to indicate we have.

We can argue the causes all day. Bad schools? Lazy news media? Soft liberals? Selfish conservatives? Religious fundamentalism? A history of anti-intellectualism? Talk radio? Fluoride in our water? And the causes are crucially important, if we are to unstupid ourselves anytime soon. But I'm worried about the consequences: the world's most powerful—and dangerous—nation driven by citizens with no common sense.

Follow my logic here: "We" elect a President. But who really chooses our new leader? A few voters in a handful of key Electoral College states, voters with little to no allegiances to parties or ideologies, basing their choice on what they perceived as the "character" of the candidates. Since only a little more than half of eligible voters cast ballots, and since many states are predictably "blue" or "red," and since roughly two-thirds of the electorate sticks pretty close to one party, the people deciding who is to be the "Leader of the Free World" are a tiny minority: voters in so-called swing states—usually Florida, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Missouri and a few others where party allegiance is roughly equal. A few hundred thousand or a couple of million folks who waffle on their choice, many up to the last minute.

And who are these powerful few? Fools and empaths who think the issues don't matter, only how they "feel" about their leaders. That's impolitic to say, but I am not running for anything. Simply put, if you had to wait until Election Day to decide between McCain and Obama, you weren't paying attention for the PAST FIVE YEARS!

**The people deciding who is to be the "Leader of the Free World" are a tiny minority. ... And who are these powerful few? Fools and empaths who think the issues don't matter, only how they "feel" about their leaders.**

These candidates represent political parties with predictable platforms on the issues. Both have served in the Senate and have a significant voting record. Both have given countless speeches. They have been vetted by the national media. One represented the party that had been in power for the past eight years, the other represented the party that was in power the previous eight years, so there is more room for comparison there too.

So what the hell were these people waiting for? A sign from God? A personal handshake from McCain or Obama? An appearance on *Dancing With the Stars* to see if the candidates could tango?

No, the reason these people couldn't make up their mind is because they treated the 2008 Presidential election like a popularity contest, waiting for *emotional* epiphany rather than intellectual clarity. They based their decision not on the forces—the donors, supporters and party affiliation—that each candidate represented, but on infantile notions of who would make a better daddy, drinking buddy or action-movie hero.

If we look at the polls, we see George W. Bush paid mightily in his popularity for the Iraq War and his response to Hurricane Katrina. Despite attempts to bribe us with tax refunds and the like, he never recovered it. This would seem to say that we Americans do pay attention and actually hold our leaders accountable. However, getting clued into the game after six years of abuse is not particularly impressive, and we appear eager to get fooled again by the next good "narrative," as the political puppeteers like to call it.

Does this mean portrait I am creating describe all the people, all of the time? Of course not. Unfortunately, it describes too many of the people, too much of the time. More than a third of the country doesn't vote at all, many because they don't feel qualified; others because they don't believe it does any good, or that the narrow, two-party system doesn't include candidates who represent their own views.

Another third votes down party lines, greatly influenced by strong opinions on core issues: abortion, war, social programs. Finally, there is that last hunk, the self-described independents, too many of whom are swayed by "vibe" rather than "facts."

I have always been a believer in a compassionate American soul that, given a chance, will instinctively return to the path of freedom and equality. The Americans I meet while traveling around the country seem to be consistently caring, honest and likeable. Yet at some point such positive impressions cease to matter if we have handed over the reins of power—and the nukes that come with it—to people who not only don't understand the world, but don't care to even try.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America.*

# Omar al-Bashir: Africa's Hitler

## WHY DOES THE USELESS U.N. LET SUDAN'S RULER GET AWAY WITH GENOCIDE?

Americans know far more about Sarah Palin than what the United Nations has called "the world's worst humanitarian disaster," the continually worsening genocide in Sudan's Darfur region, with more than 450,000 killed, and at least two million others displaced into refugee camps also under attack by the ruthless forces of General Omar Hassan Ahmad al-Bashir, the monstrous president of Sudan.

Coming to power in a 1989 Islamic coup, al-Bashir eventually unleashed his tribal militia, the *Janjaweed*. Supported by Sudanese army troops and helicopter gunships, the *Janjaweed* burn villages to the ground (occasionally tossing infants into the flames), steal all the livestock and accompany their killing and raping with racist denunciations of these "inferior" black victims.

These atrocities have fallen out of the news around the world. After all, it's happening in Africa, not Norway or New Zealand. In Congo, millions of Africans have been hacked to death or shot in ongoing wars, but when was the last time you saw American mass media presence there—or in Darfur?

But where is the United Nations as corpses pile up and humanitarian organizations flee—because their people are also being attacked by the *Janjaweed*?

The U.N. Security Council passed a series of resolutions that are essentially hollow because China, a Security Council member, blocks anything that might imperil General al-Bashir. He sells needy China much of Sudan's abundant oil and, in turn, gets arms from China.

There was a fleeting indication the U.N. would finally send peacekeepers into Darfur under the command of the African Union, previously limited to a few unarmed "observers." But al-Bashir so effectively blocked the Security Council resolution that only a small number of the UNAMID (as the hybrid U.N.-African Union operation is called) forces are on the ground. Survivors of raids by the *Janjaweed* and al-Bashir's army report that the UNAMID "peacekeepers" just watch the carnage and do nothing.

Congress has imposed economic sanctions on companies doing business with al-Bashir, but they are only sighs of reproach. What the hell? General al-Bashir is doing business with China, which has built some of the shiniest new buildings in Khartoum, Sudan's capital. And for some time now, little has been heard from even American black organizations and leaders.

**In Congo, millions of Africans have been hacked to death or shot in ongoing wars, but when was the last time you saw American mass media presence there—or in Darfur?**

Finally, al-Bashir appeared to have reason to fear accountability: a formal war crimes trial before the International Criminal Court in The Hague. The court's chief prosecutor, Luis Moreno-Ocampo, has asked a panel of three judges to issue arrest warrants against al-Bashir on three counts of genocide, five of crimes against humanity and two of murder. Furthermore, as the Paris-based *Sudan Tribune* reported, Moreno-Ocampo has accused al-Bashir of masterminding the extinction of three opposition tribes in Darfur.

At first, al-Bashir—secure in his profitable partnership with China—was amused. Before a huge crowd (ordered to attend) of supporters in Sudan, he "jumped up on a desk and did a little jig" as the crowd cheered, "Go, go, Mr. Bashir!" (*Minneapolis Star Tribune*, July 24, 2008)

But then the chill came. What if al-Bashir was dragged before a court and put in a cage for the rest of his life? Yet very soon he could laugh in relief as a campaign grows to suspend—and eventually kill—the arrest warrant request.

Included are the Arab League, the Organization for the Islamic Conference, even the African Union. You might have thought that these organizations would be outraged at the evils in Darfur, but they prefer "stability" in the region. Moreover, China and Russia have made it clear that they too oppose putting this head of a sovereign nation on trial. Why help set a precedent?

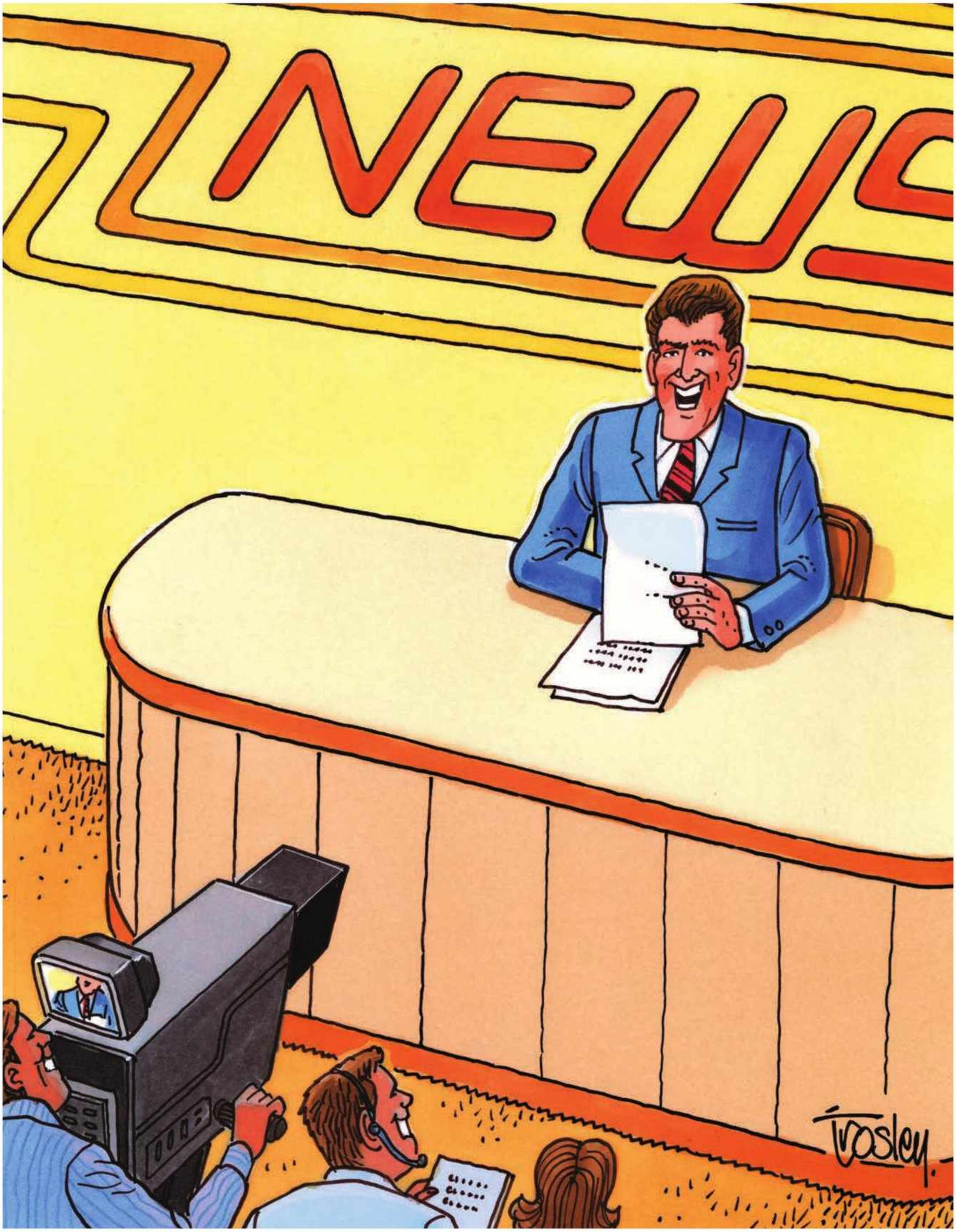
Lifted out of his fear, al-Bashir warned that any of the humanitarian organizations remaining in Darfur would be expelled if they "exceed their mandate," meaning if they collected additional evidence for the International Criminal Court's chief prosecutor.

Moreno-Ocampo has not in the least given up. In June 2008 he told the U.N. Security Council that while committing such massive crimes necessitates a great deal of organizing and planning, "mostly it requires that the rest of the world look away and do nothing." Recently, Moreno-Ocampo added, "Some have said that for me to intervene at this [late] point is shocking. I say what is going on is shocking. Genocide is going on now. Will the world accept an ongoing genocide?"

On August 31, 2008, Nicholas Kristof of the *New York Times* described a *Janjaweed* raid on a girls' school during which a student's face "was bashed in and her insides torn apart." Kristof found that "as many as 110 girls and teachers [had been] raped and dozens more kidnapped."

The world just doesn't give a damn. As for those remaining human beings in Darfur under a continuing sentence of death, they were described long ago in W.H. Auden's "Sonnets From China": "They are and suffer. That is all they do."

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*




"In other news, the Republican Integrity Association said,
'Fuck it!' today and disbanded."

# Talk, Talk, Talk

## CUTTING MY OWN THROAT IN THE PURSUIT OF HONESTY AND INTEGRITY.

I'm a radio talk show host. I think of it as the lowest rung on the show business ladder. We're paid to act like we know what we're talking about. But, truth be known, the only reason we are experts is because someone gave us a microphone. Take that microphone away, and we are no different from anyone else—just another asshole with an opinion.

For years my peers have been really bothered by my inclination to demystify the gig. One night I was on the Alan Colmes Fox radio show debating Sean Hannity. He was all fired up about California's gubernatorial race, and I said, "Sean, calm down. We're just tap dancers, you know, just entertainers at best."

**Take that microphone away, and we are no different from anyone else—just another asshole with an opinion.**

Hannity went ballistic. "I'm no tap dancer," he yelled at me. During a break he told Alan never to put him on with me again. I suppose I should be proud of that, but I was amazed at how seriously he took himself.

The most well-known and most popular of the political talk show hosts is Rush Limbaugh. Among lefties he is the most vilified of the right-wingers. In many ways it is not justified. Not that Rush's opinions aren't a load of shit, but that right-wing radio isn't really his fault.

Talk show hosts with strong opinions were nothing new when Rush hit the political radio scene in Sacramento, California, in 1984. But back then there had to be balance because of a rule called the "fairness doctrine," which mandated that when a position was editorialized, an opposing point of view had to be given airtime as well.

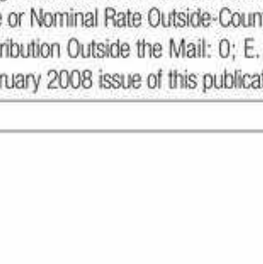
In 1987 the FCC under President Ronald Reagan ended that rule, and Rush—to his credit—saw an opening. You're going to wince when I say this, but as one radio guy looking at another, Rush Limbaugh is a talented, entertaining and savvy radio professional who, in my opinion, has never taken himself seriously. At his best, he is self-mocking and funny. Of course, he's also an asshole right-winger. I say all this to distinguish him from the wannabes that have capitalized on his success. Those who came after him, trying to copy his formula, were the real jerks.

Sean Hannity, number two on the right-wing radio shit parade, is basically a man who takes himself way too seriously. He seems to feel he can use his "bully pulpit" to change the world. Hannity would be harmless if it weren't for the millions of crazed neocons who depend on this egotistical megalomanic to validate their own cockeyed, antisocial views each day. Add to that the rumor Hannity has political ambitions—which he'll launch in the next decade—and you've got something really scary. I honestly believe there should be a law requiring a five-year hiatus before a person in show business can run for political office. And yes, that prohibition should include yours truly.

The final talk show on the list is Michael Savage, number three in the ratings. I have actually met the guy, and I can tell you he is truly nuts. To call him a weasel is to insult weasels everywhere. Yes, Savage is highly entertaining, but only because of his New York accent and off-the-wall diatribes. You pay attention to him the way you would a car wreck. He's anti-immigrant, anti-psychiatry (which he sorely needs) and a misogynist, and he puts down autistic kids. All that and he really has a hard-on for the Left.

What makes Savage particularly onerous is that he is syndicated by a right-wing cult called the Foundation of Human Understanding, started by radio apostle Roy Masters, who for years spewed the same kind of garbage Savage seems to have adopted. The FHU was listed as a cult by The Cult Awareness Network after Masters started urging people to move with him to Grants Pass, Oregon—the preacher's home base—because America was coming to an end. Masters then created Talk Radio Network to syndicate himself, later turning it over to his son Mark, who hired Savage. FHU also syndicates Laura Ingraham, Tammy Bruce and Rusty Humphries.

Today's talk show constitutes nothing more than a place where people can come to have their half-assed feelings in life validated by some host who is always willing to accommodate them instead of challenging their preconceived ideas. I say it's time to take radio talk show hosts—all of us—down off a pedestal and put us where we justly belong: the toilet.



Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

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## Lone Star Jerk

You named Rick Perry Asshole of the Month [December '08], and he definitely is a shit-heeled rectum, but not only because he lets the drug barons shoot up our kids with dangerous vaccines. He also ignores our state's majority views by catering to evangelist God-freaks. He appointed a creationist [Don McLeroy] to head the State Board of Education and impersonates Bill O'Reilly by writing books about how evil the ACLU is because it defends our freedoms. This guy wants America to be one big Boy Scout camp where you get bigot badges for gay-bashing.

Now Perry's trying to grab private land and tax revenues to build a trans-Texas superhighway. Down here you always hear, "That guy's a bigger asshole than I thought!" Since Bush got the Presidency by being a greedy prick, I suppose Perry thinks he's got a shot at it too. Allow me to paraphrase the Dixie Chicks: "I'm ashamed that the governor is from Texas!"

**—T.J.**
**Houston, Texas**

## Snow Business

I just read Mancow's article on Chris Farley [*The Fading Fat Man*, December '08]. Stop blaming John Belushi and start blaming show business for people taking dope. Both Farley and Belushi were from the Midwest, went to church and probably didn't take drugs until they joined *Saturday Night Live*!

**—Ted Verges**
**Johnson Creek, Wisconsin**

## Welcome Black, Kotter

Your Ice Cube interview [December '08] was cool. He comes across as a good guy, but it sounds like his Kotter movie is going to be too serious and messagey. I say, "Up your nose with a rubber hose, Ice Cube!" I would rather see HUSTLER do a porn version. We'd finally get to see how "Hotzi" Totzi got her nickname! **—J.H.**

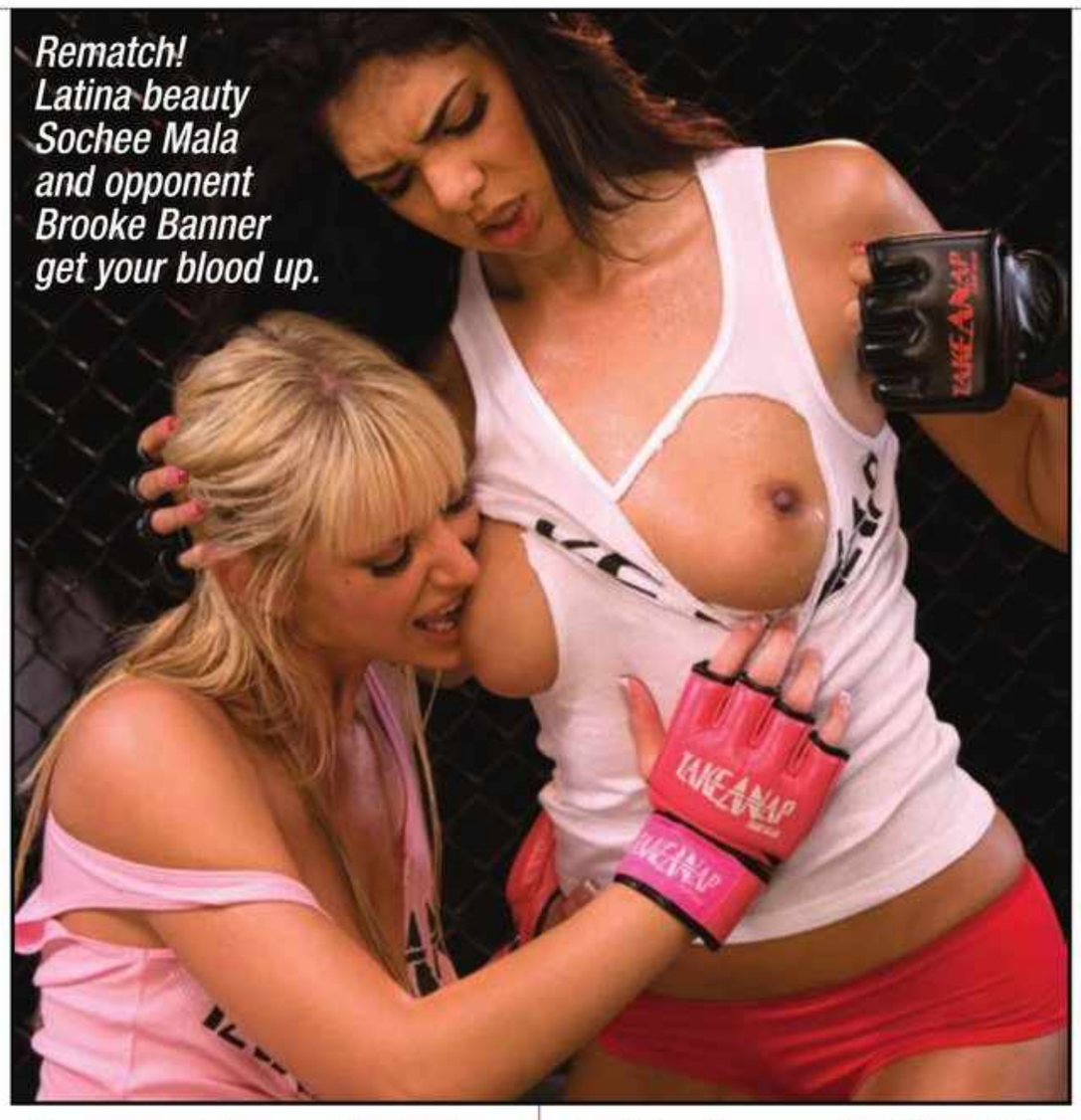
**Atlanta, Georgia**

## Hip-Hop Cubed

I'm glad to see Ice Cube saying the important thing is to make hip-hop grow creatively. He likes Kanye West and Lupe Fiasco, but I think people should also check out the Roots. They put together great tracks that pack a powerful political punch. People say the gangsta rap Ice Cube helped popularize makes people more racist by pushing stereotypes and thuggishness. Sure, I got some issues with the glorification of guns and pimping and so on, but I also get that it expresses a complex combination of rage, machismo and insight.

Check out Michael Eric Dyson's book *Know What I Mean?* if you want to know why hip-hop lives on. Besides breaking down all the pros and cons, Dyson shows there's always a flip side to every story. **—R.Q.**

**San Francisco, California**



*Rematch! Latina beauty Sochee Mala and opponent Brooke Banner get your blood up.*

## Bloodlust

Your girlfight layout with Brooke Banner and Sochee Mala [*Knockouts*, November '08] kicked ass! I'd put money on Sochee: She's obviously more passionate about takin' the bitch down. More sports and violence! **—A.J.**

**Las Cruces, New Mexico**

## Smokin'

I really like looking at my boyfriend's porn, but I feel filthy admitting your layout with Melissa Lauren, Tommy Gunn and Ben English [*Three's Company*, August '08] captured my fantasy. Steel yourselves!

I'm dancing topless in an upscale club when Tommy and a group of other men in business suits enter. They happen to be my fave porn studs! They order drinks, light cigarettes and begin staring at my breasts. They tell me to remove my panties and spread. One by one, they aim their cigarette exhalations at my pussy! I come, then Tommy fucks me.

If you can find a girl like me—24, blond, shaven, sensual yet pliant—to be my stand-in, I'd love to see my dream in pictures. I haven't told my boyfriend about this, so I'll stay anonymous...for now.

**—A Smoke-Holed Blonde**
**Somewhere in the Real World**

## LETTER FROM OUR TROOPS

**I'm in a tank company** from California currently serving in Iraq. We've been here a couple of months and have a few more to go. We are literally in the middle of nowhere. Occasionally, we'll take over an abandoned house to get the Marines out of the heat for a while. We are not fortunate enough to have a firm base with cold water, hot chow and A/C. We have one phone for roughly a hundred people and don't have a whole lot to keep morale up, except some old HUSTLERs, a DVD player and all the hot water you can drink. Please send magazines, DVDs or anything at all. The Marines will thank you!

**—Sergeant A., Animal Company Tanks**

We'll give it a shot, Sarge, but keep in mind that the U.S. military has been intercepting and returning our care packages to Iraq and Afghanistan.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

# MILK:

## It Does a Body No Good

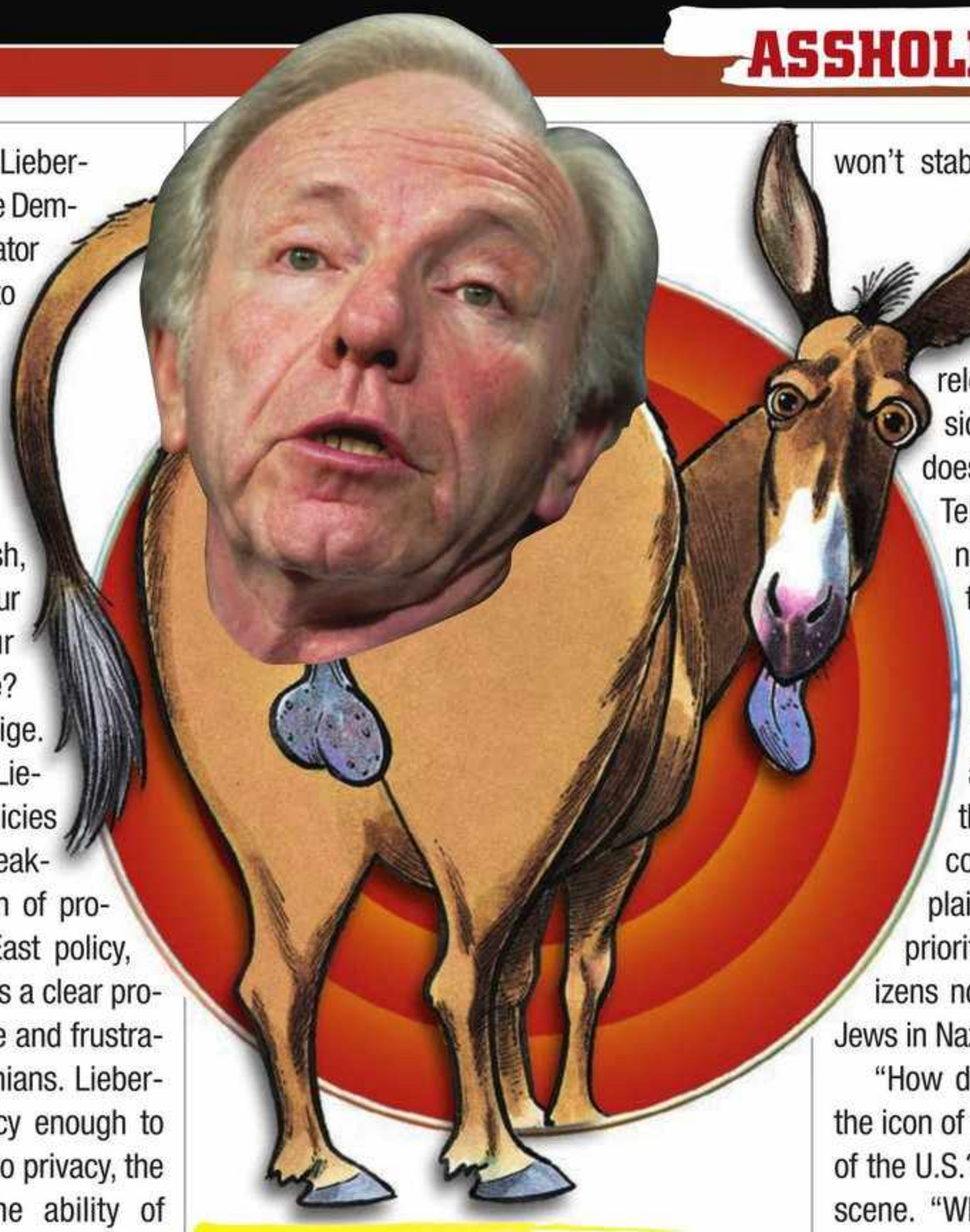
Here at Monsanto we have been constantly striving to improve your milk. We take extra care to make sure cows are shot full of our genetically engineered bovine growth hormone Posilac in order to increase their output of that milk you love.

Now some idiots in Congress are trying to force dairies to list the chemical additives in milk. They think that shooting herds with growth hormones, antibiotics and other chemicals is bad for you. For example, they say antibiotics may lead to drug-resistant superviruses, as well as chronic inflammation in the heart, kidneys and spleen. Since when are antibiotics bad for you? Don't you take them when you're sick? We think more antibiotics are great.

Hell, we think you milk drinkers should pay more for this.

**NOW WITH PUS!**
(from infected cow udders)

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is commentary on what Monsanto is putting in your milk and how the company is fighting hard to keep you from knowing what it's up to. For more info, check out **OrganicConsumers.org/monlink.cfm**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.



**Senator Joe Lieberman**

The gnome known as Joe Lieberman is not just a traitor to the Democratic Party; the U.S. senator from Connecticut is also a traitor to the very principles of our democracy. By siding against Barack Obama and with John McCain in their campaigns for the Presidency, Lieberman embraced the personification of evil: George W. Bush, the imbecile who undermined our Constitution and destroyed our economy. But for what advantage?

Forget personal gain and prestige. The most obvious reason why Lieberman backed Bush's insane policies is their shared fealty to Israel. Breaking with U.S. Presidents' tradition of promoting an evenhanded Middle East policy, Bush spent the past eight years as a clear pro-Israel advocate, engendering rage and frustration among Muslims and Palestinians. Lieberman clearly likes this Bush policy enough to jettison habeas corpus, the right to privacy, the First Amendment and even the ability of Americans to make a buck and provide for their families. His voting record proves that.

So who exactly does Joe Lieberman represent? The people of America or the people of Israel? Let's look at the record: Lieberman, a devout Jew, supports attacking Iran's nuclear facilities—a policy advocated by Israel—even though our own intelligence agencies have said that Iran will not pose a nuclear threat to us (or to Israel) for years to come, if ever.

Saying, on *Face the Nation*, "We've got to be prepared to take aggressive military action against Iran," Lieberman was apparently unfazed by the possibility that a preemptive attack on Iran might rally the Russians and Chinese to its side, thus triggering a nuclear war.

Lieberman's support for the Iraq War also relates to Israel: If American forces are withdrawn from Iraq, he has said, it will leave a vacuum that Iran will rush in to fill, thus endangering the Jewish state. No one is suggesting for a minute that we should abandon Israel. (Hasn't the U.S. made it clear that if any country attacks Israel, we will rush to defend our ally?) We're just pointing out that it's not Israeli blood being spilled. Or Israeli money being spent.

Lieberman's wholesale support is a de facto endorsement of Israeli hard-liners. Israel's aggression against Palestinians includes sectioning off Palestinian territories into "bantustans" that deny their occupants free movement, even to hospitals. And, in an eerie precursor of what Americans could soon face if habeas corpus is not restored, Israel has been practicing "administrative detention" of Palestinians, with no right to counsel or due process. Saner voices seeking a more balanced Middle East policy are dismissed by Lieberman, who claims diplomacy won't stabilize the region. But bombs will?

One final word about destabilizing the Middle East: Lieberman has demanded that the U.S. embassy in Israel be relocated to Jerusalem, which he considers "the capital of Israel." Hey, Joe, doesn't the rest of the world consider Tel Aviv that nation's capital? Wouldn't naming Jerusalem as the capital further inflame Arab passions?

Given the above, it should come as no surprise that Lieberman does not hold life in high regard. When asked why he refused to look into the murders Blackwater mercenaries committed in Iraq, Lieberman explained, "You've got to set your own priorities." Would that be like German citizens not looking into the extermination of Jews in Nazi concentration camps? Just asking.

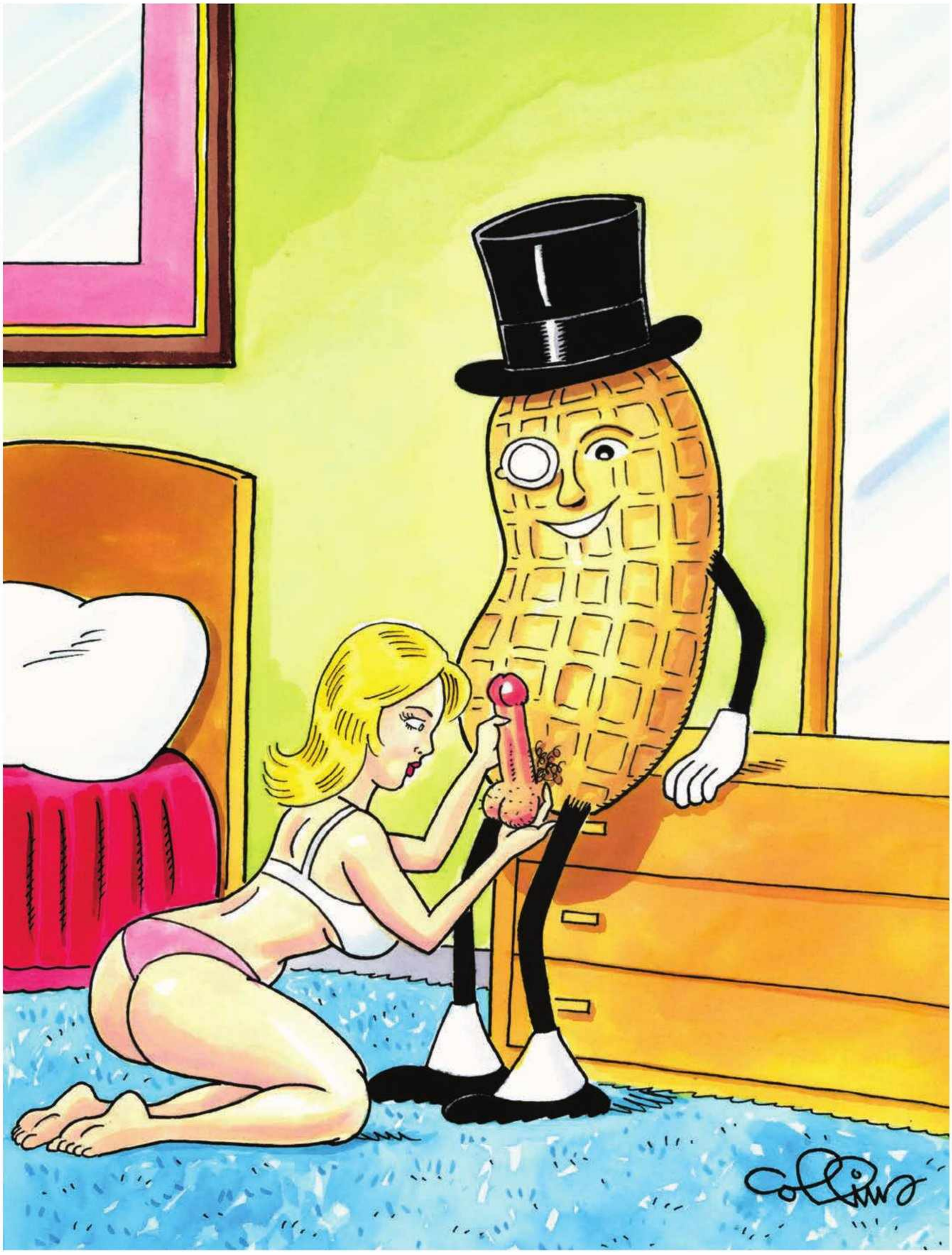
"How did Senator Joe Lieberman become the icon of morality among the political leaders of the U.S.?" wrote an observer of the political scene. "Why are people so oblivious to the studied, continuous and blatant hypocrisy of this man? By parading the mantle of Orthodox Judaism, Lieberman had a much easier job of masking his true character than any other politician." An anti-Semitic rant from a neo-Nazi skinhead? Hardly: This was comedian Jackie Mason writing for the *Jerusalem Post*. You can't get more Jewish than that.

Defending Bush's concept of a "unitary executive," Lieberman stated the commander in chief shouldn't listen to members of Congress. He should make his own decisions. But, Joe, doesn't that eliminate the balance of power on which America was founded? And isn't "unitary executive" just another name for a dictatorship? Are you so committed to Israel and the policies of George W. Bush that you will totally and irrevocably sell out your own countrymen? Oh, wait! We forgot! Your countrymen are in Israel.

## FARTS IN THE WIND

•**DAVID ZUCKER** (*Airplane!*, *The Naked Gun*) now calls himself a "September 11th Republican"—a crybaby convert to neoconservatism. This shitslinger of subsequent flops like *BASEketball* recently directed *An American Carol*, which skewered Michael Moore, antiwar protesters and all those "insane" lefty ideas about Constitutional rights. His attempt at "right-wing satire" fell as flat as Ann Coulter's tits. Zucker's camp claims Hollywood studios "blacklist" conservatives like him because of their politics. More likely they don't return Zucker's calls because he's a talentless puke. *An American Carol* was hawked by Creative Response Concepts, which concocted the lying "Swift Boat Veterans for Truth" campaign during the 2004 Presidential race. Since CRC's clients include the Christian Coalition, maybe Zucker can land a job writing TV "comedy"…for Pat Robertson.

•**ADMIRAL WILLIAM "FOX" FALLON**, head of U.S. Central Command from March '07 to March '08, saw Bush's stupidity up close. In a strategy powwow on Iraq and Iran, Fallon reportedly heard Bush say, "Well, these [Iranians] are assholes." Knowing the real cost of all-out war with Iran, Fallon vowed it would not happen on his watch. After an *Esquire* article disclosed the admiral's differences with and frank assessment of his civilian superiors, he "resigned." But instead of voicing the truth and perhaps changing the course of history, he's opted to cash in on seminar gigs. Over 200 years ago Edmund Burke wrote, "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing." In Fox Fallon's case, a good man said nothing.



"Go ahead, lick them! They're roasted in peanut oil and lightly salted!"

PHOTOS BY BIG MIKE

Sunny Leone

Hey, look at me!

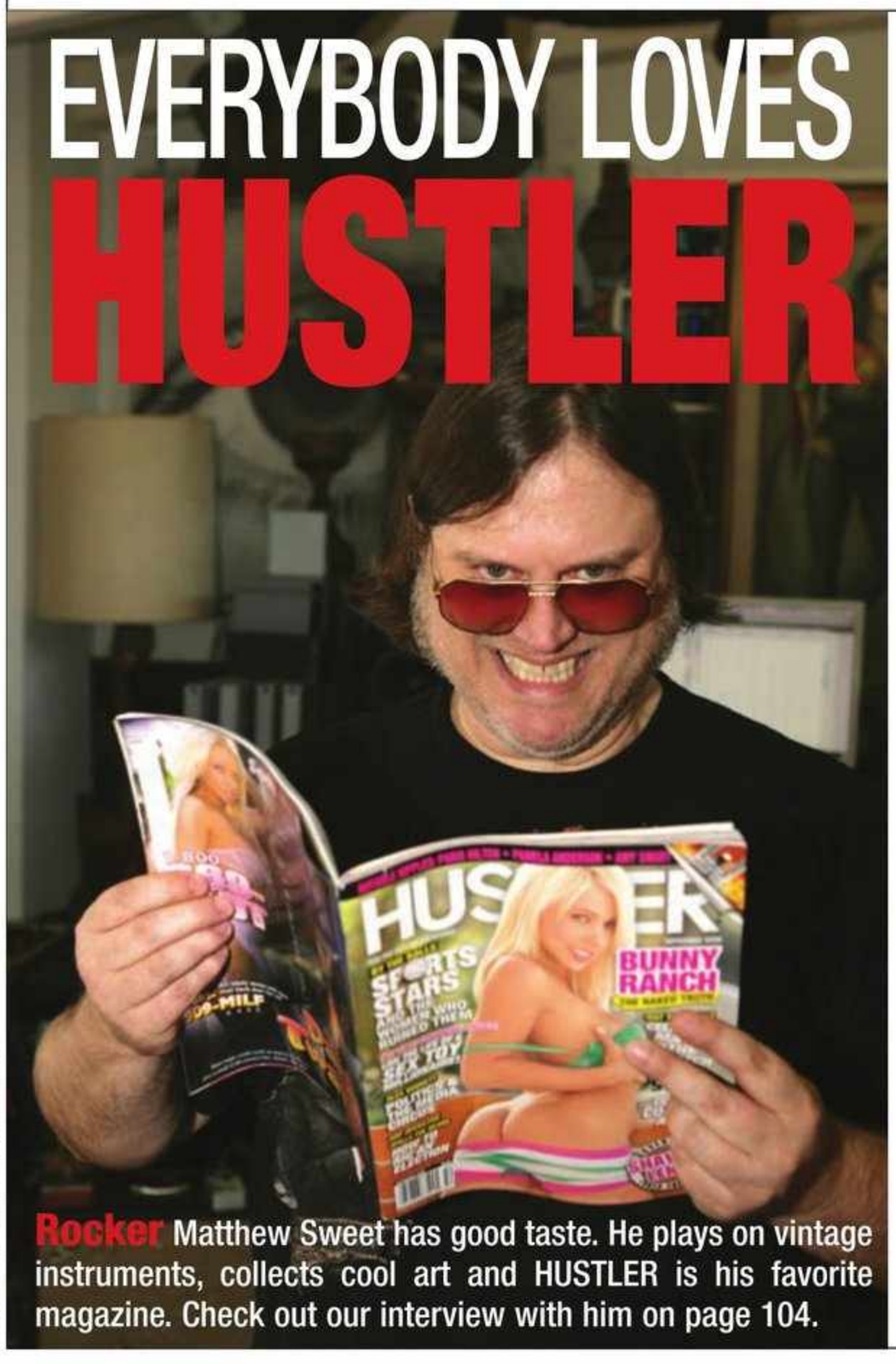
## A SUNNY NIGHT

**The lovely** Sunny Leone and her sexy friends recently got together at the Blue Moon Nights club in North Hollywood, California, for an evening of dancing, drinking and flashing their boobs. Why? Does it matter? Okay, it was for the relaunch of the stunning starlet's Web site, **SunnyLeone.com**.

No, look at me!

No, mine are best!

# EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER




**Rocker** Matthew Sweet has good taste. He plays on vintage instruments, collects cool art and HUSTLER is his favorite magazine. Check out our interview with him on page 104.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

**Here's a** picture that was "maid" for Porn From the Past. Thanks to N.W. from Pratt, Kansas.

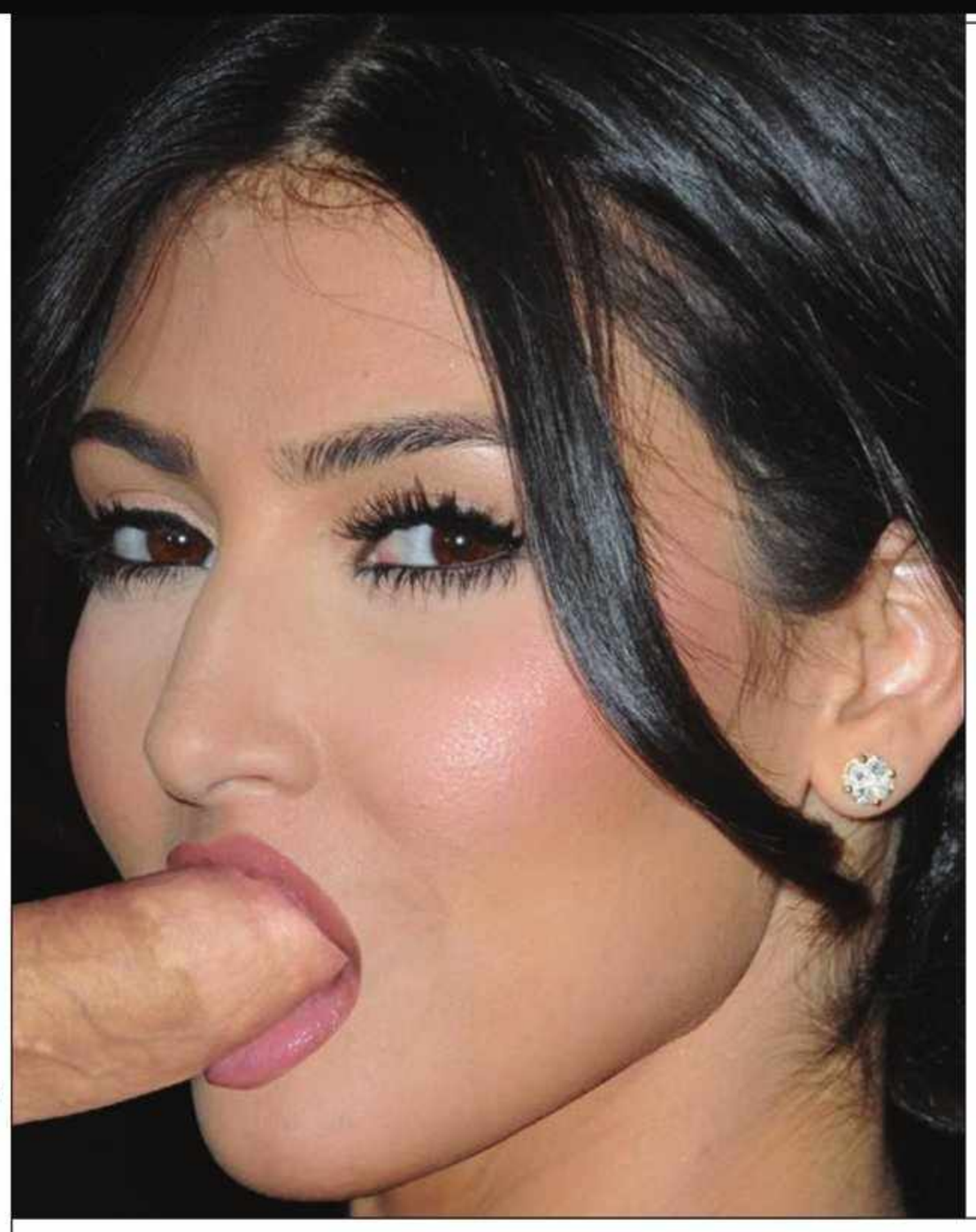
Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA. 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

## BUCKY BEAVER'S Money-Saving Tip #1

Remember, the dumpster behind a fine restaurant offers the same great food at a discount.

*"You can lead a whore to culture but you can't make her think." —DOROTHY PARKER, WRITER*

"Why should we take sex advice from the pope? If he knows anything about it, he shouldn't!" —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, PLAYWRIGHT



CELEBRITY FANTASY

# WHAT WOULD *Kim Kardashian* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

**Why did** we put a cock in the pouty puss of the second-least talented woman in Hollywood? Since when do we need a reason?

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Kim Kardashian actually exists, although several pictures of her overrated ass do. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Neither is Kim.

# NEWS BABES

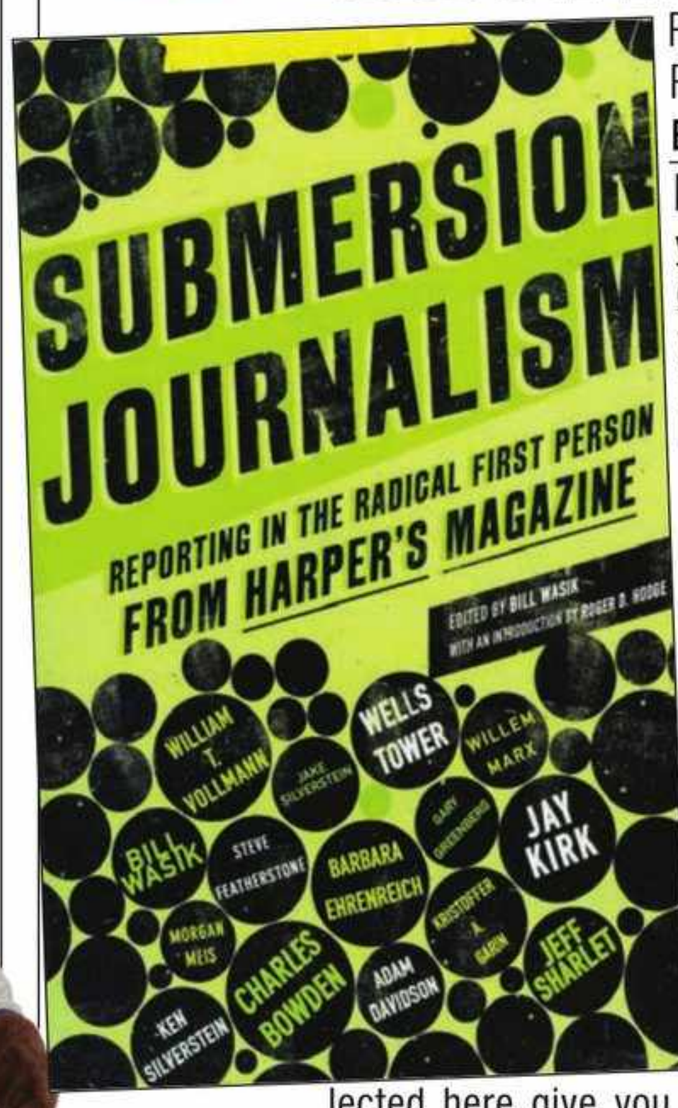
**Most of** us have never seen brunette beauty Wendy Griffith at work. That's because most of us don't watch *The 700 Club* on Pat Robertson's CBN Network. But one look at her may make you believe in God. Don't masturbate to this photo. Unless you are Pat Robertson; then it's fine. Thanks to T.V. (really) of Johnson Creek, Wisconsin, for submitting her.

Remember, you can nominate a local TV personality and if we select her as the month's babe you will win a HUSTLER Prize Pack. Send your choice, complete with full name, station and channel (include a picture) to us at HUSTLER News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

# BUCKY BEAVER'S Money-Saving Tip #2

# HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

## Submersion Journalism




Reporting in the Radical First Person
Edited by Bill Wasik

**How far would** you be willing to go to get the real story? If you're one of the journalists featured in the book *Submersion Journalism*, you would be willing to go deep under cover, participate in the events at hand and tell them from a distinct point of view. Culled from the pages of *Harper's* magazine (known for its progressive politics) the fascinating stories collected here give you the lowdown on the Religious Right, bride buying, the Bush Administration and more!

Pick up this intriguing book. *Submersion Journalism: Reporting in the Radical First Person*, edited by Bill Wasik, is in bookstores now.

# NEWSBITES

## Dead Wrong

Talk about adding insult to injury. In 1982 David Steffen was convicted of murdering a 19-year-old woman and sentenced to death because semen found on the body showed she had also been raped. Throughout the proceedings and up to his execution, Steffen protested that he had killed but not raped the girl. In 2007 DNA evidence proved he was telling the truth. Turns out the semen didn't belong to the woman's killer but rather a morgue assistant who handled (and had sex with) the girl's corpse when it arrived. That's what happens when a working stiff meets a stunning stiff.

## Son of a Bitch

Blood may be thicker than water, but it seems employment is thicker than that. That might explain why an Indian man had his dad killed the day before his father was to retire. He did this in order to inherit his papa's government job via the traditional family-hardship policy. We might fuck somebody to get a great job, but killing? Not even to work at HUSTLER.

## Animal Lover?

Let us say at the start: Child pornography is wrong! A 48-year-old Australian man agrees, and that's exactly what he said when over 31,000 various porn images were found on his computer. He admitted a few of them may be children but vehemently stated that he was not interested in those. He liked the ones with animals. Yep, amongst the downloads on his hard drive were thousands of photos of people having sex with animals, including an octopus. Sex with dogs, ponies and snakes?! Well, as long as it wasn't kids.

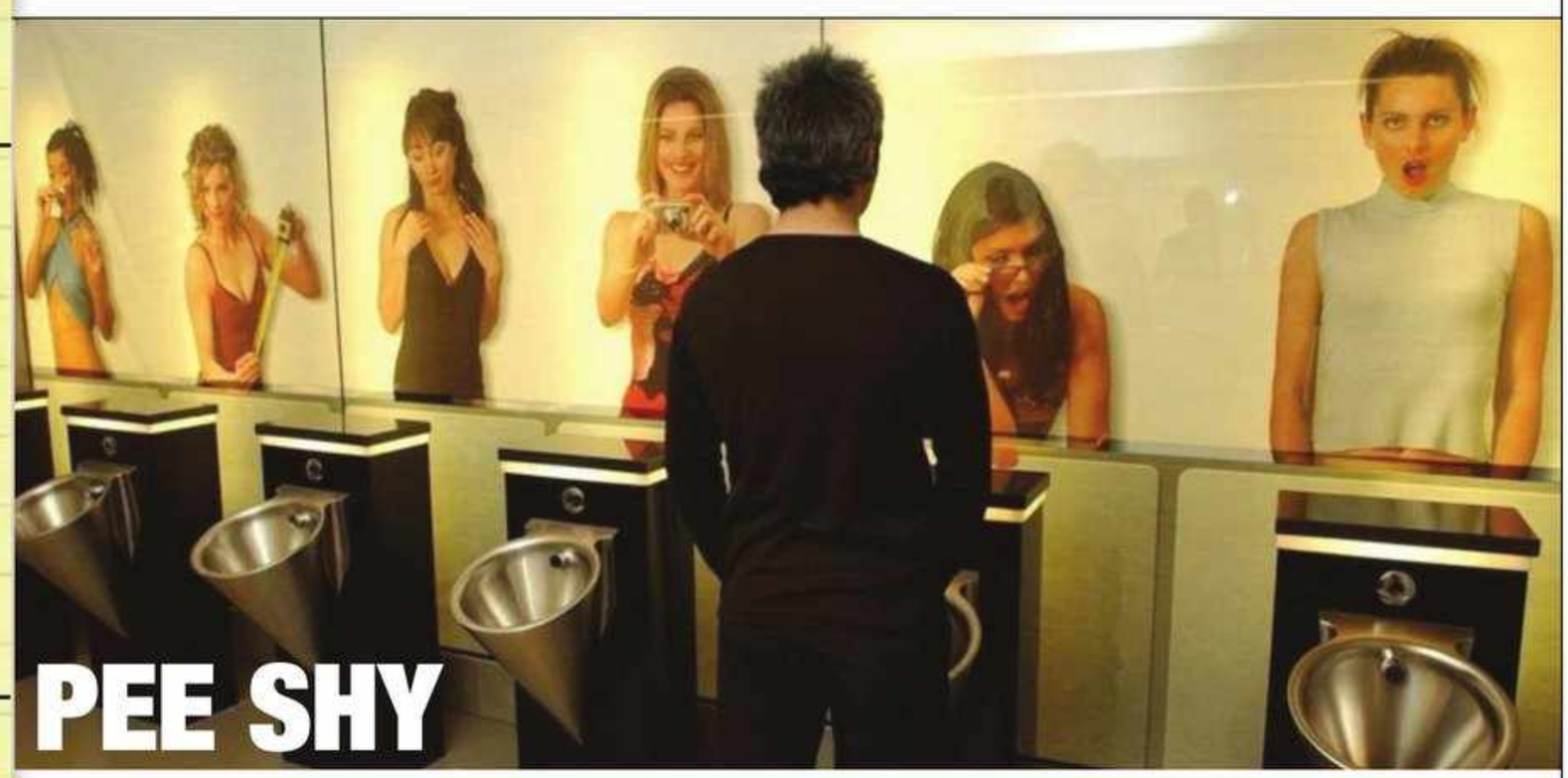
## Art Critics

We may not know art, but we know what we hate: censorship. In England recently a painting titled "Newport Nudes" has just emerged from storage after 60 years. Why was the work of art mothballed? It was deemed "too brazen for public display" because it features a naked model. How did a model society react to such a tame work of art once it resurfaced? With outrage and protest, but not due to the nudity. It was because the naked lady in question is holding a cigarette. Man, everyone is a critic!

# Sign of the Times

**No**, they got the order wrong. First you munch, then you pump. Thanks to B.B. of Glendale, Arizona, for this photo.

Have you seen a funny sign? Send us a photo and if we print it we'll send you 50 bucks: HUSTLER's Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



# PEE SHY

**This wall** actually exists in the private restroom of a New York City office building. It was created by a group of female designers to make the men's room more fun. Taking a piss in front of a wall of lovely ladies might make you freeze up. Not us. We're huge and love golden showers.

## BUCKY BEAVER'S Money-Saving Tip #3

"You're always giving me shit about all the crap I eat. I figured I'd diet on some cottage cheese thighs."

*"Do infants enjoy infancy as much as adults enjoy adultery?" —MURRAY BANKS, COMIC*

"Great sex is great, but bad sex is like a peanut butter and jelly sandwich." —BILLY IDOL, ROCKER


# SEX! SEX! SEX!
# SEX! SEX! SEX!

SPECIAL EDITION: TWICE AS MUCH XXX ACTION!
HUSTLER
ALL SEX ISSUE
HOW TO BECOME A SUPER STUD
10 WAYS TO INCREASE YOUR POTENCY
TOP 10 PORN STARS
COVER GIRL SHYLA JENNINGS WET FOR YOU
HAVE AN AFFAIR GUARANTEED

**Now that** we have your attention, check out HUSTLER's special "All Sex" issue. It features more naked hard-core photos and more articles about your favorite pastime—sex. HUSTLER's "All Sex" Issue is on newsstands on December 30.



## BUCKY BEAVER'S Money-Saving Tip #4

# Beat the Recession!

We know cash is tight. That's why HUSTLER is offering a subscription for

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# BLUE IRIS: BLUE FOR YOU

Interview by Keith Valcourt

You may know Blue Iris from her granny porn DVDs. Or maybe you recognize her as one of Howard Stern's Wack Pack. Or maybe she's your aunt. Either way, she has lived a fascinating life as a XXX star, comedienne and patients' rights crusader. Check out our exclusive sit-down.

**HUSTLER: Why did you decide to get into porn at a late age?**

BLUE IRIS: I started when I was 55 because I thought it would be fun. I did it for five years. I'm not doing it anymore though.

**How did you end up as a regular on the *Howard Stern Show*?**

I did a porn film, and we did a scene where we had this chromed-out walker with Lakers on it. And it had cards in the spokes. We also had an oxygen tent. Howard saw that film and said he wanted me to do the show. He's a wonderful man.

**How many times have you done Stern's show?**

Oh, God! A lot in the past five years. Go on YouTube. You can see the crank calls I've done for the show. They go from filthy to filthier. I did this one where I pretended I was getting fucked from behind while my car was broken and that my teeth had fallen into the radiator. I called a mechanic and said, "I'm stuck on the highway. Can you come and take my teeth out of the radiator? But I have no money. How many employees do you have?" He said, "Two." I said, "Can I blow both of you?" He said, "Where are you located?!"

**What did you do before you got into porn?**

I changed laws regarding people with mental illness. It now takes three people to commit someone, not one person. No shock treatments except to save a life. I had a series of 18 treatments with no anesthetic. There was nothing wrong with me. The doctor who prescribed the treatments never saw me. Over the phone he diagnosed me as schizophrenic because my insurance paid 90%. When they canceled my insurance, suddenly they couldn't make money off me, so I was "cured." Laws have been changed. Now when you go into a hospital, they hand you a book that says "Patient's Rights." Because of me they have that.

**What are you up to now?**

I'm a comedienne. I'm touring with The Tornadoes of Comedy, and they're all headliners. I want to do a USO tour and help the boys. Plus, I have a cable access show you can see on the Web if you go to **Exscape.TV**. You'll see it.

**What is the best part about being Blue Iris?**

Just having a lot of fun. I love people no matter where they are from. I don't judge. Life is fun.

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

THE CLINTONS AND THE OBAMAS FORM AN ALLIANCE

# Fill in Her Blanks

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

CAPRI

We would like to have printed a tantalizing conversation with XXX performer **Capri**. Sadly, the phone number we had on file for the one-name wonder is no longer in service. So it's up to you to ad-lib what the looker would have told us.

When it came time to pose for this photo-shoot, **Capri** had to _____ her _____ to make sure it looked appealing for the camera. She also took extra time preparing her_____.

**Capri** certainly digs doing porn. “To me _____ on film is a lot like _____ and _____. Either way you look at it, my _____ is sure to be _____ to the max. In bed I love_____ and _____. There isn’t anything I won’t stick in my _____. I once _____ with a _____. Most people would say, ‘That can’t possibly fit!’ But it did.”

As for hobbies, Capri admits, “Mine are pretty crazy. I love _____ and collecting_____. Being a classically trained _____, I also enjoy _____ whenever I get the chance.”

**CAPRI'S VITAL FACTS:** HOMETOWN: Miami, Florida | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 106

See **Capri** in all her glory in *Tobey Bryan's Backcourt Violation*. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

# SLUT'S FATEFUL ONE-NIGHT STAND

There were only four guys worth fucking in our hole-in-the-wall, podunk town. And that was before Jimmy moved away last week. Jimmy had been the best of the lot, with a long tongue and an eight-inch throbber. Plus, he actually knew how to make love—none of that jackrabbit pumping that seems popular with 18- and 19-year-old schmucks.

Anyway, now the town was down to three options. And I'd had all three too many times to mention. So I wasn't expecting much when I parked my ass on a barstool at the local pub last Saturday night. Just some cheap brew, greasy French fries and maybe a couple of games of pool.

Then, somewhere between pitcher number one and two, *he* showed up on the stool next to me—a tall stranger with dark hair and piercing ice-blue eyes. He didn't say a word. He simply looked at me, and suddenly I felt naked. He was maybe ten years older. I'm 19, an experienced 19, I thought, but right then I felt vulnerable—and hot. All of a sudden I was conscious of the way my pussy lips pressed against the denim of my cutoffs.

The stud bought me a couple of tequila shots while he drank scotch. When his hand fell to my thigh, it felt positively electric. Sparks zapped my clit. Then Mac—that was his name—told me I was coming back to his hotel room. Any other man, that would have set me to bitching about nerve, but with Mac, I nodded.

Old lady Emma gave me a dirty look as we walked past the motel office. (She'd hated me ever since I'd corrupted her 18-year-old grandson.) I flipped her off behind my back as I followed Mac into his room.

**His big hand rose and fell in a controlled rhythm till my skin was burning hot, and I was whimpering.**

I had only met this man two hours ago, and it was all dangerously exciting. Determined to seem worldly, I dialed the radio to the county's only rock station and started to strip.

Mac sat on the mattress and watched my mouthful titties bounce as I pulled off my tank top. He licked his lips when I dropped my cutoffs and bared my smooth honeypot. My thighs were already slick with pussy jizz; that's how much I wanted him. Suddenly, Mac grabbed my arm, pulled me over his lap and whacked my bare ass…hard. I guess I should have been scared. Instead, I felt intoxicated with lust. I confessed to being a bad, naughty slut and steeled myself for his punishment.

Punish me he did. His big hand rose and fell in a controlled rhythm—five steady whacks followed by a gentle rubbing, then five hard, steady whacks again—till my skin was burning hot, and I was whimpering.

Finally, he rolled me off his lap, onto the mattress, and unzipped. My eyes widened when I caught sight of his meaty dick. Wow, a real man! I spread my thighs wide in anticipation. But instead of jamming his prick into my box, he rubbed his crown over my labes, back and forth and around, till I was bucking my hips off the bed, desperate for his meat.

When I thought I couldn't stand his teasing one more second, Mac lunged into my cunt balls-deep, and in less than a minute I was coming. Fireworks exploded. Lights played behind my eyelids. It was the best, longest orgasm of my life! I was just coming back to earth when I realized that I wasn't just coming; I was bleeding. Aunt Flo had come to town two fuckin' days early. Damn. Fuck. How embarrassing!

But you know what? It didn't seem to faze my lover one bit. He retrieved some towels from the bathroom and placed them on the mattress. And then…and then he was fucking me again, this time slowly and passionately. He nibbled at my titty buds, and cupping his hands under my butt, the man filled my twat completely. I wrapped my legs around his back and clung to his muscular frame. *So this is what it's like to be fucked by a real man.*

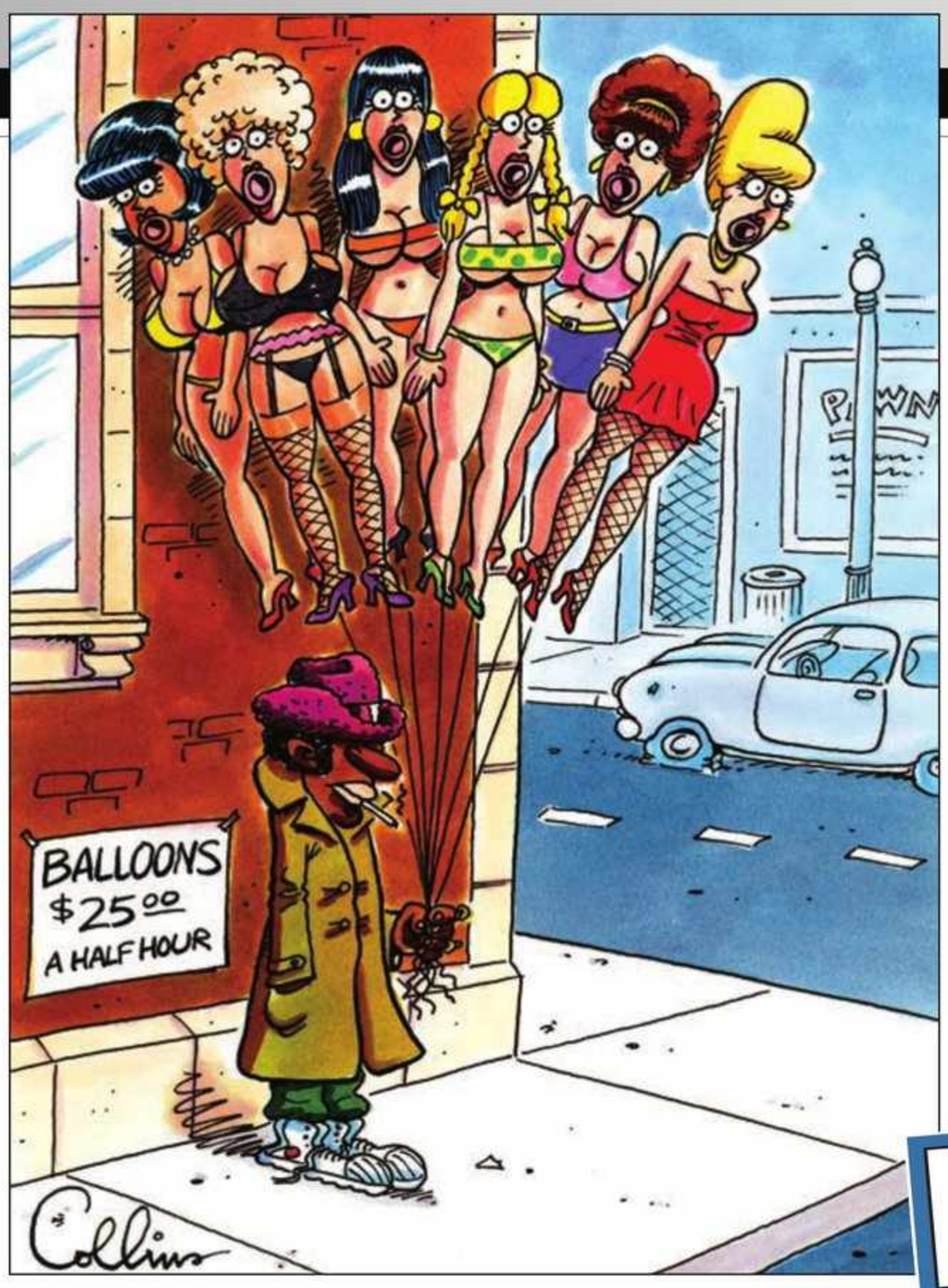
This time my orgasm rose slowly till my entire body tingled with warmth. My climax seemed to last for minutes, and finally Mac climaxed with me, shooting hot jism deep into my quim. Then he drew a warm bath, and he washed me clean.

When I woke up the next morning, Mac had already left. But now that I know what's out there, I'm leaving this podunk town. Sure as fuck, soon as I can scrape some funds together, I'm gone.

—L.N.
Small Town, USA

"Ah, I was hoping you'd notice that!"

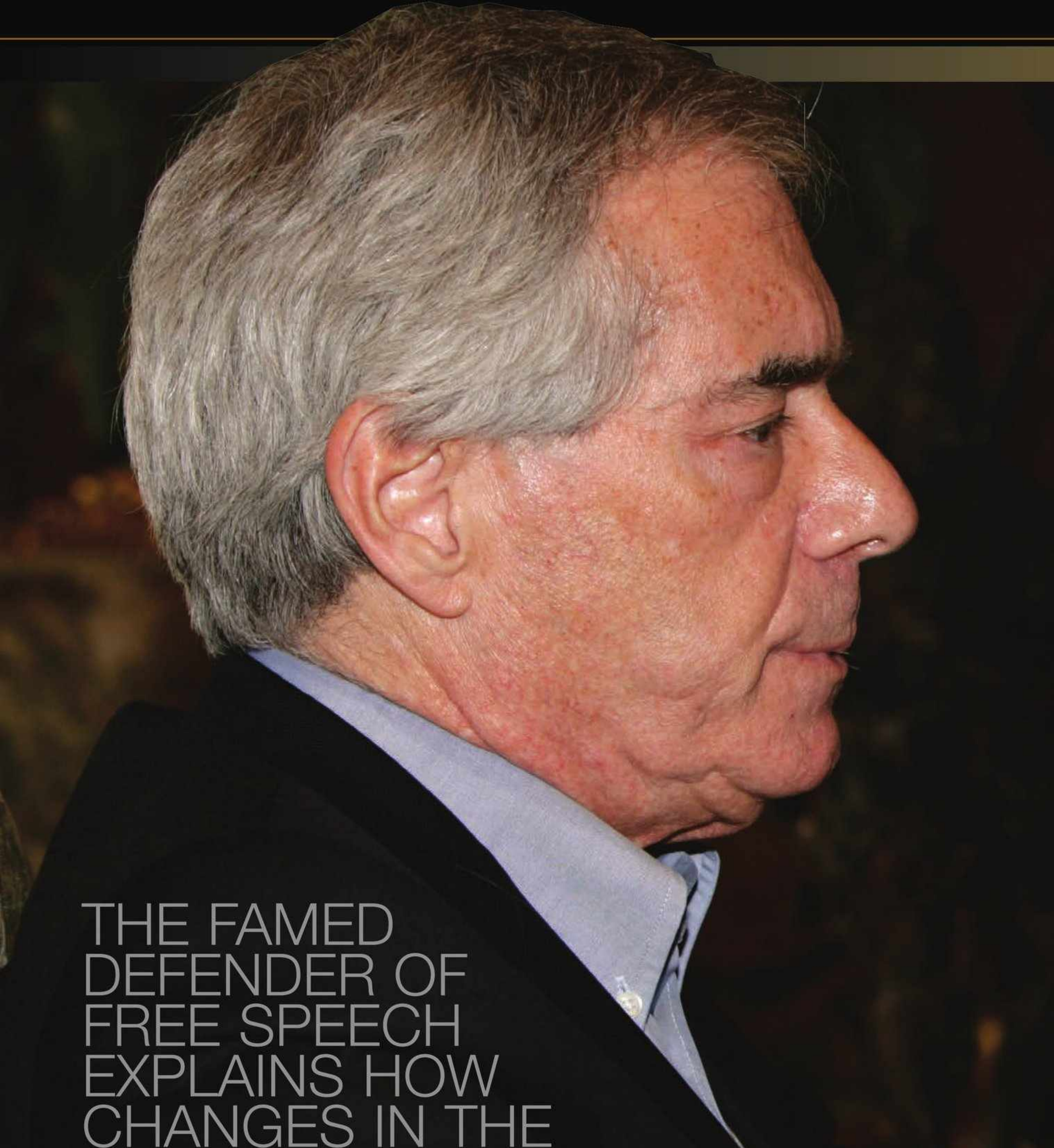
**Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.**



# HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS

"Oh, quit your bitchin', Helen. I told you business conventions are no fun for a wife."

"I told you, Rosa, don't bring your work home with you!"

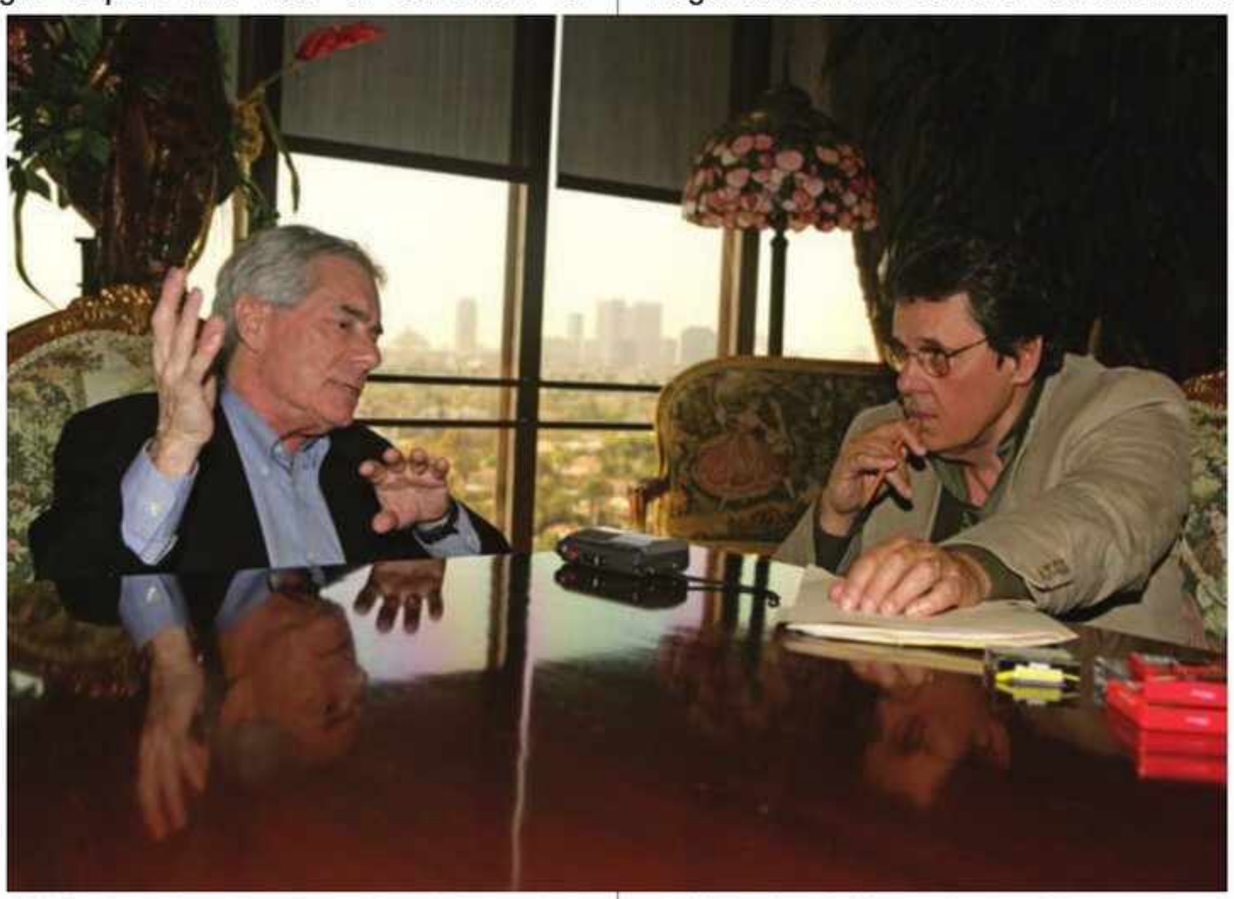


THE FAMED DEFENDER OF FREE SPEECH EXPLAINS HOW CHANGES IN THE LAW ENDANGER YOUR PERSONAL FREEDOM.

# H. LOUIS SIRKIN (PART 2)

**A specialist** in First Amendment issues, H. Louis Sirkin has spent three decades defending the right to free speech, including arguing a case before the U.S. Supreme Court. In Part 1 of HUSTLER's exclusive interview, the esteemed attorney described the shadow of censorship growing across America. Now Sirkin explains how handpicked judges of the reactionary Right exploit the fear of terrorism to eliminate your other basic Constitutional guarantees.

In layman's terms the respected advocate explains how these corruptions of legal protection can result in a litany of injustices: being labeled a terrorist or sex offender, incarcerated without bail or even convicted of a crime committed by someone else.



**HUSTLER: Can you comment on the condition of the First Amendment?**

H. LOUIS SIRKIN: The First Amendment is really in trouble. Freedom is slowly evaporating. Once those freedoms are gone, it'll be hard to get them back. It took a long time to undo the purge of the 1950s with the House Un-American Activities Committee, when people were attacked as "Communists." Now we're labeling people "terrorists." We're back into fear.

Censorship is like a cancer. It really spreads. The only difference is it kills freedom. We're seeing the America we grew up with disappear. It's amazing that we let Rush Limbaugh say what he wants, but we try to censor Larry Flynt.

**What exactly is habeas corpus?**

Habeas corpus is a method by which you challenge your being held on charges. If a person is held or convicted and sentenced for a crime without counsel or without effective assistance of counsel, or if you can prove that counsel's performance was below par or if counsel caused prejudice that would lead to a conviction, your Sixth Amendment right under the Constitution has been violated. Habeas also comes into play if somebody is being detained unlawfully or if somebody is being held under excessive bond, which is a violation of the Eighth Amendment.

It also applies if there was an illegal search and seizure or an alleged illegal search and seizure. You should have the opportunity to a full hearing within the state system. If the government refused to turn over or hid favorable evidence which might have led to your acquittal, you're being denied your right to due process. In a death penalty case, it's two-pronged. Did you have effective counsel in the guilt-finding phase? Did you have effective counsel in the death penalty phase?

**If you're not charged with a crime, and if you're not provided with an attorney, that's a violation of habeas corpus?**

You should be released because you have the right to be charged, to know what you're charged with and to not be indefinitely held. At Guantanamo, detainees are even being denied their right to assistance of counsel because their lawyers can't go talk to them. In situations where they have been charged, the withholding of discovery—claiming that it might threaten national safety—clearly violates their rights. Habeas corpus is in serious danger of disappearing. In very isolated situations it still has some life to it, but there are time limits, and there's all kinds of bullshit you've got to go through.

**Homeland Security can go into your home and search your computer among other things.**

That's right; they don't have to give you notice. They can come in, go to the Internet service provider and have those records turned over.

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

People have to understand today that you really have no right of privacy. The only way you can even get an expectation of privacy is to encrypt.

**How did we lose that right to privacy? And what must we do to get it back?**

The government started the process by instilling fear. The dramatic changes came after 9/11. They claimed we needed to curtail civil liberties for national security reasons. When it initially started, many lawmakers probably believed it was only temporary. And they thought if they voted against this, they could be endangering American citizens. Everybody is afraid to take positions because, God forbid, something should happen.

**[ Now we're labeling people "terrorists." We're back into fear. ]**

People think it's all right to violate civil rights, it's all right to infringe upon your privacy, it's all right to listen in on your conversations and look at the thoughts you put in writing. They say, "But we're doing it for national security." We need to remember what America was about. And we should remember the changes in habeas really started with Bill Clinton. People forget that, blaming it all on George W. Bush.

**Bush has pressured Congress into granting the phone companies' retroactive immunity for spying on the American people.**

Yeah, for giving up records. What Bush wants to do is exempt the companies from having to pay liability if they get sued by their customers. A very large number of people could sue if it was found their records had been looked at. He also wants to protect pharmaceutical companies with liability limits for punitive damages.

**Now the government asks neighbors to spy on neighbors.**

And kids to spy on their parents. And parents to spy on each other. The pharmacists can spy on you. If I take a picture of my kid in the bathtub, they can turn that over to law enforcement and ruin my life, because all you need is just an allegation of child pornography and you're finished, even if it's mere possession that came out of curiosity. Nobody's going to hire them. Parents today have to be really careful about what their kids are doing. They're curious, and they surf the Internet. Child porn can just pop up—next thing you know, they start downloading it. That could be real trouble.

**Tell us about the problem with sentencing guidelines.**

With sentencing reform acts, even though the guidelines are only advisory, you've got to have huge testicles to fight the United States government in certain jurisdictions, because if you lose, you've enhanced your penalty. Starting in 1987 in the federal [courts], they put a level on different offenses. Carrying a gun is a Level 12. If I threatened somebody with it, I get a four-level increase, which takes me to a Level 16. If I go to trial, and I take the witness stand saying "I didn't carry the gun; the policeman put it on me," I can get four more levels if the jury finds me guilty, because if I'm found guilty, then I must have lied when I said I didn't carry the gun.

**So you're encouraged not to go to trial.**

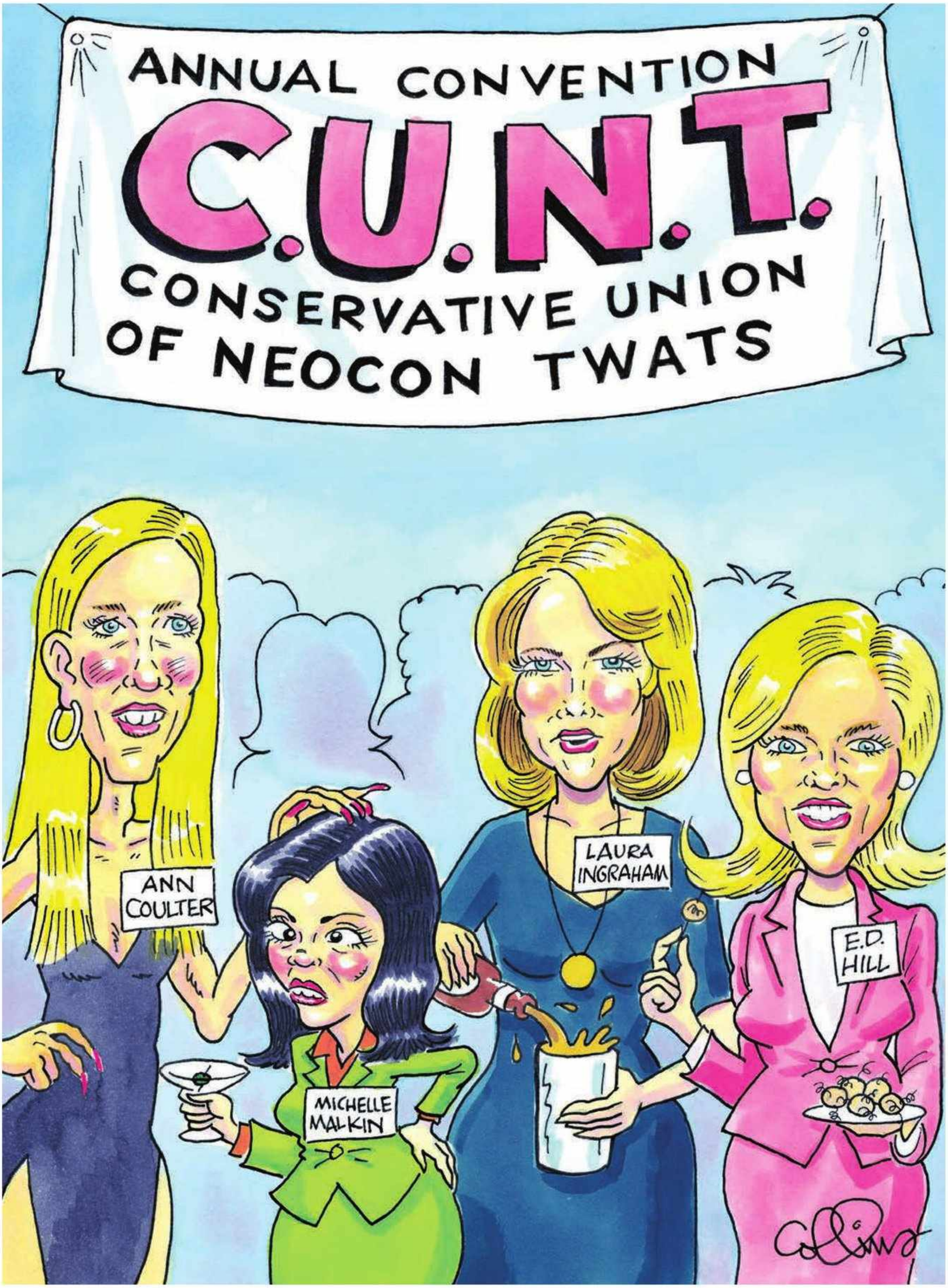
That's right. If you avoid trial, you get levels off your offense. If you rat on somebody, then you get some points off. So now it becomes a rush to the courthouse. Then you get points in terms of your criminal history. Have you been convicted before? Did you do time? Well, if it was 15 years ago, and it's a felony, you get two points. You went to jail for more than a year, you get two points.

Then you go across horizontally. If you're a Category 15, you're in criminal history 1. Your sentence should be ten months to 24 months. If you're Category 2, it should be 15 months to 32 months.

Even though they've finally thrown that out and said it's only advisory, the courts still have to consider that. And they have to justify why they're not following the guidelines. If you follow a guideline sentence, it's considered to be reasonable, so the judges are inclined to follow them. Even though your client might be innocent, he's afraid to exercise his right to go to trial. We're training lawyers to become brokers. They're not trial lawyers anymore.

Obscenity now is a Level 10. But if it's for commercial gain, it immediately goes to 15. And if you have an organization like Larry Flynt's, and there are more than five employees, that would give him four more levels, taking him to Level 19. If he's got material, like that issue he had years ago with a woman and the meat grinder—they could claim that's violent sex. That will add four more points to him. So now he's up into a Level 23 or 24. If he goes to trial, he could get hit for obstructing. That could be as high as a 28.

**Tell us about the Adam Walsh Child Protection and Safety Act signed by Bush on July 27, 2006.** *(continued on page 98)*


ANNUAL CONVENTION
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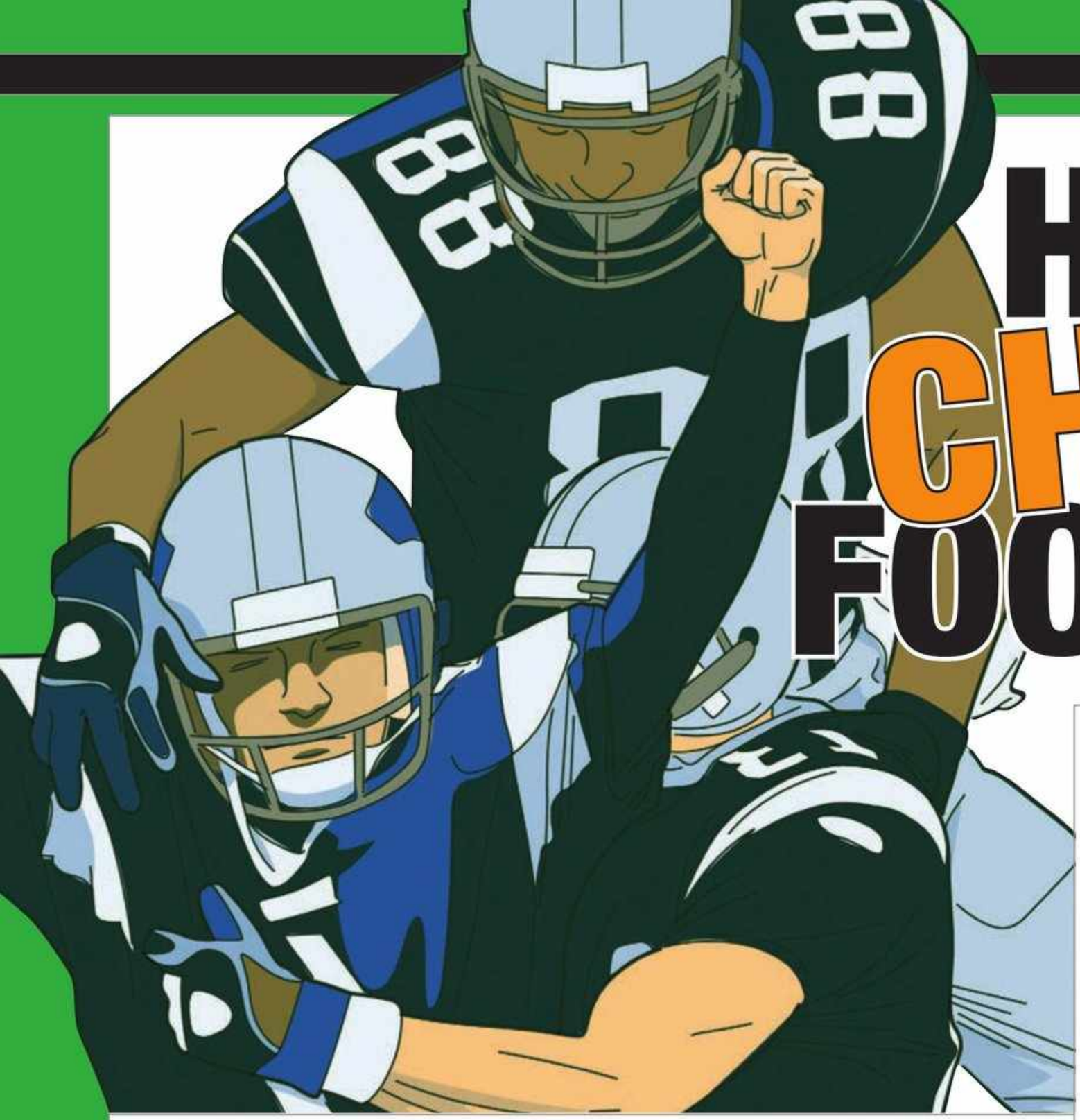
E.D. HILL
MICHELLE MALKIN



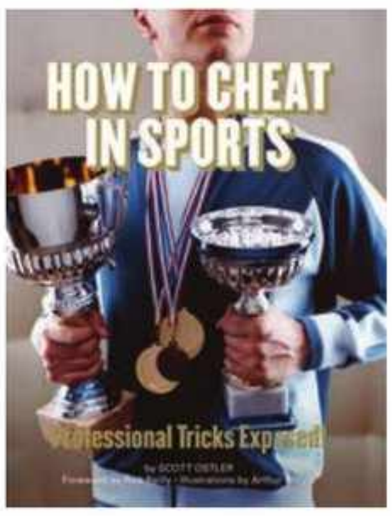
# HOW TO CHEAT AT FOOTBALL

**It's Darwinism, the law of the jungle.** If your opponent gains a huge advantage by cheating, and you don't counter or even beat him to the punch, you could get seriously killed. Or at least lose your job.

"I cheat on every play, and so does every player I face," one veteran NFL linebacker and special-teams player says. "Every rule is broken."

Each NFL game is officiated by a seven-man crew—referee, umpire, head linesman, line judge, field judge, side judge and back judge. But each play is a high-speed mass collision involving 22 angry people. What looks like an orderly play in the playbook usually winds up looking like a chaotic jailbreak.

The only rule you must obey is the one expressed by Larry the Cable Guy: "Git-R-Done."




In most sports players will do anything to gain an edge. In professional football, players do everything in order to survive. From the best-seller *How to Cheat in Sports.*

## ▶HOW TO LOSE A DEFENSIVE BACK

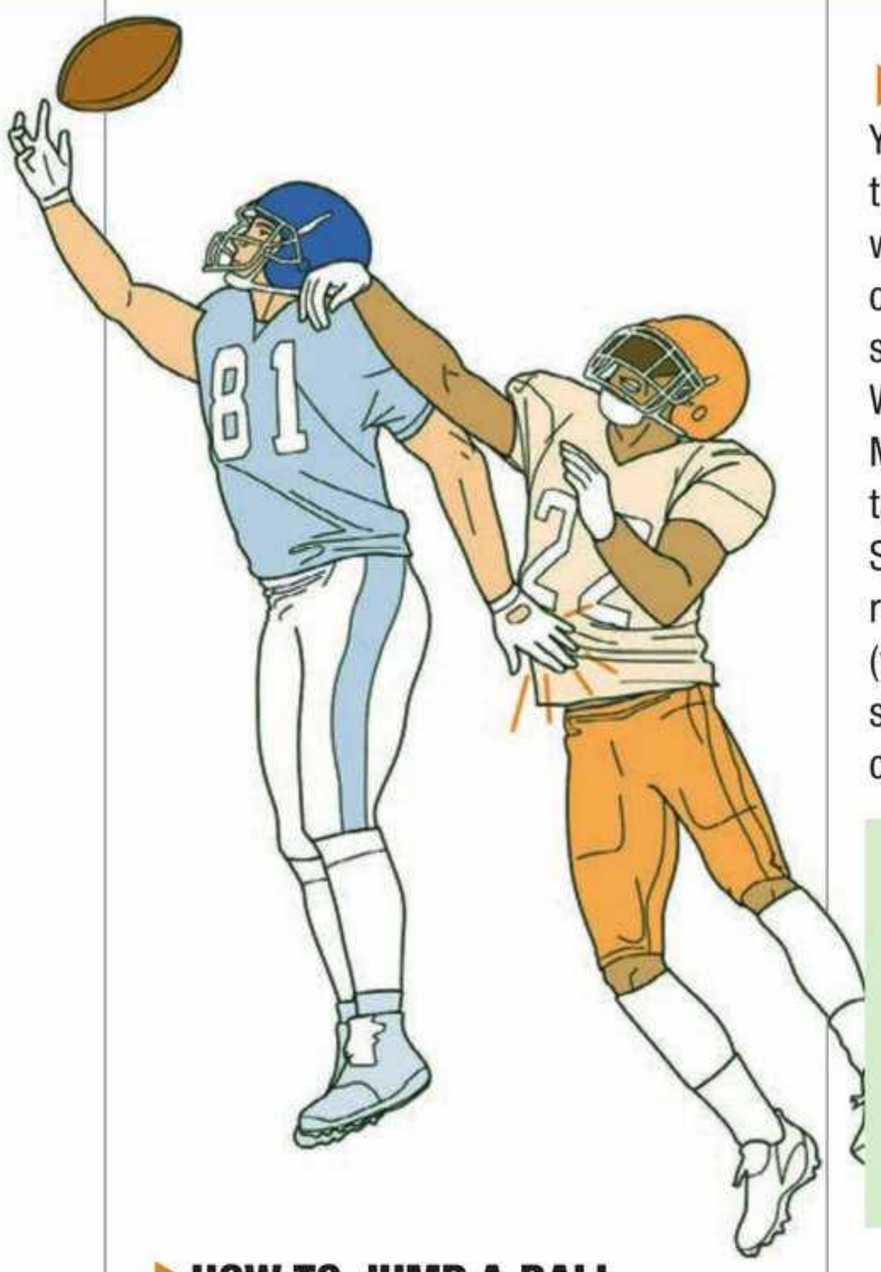
Defensive backs can be very sticky. When they stick to a wide receiver, it's very hard for the wide receiver to catch passes. The task becomes easier if the DB is a step behind or, better yet, does a face-plant into the turf.

"I had a habit of tripping guys," says Tim Brown, who won a Heisman Trophy at Notre Dame in 1987 and racked up 14,934 receiving yards and 100 touchdown catches in 16 NFL seasons, 15 with the Raiders. "If I had a guy running side by side with me, I would throw my foot out, and the guy would trip over my leg."

### The Cheat

1. Run your route.
2. As you make your cut, plant your outside foot in front of the defensive back.
3. Push off the plant foot and cut away from the defender. With most of your weight on that foot, the leg will form a solid speed bump.
4. With the defender stumbling, catch the ball.

"Now the defensive backs are afraid of stumbling, and they can't play me the way they want to," Brown says, "and I can go either way. They want to stay on your hip and go with you whatever move you make, but I was able to take that away from them."



## HOW TO JUMP A BALL

It gets crowded in the corner of the end zone when you're trying to catch a pass. The end line and sideline hem you in, and the defender is breathing last night's dinner down your neck as you fade into that tight little corner.

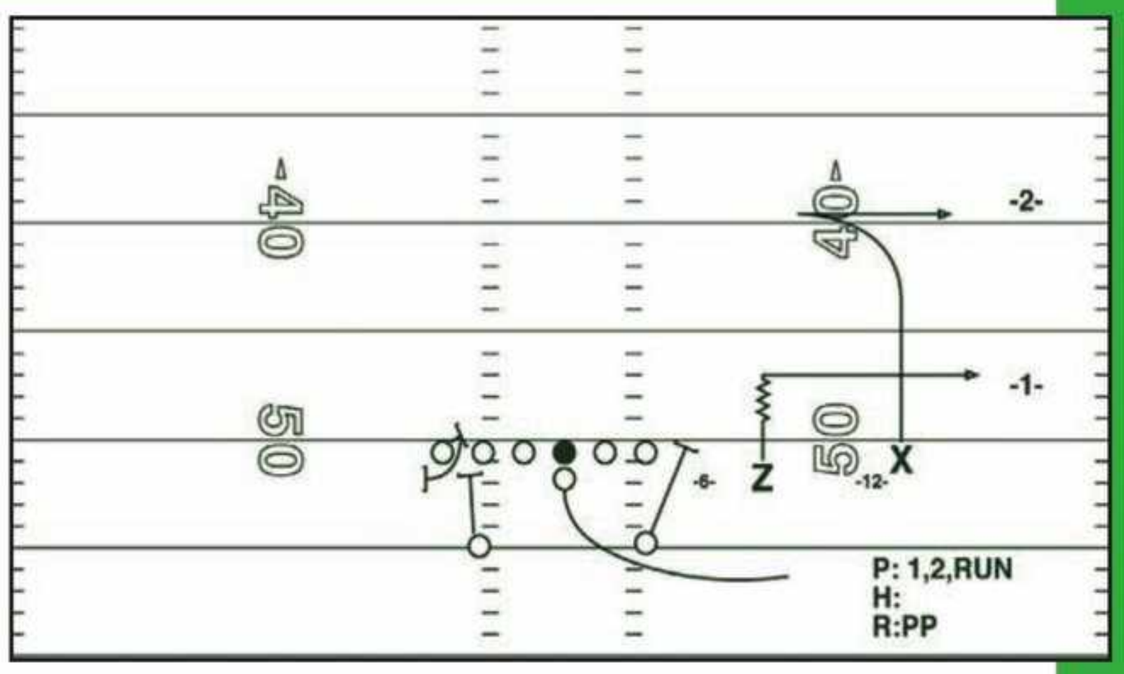
### The Cheat

1. Hold your body solid vertically against the defensive back's hips and shoulders.
2. When the pass is about three-fourths of the way to you, just as the defender turns his head to see the ball, jump and push off with your inside arm, hip and elbow all at once. The arm motion is like a quick boxing shot, only you don't fully extend your arm, just a quick elbow flip.
3. To deny the defensive back an opportunity to use this cheat's counter—which is to grab the lower part of your jersey and hinder your liftoff—make sure you elevate before he can grab.

"I used this move a lot at Stanford," says Ken Margerum, who was an All-American. "With [quarterback] John Elway we ran a lot of post-corner routes. This helped me get my airspace."

## HOW TO SET A PICK

You're a wide receiver, and those annoying DBs just won't give you room to operate. It's third-and-short, man coverage. What's a guy to do? Margerum, now an assistant coach at San Jose State, favors a play borrowed from basketball (where it's legal)—the screen, or pick, where one player removes his teammate's defender. The San Francisco 49ers called this the "Red Left Slot Spring Right Option."




### The Cheat

1. You line up at wide receiver right, with another receiver lined up in the slot eight yards off your left shoulder.
2. On the snap you give a brief stutter-step delay, then run straight out. Your slot man runs three yards and makes a right-angle cut. As he runs just under you, you "accidentally" bump into the defensive back guarding him. Your teammate uses the pick and runs free toward the right sideline. The quarterback is sprinting right and hits the open man three yards deep.

The ref doesn't throw the flag at you for an illegal screen. Why not? Because at the moment of collision you've got your head turned toward the quarterback, your arms are up, and you're yelling for the ball, so obviously you didn't nail that guy intentionally. It's called acting.

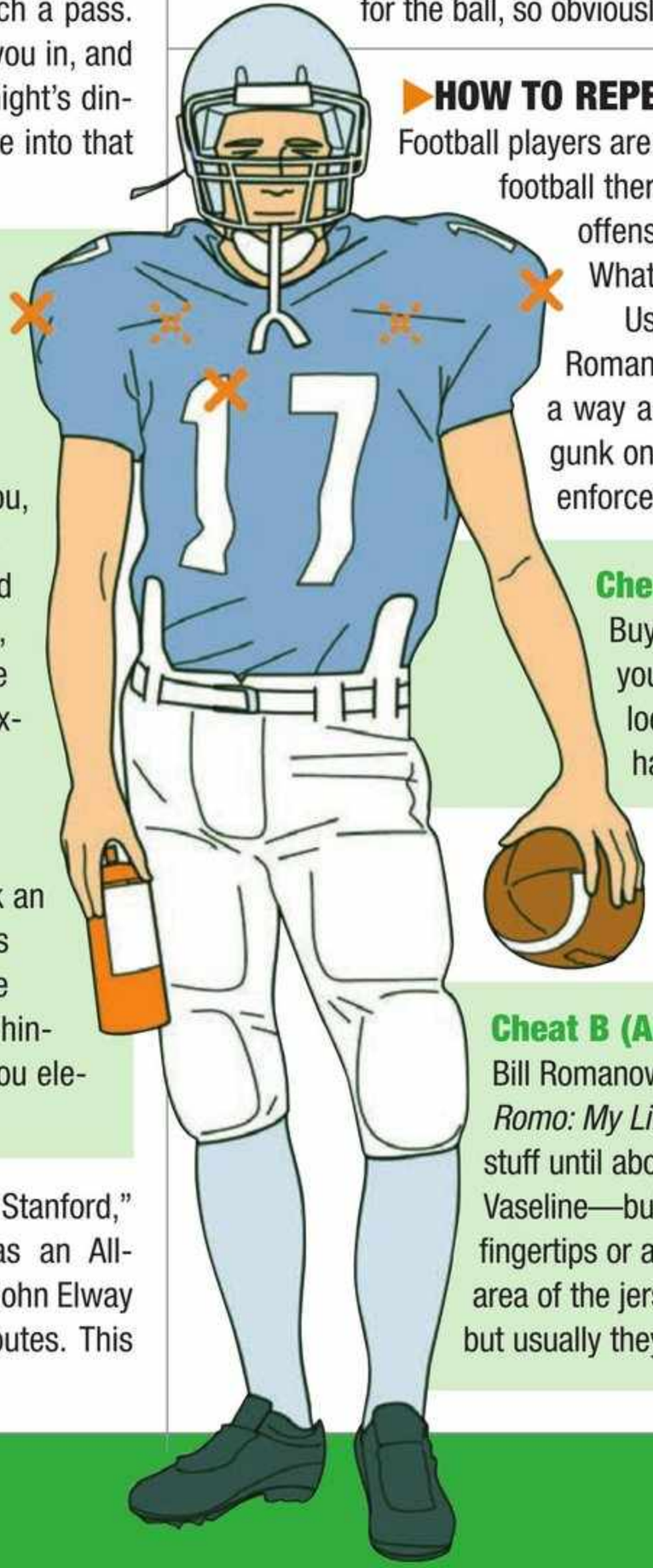
## HOW TO REPEL PESKY JERSEY-GRABBERS

Football players are friendly folks; they love to hold on to one another. In big-time football there is holding on every play, sometimes by every player on the offensive line (holding, within limits, is legal for offensive linemen). What to do? Slime up.

Using slippery foreign substances on your jersey is illegal. Bill Romanowski, the only linebacker to start in five Super Bowls, found a way around the rule: Don't get caught. An NFL player caught with gunk on his jersey can cost his team a $50,000 fine. At lower levels, enforcement is less stringent.

### Cheat A (For Small Colleges and Below)

Buy a can of no-stick cooking spray, the kind you use to keep your omelet from sticking to the pan. In the privacy of the locker room, spray it liberally on your buddy's jersey, then have him spray yours.



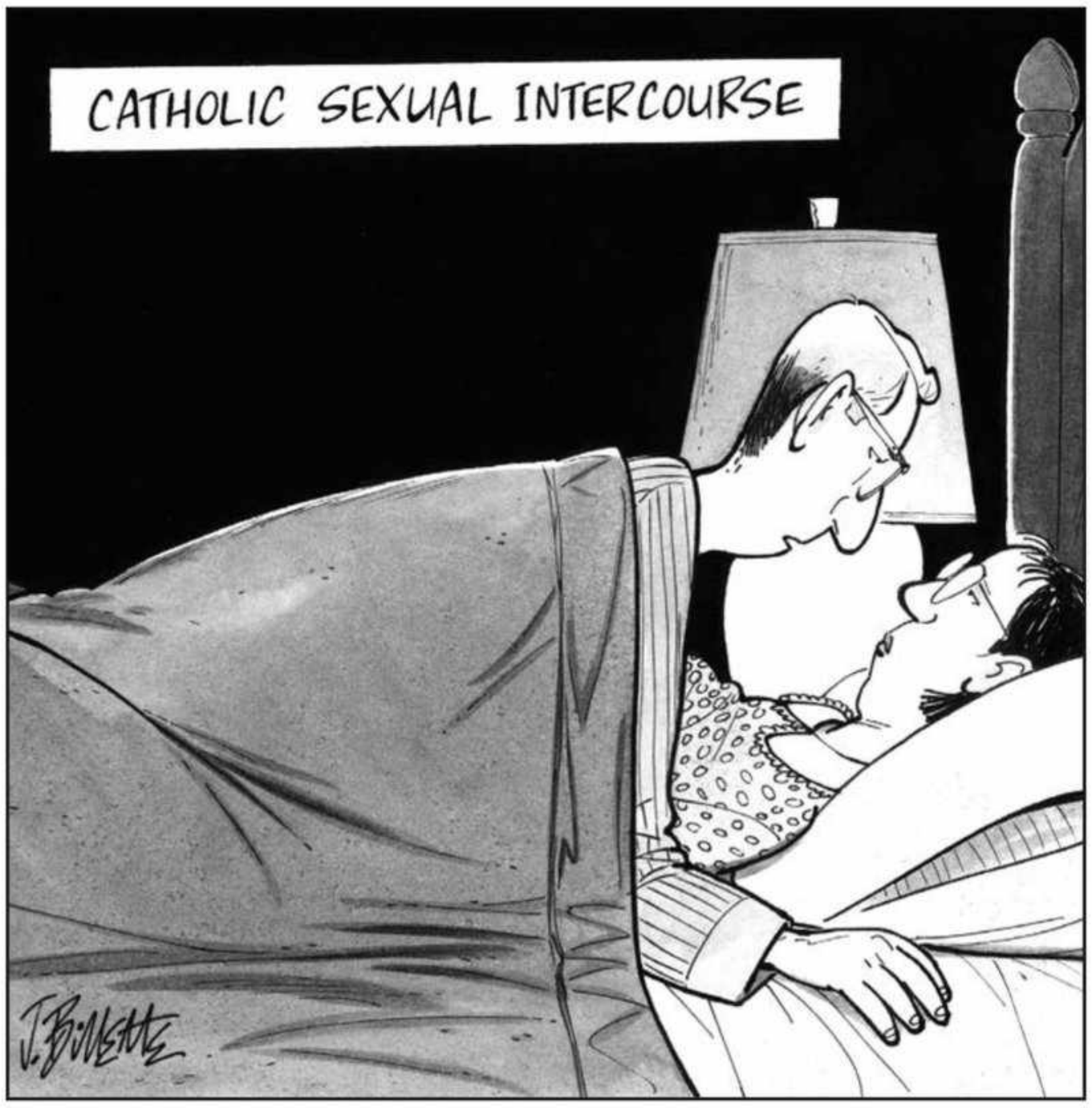
"Every Sunday after warm-ups, our defensive line would go into the shower room and spray each other," says Harris Barton, former All-Pro offensive tackle for the 49ers.

### Cheat B (Advanced Method)

Bill Romanowski, NFL linebacker from 1988 to 2003 and the author of *Romo: My Life on the Edge*, says, "They didn't start checking for that stuff until about '99. I kept using it—a combination of spray and Vaseline—but you have to be very careful. I'd apply the Vaseline with fingertips or a Q-tip. I'd put it on the shoulder blade area and the deltoid area of the jersey. And I'd spray the front of the jersey. I never got caught, but usually they only checked the linemen."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR MOUNT

"Please tell Mr. Flynt that there is a cartoonist/model here who wishes to show him her stuff."




"I believe you just moaned, Catherine. Please try not to be slutty."

## HOW TO STAY WITH A FASTER GUY

Bill Romanowski wasn't known for his speed when he started 243 consecutive games for the San Francisco 49ers, Philadelphia Eagles, Denver Broncos and Oakland Raiders, but if he hadn't kept up with faster offensive players, he never would have lasted 16 NFL seasons.

**The Cheat**

"When you [the linebacker] are running down the field with a tight end or a running back on a pass route, you hold their pants," Romanowski says. "Not their jersey—you don't want to get caught. If you can't get a grip on the pants, hold the jersey low, down where they tuck it in."

## HOW TO BE A SHUTDOWN CORNER BACK

Wide receivers can be elusive. If you're trying to guard one of them, find a handle. They all have one. It's called "shoulder pads."

**The Cheat**

In bump-and-run coverage, jam the receiver five yards or so off the line. Holding both your hands as close to your chest as possible, jam your hands under the front bottom of the receiver's shoulder pads, grab the pads and hold on.

"Everybody on Kansas City did it," says Tim Brown, the former Raider who is number two on the NFL's all-time receiving-yardage list. "Denver had Ray Crockett, Kansas City had James Hasty. They could grab you and just make you stop in your tracks."

After a year or so Brown started taping down his jersey to his pads, using double-sided carpet tape. "So there was nothing for them to grab on to jerk," he says.

## OVERTIME

You can't talk about cheating in football without talking about Al Davis, not that the boss of the Oakland Raiders has ever been caught cheating. But he has cunningly cultivated the persona of a James Bond-type villain, and football rivals are convinced Al is sucking secrets out of them with a nuclear vacuum cleaner. When Weeb Ewbank coached the New York Jets of the old AFL, he would halt practice sessions every time a helicopter flew near the field, saying, "Al Davis has someone watching." Coach Harland Svare of the San Diego Chargers was even more paranoid. He once stopped in the middle of a pregame team meeting to scream at a ceiling light fixture, "Al Davis, I know you're up there!" Davis later said, "I'll tell you this: The thing wasn't in the light fixture."

Scott Ostler is a nationally syndicated sports columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle* and an 11-time winner of the California Sportswriter of the Year award. He previously covered sports for the *Los Angeles Times* and the *National Sports Daily*. He lives in the San Francisco Bay Area and bats right.

# Golden Opportunity

# REBECCA LYNN

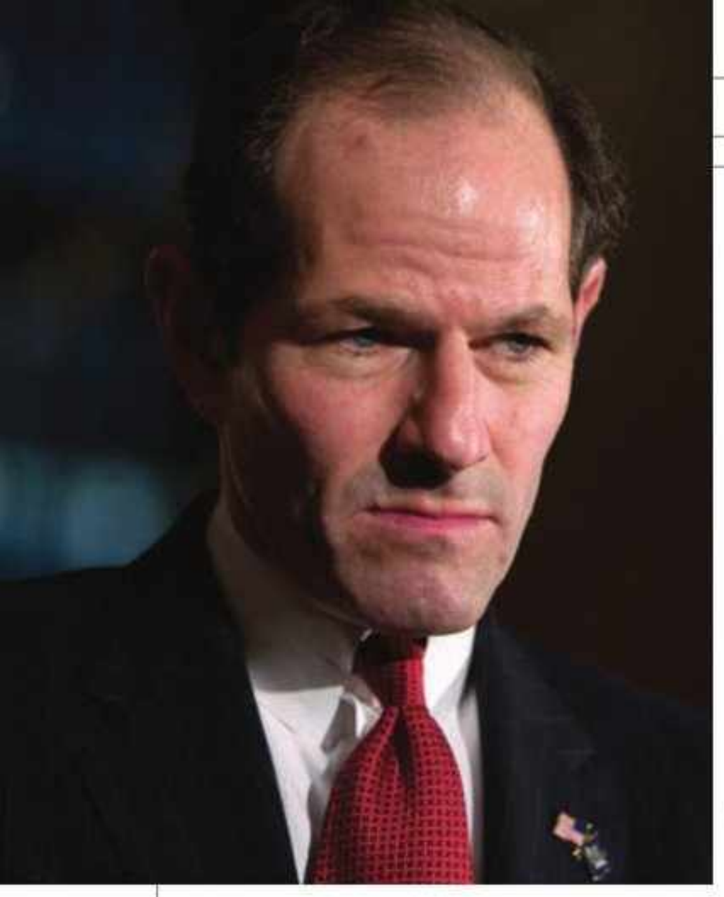
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIS

looks can be deceiving. “Most guys look at me and think I’m kind of sweet and innocent because I really am a girlie girl at heart,” **Rebecca Lynn** remarks. “I like makeup, perfume and romance. But I’m a bit of a demon in bed. I love dirty talk and experimenting. Toys? Bondage? Light spanking? I’m into all that stuff and the occasional melted wax on my nipples. I have been known to exhaust a guy or two. As long as I’m in control of the situation, I’m up for anything.”

Looks can be deceiving. "People tend to think, *She's a blonde. She must be stupid*. Nothing could be further from the truth. I went to college and grad school. I have a master's degree in business, and I'm still a voracious reader. I like reading only slightly less than I like sex, and as you can tell, I'm crazy about sex. Sex is not just the physical expression of lust or love. The mind plays a big part in giving and getting pleasure. I love smart guys."

Looks can be deceiving. “I don’t want to be a porn star,” **Rebecca Lynn** asserts. “I don’t want to be an actress. I just want to be me and be happy. I model because I can, not because it’s the only thing I can do. There are plenty of things I do to make money, and nude modeling is just one of them. Being naked makes me feel good. And if it makes your readers happy too, then that’s a bonus.”

**REBECCA LYNN'S VITAL FACTS:** HOMETOWN: McKinney, Texas | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-6



# How It All Started

THE DEPRESSION ISSUE • THE DEPRESSION ISSUE •

## ELIOT SPITZER'S TIMELY WARNING

In a 2002 speech George W. Bush pledged to close the "home ownership gap" by allowing federal mortgage giants Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac to boost approvals for low-income mortgage seekers. In hindsight, Bush's sales pitch reads like a program for disaster.

In February 2008, New York Governor Eliot Spitzer raised the alarm about the impending mortgage and stock market meltdown in a *Washington Post* editorial. Spitzer exposed the bankers' predatory practices for what they were: a scheme to maximize wealth for the financial elite in full knowledge that it could destroy America's economy.

Just one month after he blew the whistle on the traitorous schemes of Bush and his cronies, Spitzer was driven out of office by a sex scandal that bore all the signs of a classic setup. The vindictive regime had claimed another victim.

Thanks to Spitzer's courage, the crooks will never be able to say they didn't know what was happening.

What follows is Spitzer's original editorial, as it appeared in the *Washington Post*.

## PREDATORY LENDERS' PARTNER IN CRIME

### How the Bush Administration Stopped the States From Stepping In to Help Consumers

By Eliot Spitzer

**Several years ago**, state attorneys general and others involved in consumer protection began to notice a marked increase in a range of predatory lending practices by mortgage lenders. Some were misrepresenting the terms of loans, making loans without regard to consumers' ability to repay, making loans with deceptive "teaser" rates that later ballooned astronomically, packing loans with undisclosed charges and fees, or even paying illegal kickbacks. These and other practices, we noticed, were having a devastating effect on home buyers. In addition, the widespread nature of these practices, if left unchecked, threatened our financial markets.

Even though predatory lending was becoming a national problem, the Bush Administration looked the other way and did nothing to protect American homeowners. In fact, the government chose instead to align itself with the banks that were victimizing consumers.

Predatory lending was widely understood to present a looming national crisis. This threat was so clear that as New York attorney general, I joined with colleagues in the other 49 states in attempting to fill the void left by the federal government. Individually, and together, state attorneys general of both parties brought litigation or entered into settlements with many subprime lenders that were engaged in predatory lending practices. Several state legislatures, including New York's, enacted laws aimed at curbing such practices.

What did the Bush Administration do in response? Did it reverse course and decide to take action to halt this burgeoning scourge? As Americans are now painfully aware, with hundreds of thousands of homeowners facing foreclosure and our markets reeling, the answer is a resounding no.

Not only did the Bush Administration do nothing to protect consumers, it embarked on an aggressive and unprecedented campaign to prevent states from protecting their residents from the very problems to which the federal government was turning a blind eye.

Let me explain: The administration accomplished this feat through an obscure federal agency called the Office of the Comptroller of the Currency (OCC). The OCC has been in existence since the Civil War. Its mission is to ensure the fiscal soundness of national banks. For 140 years, the OCC examined the books of national banks to make sure they were balanced, an important but uncontroversial function. But a few years ago, for the first time in its history, the OCC was used as a tool against consumers.

In 2003, during the height of the predatory lending crisis, the OCC invoked a clause from the 1863 National Bank Act to issue formal opinions preempting all state predatory lending laws, thereby rendering them inoperative. The OCC also promulgated new rules that prevented states from enforcing any of their own consumer protection laws against national banks. The federal government's actions were so egregious and so unprecedented that all 50 state attorneys general, and all 50 state banking superintendents, actively fought the new rules.

But the unanimous opposition of the 50 states did not deter, or even slow, the Bush Administration in its goal of protecting the banks. In fact, when my office opened an investigation of possible discrimination in mortgage lending by a number of banks, the OCC filed a federal lawsuit to stop the investigation.

Throughout our battles with the OCC and the banks, the mantra of the banks and their defenders was that efforts to curb predatory lending would deny access to credit to the very consumers the states were trying to protect. But the curbs we sought on predatory and unfair lending would have in no way jeopardized access to the legitimate credit market for appropriately priced loans. Instead, they would have stopped the scourge of predatory lending practices that have resulted in countless thousands of consumers losing their homes and put our economy in a precarious position.

When history tells the story of the subprime lending crisis and recounts its devastating effects on the lives of so many innocent homeowners, the Bush Administration will not be judged favorably. The tale is still unfolding, but when the dust settles, it will be judged as a willing accomplice to the lenders who went to any lengths in their quest for profits. So willing, in fact, that it used the power of the federal government in an unprecedented assault on state legislatures, as well as on state attorneys general and anyone else on the side of consumers.

# TEN WAYS TO SURVIVE THE DEPRESSION

## Welcome to hard times—now make every dollar count!

**Your paycheck** buys less every week. Forget the weasel-word definitions of *recession* from the Bureau of Economic Research. This is financial collapse on a national scale: foreclosures, unemployment, skyrocketing fuel and food prices, catastrophic bank failures. It's an economic meltdown that America has not seen since 1929.

We are now feeling the effects of the federal government's decades-long disregard for the working class: the Reagan/Bush I's era of deregulation; Clinton's GATT and NAFTA agreements, as well as his 1999 repeal of key parts of the Glass-Steagall Act, which was originally signed into law by Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933. Repealing the law allowed banking and investment companies to again merge and sell mortgage assets like baseball cards. Alan Greenspan's 18-year mismanagement of our fiat currency through the Federal Reserve. And, finally, the Bush/Cheney Administration's unrestrained criminal greed, typified by Senator Phil Gramm's paid toadying for the investment industry. The New Deal protections installed by FDR have been corrupted, gutted and replaced by unregulated capitalism of the most soulless kind.

There is nothing you can do to set it right, but there are ways to soften the blow. Make every dollar count.

**1 CRUNCH THE NUMBERS** Do the math: How much you need versus how much is coming in. Check your credit status (free at **AnnualCreditReport.com**); look over your bank accounts; review investments and 401(k) and retirement accounts. Ideally, you should have a financial bumper healthy enough to last through three months of unemployment and preferably six—assuming your bank still lets you see your own money. If you learn that your bank is in trouble, do not be afraid to move it to a more stable financial institution. Remember, it's your money, not theirs.

Pay down your credit cards completely, if you can, and avoid cards that carry high rates and hidden fees. Usurious interest plus hefty late-fee fines will devour income like piranhas. Also ask yourself, if your employer cuts your salary, how much could you afford to lose and still get by?

Being penny-wise is not limited to paupers. Warren Buffett, one of the richest men in the world, considers "Watch Small Expenses" as one of his most important business tips. Buffett invested in firms run by fuss-budget managers, like the owner who allegedly counted the 500-sheet toilet paper to see if he was being cheated. (He was!)

**2 EAT CHEAP** Is it necessary to buy lunch somewhere every day? If it costs you $8 a day, that's two grand a year for burgers and fries. Brown-bagging a sandwich and fruit can save you an annual $1,000 or more. If you have the storage space, splurge at a warehouse-style store and buy in bulk. Foods with long shelf lives will be fresh for six months or a year; ditto meats and frozen vegetables if you have a large freezer. Buy as much as you can afford now, because the price of food is only going to rise.

**3 ARMED RESPONSE** Crime rates rose for the first two years of the Great Depression but fell thereafter. Still, low-income Americans will be hit hardest by this financial disaster, and that's a potential breeding ground for antisocial activity. If you buy a firearm or two, get them properly licensed, otherwise you could end up in the slammer with unpleasant roommates. Be sensible: If you live in suburbia, a handgun is preferable to an AK-47.

**4 WATCH FOR SCAMS** Shaky times breed con artists. Beware of obvious pyramid schemes, including any "can't lose" plan in which you must hustle new "members" into the game, the resale of cleaning supplies, leaseback of ATMs, not to mention e-mail solicitations from Nigerian ex-presidents.

Be aware of identity theft. Always double-check your bank statements. Banks have safeguards to protect customers from fraud and identity theft. Check out the warnings on the Securities and Exchange Commission's Web site, **SEC.gov/investor/pubs/scams.htm**, and FBI updates at **FBI.gov**.

**5 STAY EMPLOYED** In a depressed economy, companies lay off employees. If you're lucky enough to even have a job, do your best to keep it. Don't take employment for granted—this could be your last regular paycheck for months, even years. Volunteer for extra hours and weekends (as long as they're paid!), take credit when you excel, and let your supervisor know what you've done to help out.

Consider supplemental income. Do you have an interest that could become a second job—carpentry, art, automobile repair? Could you sell items on eBay? Could you talk your wife into hawking her used panties at $25 a pair? (Okay, the last was a gag. Start at 50 bucks and negotiate downward.)

BY TED NEWSOM

# SURVIVE THE DEPRESSION

**6 SKIP IT** Does it make a bit of difference if you don't have the complete set of *Girls Gone Wild* on DVD? Resist the urge to grab a 24-pack of new improved whatevers just because it's got a pretty wrapper. The moment you drive a brand-new automobile off the lot or rip open the bubble wrap of an electronic goodie, it's worth 25% to 40% less. Consider a "nearly new" car or major appliance. High-ticket items such as autos, washers and refrigerators are manufactured to last and should be just fine if they're only a year or two old.

For that matter, consider a motorcycle or hybrid in lieu of a gas-guzzling car, especially for short trips. A cycle's mileage is usually better. There's said to be long-term savings value in a Prius, despite the hybrid's relatively high initial cost. And now that they've been around, you'll start to see used ones for sale.

**7 GROW YOUR OWN** During World Wars I & II, Americans maintained what became to be known as "victory gardens." Now let's call them "survival gardens," your own backyard mini-farm. If you've got a plot of land or even room for large flowerpots, grow something useful—say potatoes, spinach or peas. Seeds cost much less than mature produce, and you avoid dosing yourself with carcinogenic pesticides or growth hormones. Plus, home-grown veggies taste better. If you've got space for trees, consider oranges, cherries, apples or pears. What you don't eat, you can preserve (think about yummy homemade strawberry jam) or barter with fellow "survival farmers."

**8 POWER UP** Reliance on fossil fuels will decrease as alternate fuel production becomes cheaper, but how soon? That's anybody's guess. A century ago Western civilization thrived on coal, steam and horsepower. Now we're habituated to internal-combustion engines consuming gasoline or diesel fuel and homes relying on electricity generated by coal-belching power plants, nuclear reactors and dams.

Does solar power save you money? Over a period of years, solar-generated thermal and electrical power can reduce your monthly energy cost, but it's neither a cure-all nor inexpensive. On the low end, rigging an average home will cost $16,000 to $30,000; more likely as much as $50,000 or more for a large house. It's worth it if you have the money, but the "savings" come only after several years.

There are low-tech, inexpensive ways to use solar power. Hanging the wash on a clothesline rather than using a power-intensive dryer is an obvious example. Whether you use a coin-operated laundromat or dry your clothes at home, that's an extra $250 to $1,500 a year you don't need to spend. Passive solar power can brew "sun tea," even cook food if you've got the patience. Check out **SolarCookers.org**, **CookWithTheSun.com** and **SolarCooking.com**.

It's cheaper to save electricity than to generate it. Follow the hints on conservation from your energy supplier—like replacing incandescent bulbs with fluorescent lighting, packing your freezer (so the cooling element doesn't have to work as hard and draw as much electricity), etc.

**9 BARTER** Long before debit cards, cash or coins, there was trade. In our computer age, places like **Craigslist.org** blossom with tit-for-tat offers. Swapping goods remains viable in modern times. Take Argentina: The nation was once hit by a Latin American double whammy—the 1995 crisis of the Mexican peso, then devaluation of Brazil's currency in 1999. Bartering, which began as a stop-gap measure, became a financial subculture used by nearly a million people. Some cash-strapped companies give employees free goods in lieu of cash; these can then be swapped for other materials or services.

Cashless trade can work to your advantage: It's tax free. Check out swap meets, yard sales and online trade sites. Remember, your local small-business owner can negotiate.

**10 JUST HANG ON** Thousands of Americans have lost their homes by being impetuous—believing the optimistic come-on that the real estate bubble would never burst. Don't screw up in the opposite way by scrambling as if Armageddon will arrive next Tuesday. Besides providing shelter, your home has inherent value. But don't be romantic about a losing investment. If you've been suckered by the mortgage bubble and are paying more than your home is worth, cut your losses and move somewhere more affordable. Compare your current mortgage to a potential rent payment or a less-expensive dwelling. Think it out before making a decision.

There is no such thing as "no-lose." Even gold, touted by many as the perfect hedge, fluctuates wildly. Gold's sale price dropped during the 1974-75 recession, rose during the Carter Presidency (thanks to inflation), fell by 50% during the 1980 recession and dropped again in 2000 just before the 2001 recession.

Thousands of factors affect the economy: deficits, wars, weather, famine, technical revolutions, stock manipulations or invasions from Mars. Most of these are beyond your control. Concentrate on Number One—you. Good luck.

ARTWORK BY JOE DUNAVAN

BY JOSH TICKELL

# FROM THE FRY TO THE FUEL

ILLUSTRATION BY GINA KING

## Tired of high fuel prices?

Wish there was a way to cruise down the road without burning through your wallet? Good news: You can get your fuel almost for free. It just takes some elbow grease, a funny smell and the rattle of a diesel engine.

I first learned about running cars on vegetable oil as a long-haired hippie in 1996. I was working on a farm in Germany, lusting after a red-haired *fräulein* who liked to take me riding bareback on her horse through the fields of rapeseed, a yellow-flowering plant with an oily seed like canola. From time to time, I saw farmers pouring a vegetable-oil-type fuel made from the rapeseed into their cars. I was puzzled. If it was so easy to "grow" your own fuel, why wasn't everyone doing it?

When I returned to the States, I researched the topic and learned that more than 100 years ago Dr. Rudolf Diesel actually invented his engine to run on vegetable oil. The inventor wrote, "Perhaps I, one small man, will succeed in doing what all governments together have failed to do: Throw out the Rockefellers." At the time, John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil was one of the most powerful companies in the world. Deemed a monopoly, it was

THE DEPRESSION ISSUE

## HOW TO CONVERT YOUR CAR TO RUN ON

# ER TO TANK

broken up by the U.S. government, but 88 years later the two largest entities reunited as ExxonMobil, now the mightiest oil corporation on Earth.

Why the history lesson? Well, Diesel didn't live much longer after making his startling announcement. His body was found floating in the English Channel. (Nothing suspicious about that, right?) Soon thereafter, in a move that probably had the good doctor spinning in his grave, Standard Oil renamed the dirtiest byproduct of the petroleum-refining process "diesel fuel." The rest was history, as far as the oil companies were concerned.

The good news is that with a few modifications today's diesel engines can still run on vegetable oil. I first experimented with an old diesel VW Jetta. I befriended the manager of a local fast food restaurant who would call when the establishment was ready to dump its used cooking oil. I'd get into my overalls

**VEGETABLE OIL**

# Drink the Best, Burn the Rest!

## CONVERTING YOUR GAS GUZZLER INTO A BOOZE BUGGY

Henry Ford was a huge proponent of ethanol, an alcohol fuel derived from corn or sugarcane. The automotive pioneer once proclaimed, "The fuel of the future is going to come from fruit like that sumac out by the road, or from apples, weeds, sawdust—almost anything. There is fuel in every bit of vegetable matter."

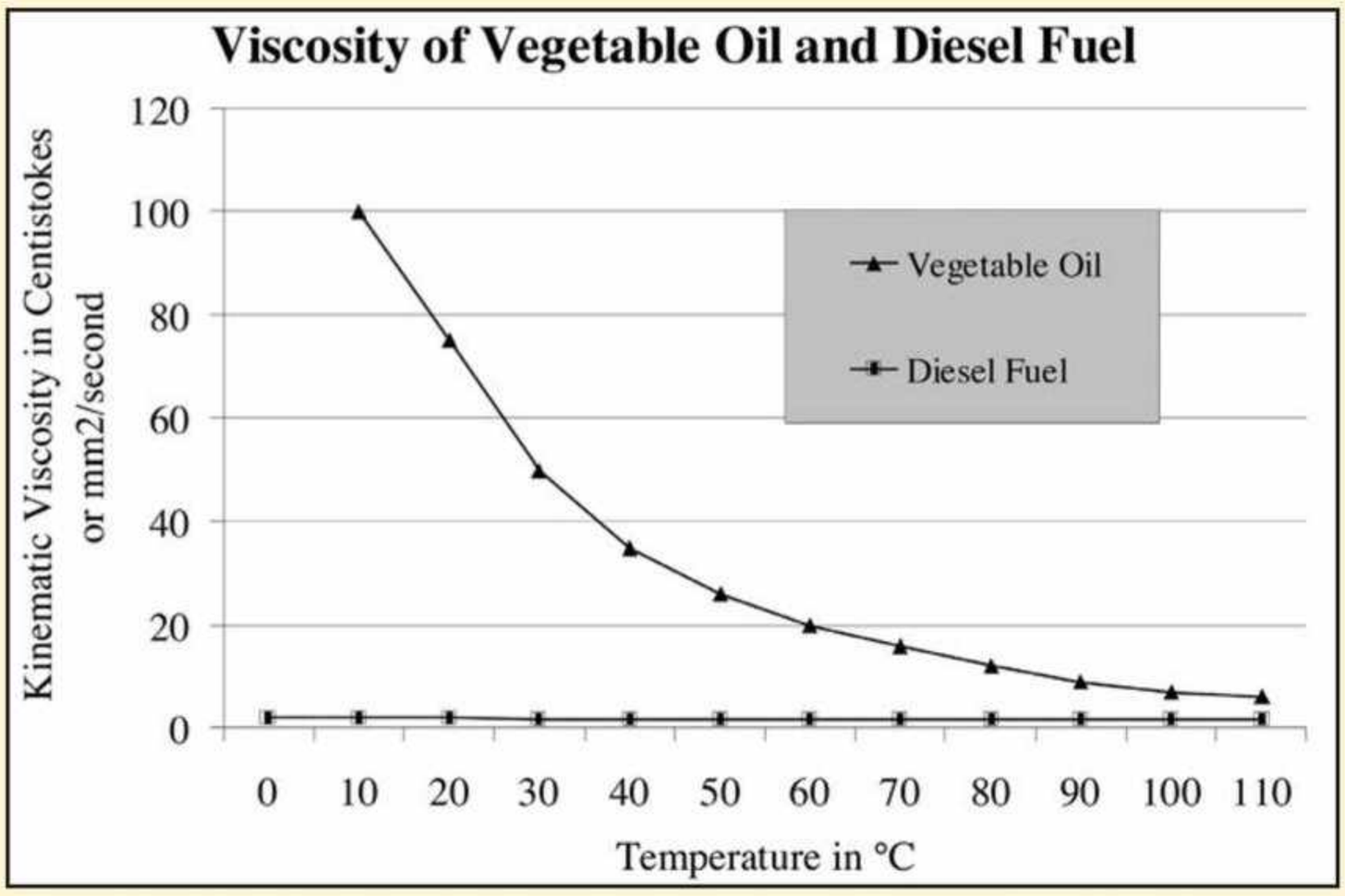
Ford's Model-T was ethanol-compatible, as were most of his other early autos. He even built the country's largest ethanol refinery, which supplied 25% of the fuel market in the Midwest. Soon after that, John D. Rockefeller began funding something known as Prohibition, leading to an amendment to the Constitution that outlawed the sale of all alcohol, including ethanol. Ford had to close his ethanol facility, but the dream of fuel from spirits lives on. Prohibition mercifully ended in 1933.

Making your own ethanol for your gasoline-burning car is cheap *and* becoming easier, and at least you're not supporting Big Oil. The basic idea is the same as when Ford tried to elbow into Rockefeller's fuel monopoly: Use local agricultural stuff to make cheap fuel for cars. Like beer or any other intoxicating substance, most ethanol is created through fermentation and distillation. Like any alcoholic substance, ethanol is measured in proof, but unlike other alcohols, ethanol won't turn your date into a hot night—unless your car catches fire. To be legal in the U.S., ethanol must be denatured, i.e., mixed with varying percentages of gasoline. (Warning: Don't drink the stuff.)

If you want to make enough of this fuel to be independent, you've got two options: build an old-fashioned moonshine still or opt for one of the new devices available on the Internet, such as the EFuel 100 MicroFueler. These contraptions, which I've never tried, are said to take water from a typical garden hose and combine it with yeast and sugar to produce ethanol. In theory the $9,000-$10,000 cost will be offset by savings, bringing your per-gallon cost down to about $1. Once you've got your ethanol fuel, you're halfway home. Now you just need an engine that will run on it.

Most gasoline-burning cars can accept some percentage of ethanol in their fuel, but to use a higher percentage of ethanol—like E85, which is 85% ethanol and 15% gasoline—you need a conversion kit. For about $400 you can buy one from White Lightning or other online vendors. If White Lightning's YouTube how-to videos are any indication, every kit is installed by attractive women, all of whom have been filmed while performing the 45-minute procedure, with a lot of bending over a car's engine. Who knew that babes in tight T-shirts would do so much to abate global warming?

More than a billion gallons of ethanol is produced annually in the United States, although there is some question as to whether enough could be churned out to meet the country's staggering fuel demands without drastically cutting into the food supply. Still, you can use ethanol to reduce your fuel bill right now. If you're willing to do a little research, then buy or build a still and spend some time under the hood, you can start driving a nearly fossil-fuel-free vehicle. —*Josh Tickell*




*One of the primary technical differences of using vegetable oil versus diesel fuel is viscosity, or thickness. Cold vegetable oil is too thick to work as fuel, but as this chart illustrates, it thins to a viscosity comparable to diesel when heated. As such, heating is the primary function of conversion kits you can buy to run your vehicle on vegetable oil.*

and fill five-gallon pails with the grease, invariably spilling a good amount in the trunk of my car, which I named Greasy Gretta.

Nowadays it's pretty easy to pick up a diesel car on eBay or Craigslist. Most "greasers" prefer an older Volkswagen or Mercedes-Benz. More esoteric grease freaks have bought diesel Hummers, big Ford and Chevy pickups, even school buses.

My next challenge was to filter the oil. Pantyhose would have been perfect, but at the time, I was attending a liberal arts college—lots of feminist rallies, hairy legs, but no pantyhose. I found what I needed close by at a local restaurant supply house: paper filters used for straining vegetable oil. On Sundays, as my neighbors went to church or trimmed their lawns, they'd see me slip-sliding around my driveway, carefully filtering a brown liquid that smelled like the rear entrance of a seafood restaurant. Today's vegetable oil enthusiasts often have elaborate filtration systems involving multiple stages.

I knew better than to try to pour vegetable oil straight into my diesel vehicle. Modern diesel engines are crafted for petroleum-based diesel fuel, which has virtually the same consistency as gasoline. Putting vegetable oil directly into a diesel engine will cause it to seize up. The trick is to heat the vegetable oil before it goes in. Hot vegetable oil flows just like conventional diesel fuel, passing through injectors and fuel lines even more easily.

My first attempt involved a complicated system of heating both the fuel lines and a separate fuel tank, plus installing a switch to alternate from vegetable oil to diesel fuel. Soon after I began proudly showing off my elaborate Rube Goldberg apparatus, simpler "conversion kits" were born. You can now buy such kits from any number of Internet vendors, including Third Planet Energy and Greasecar. Most kits allow the diesel vehicle to start up and run on diesel fuel while the vegetable oil is heated. When the oil gets hot enough, the kit switches the intake over to Straight Vegetable Oil, or as those in the know like to call it, "SVO."

So with a bit of filtering and a little ingenuity, you actually can get your fuel for free…sort of. There are some challenges that might cost you in other ways. First, it's illegal in most states to collect cooking oil from a restaurant without a permit. Then, according

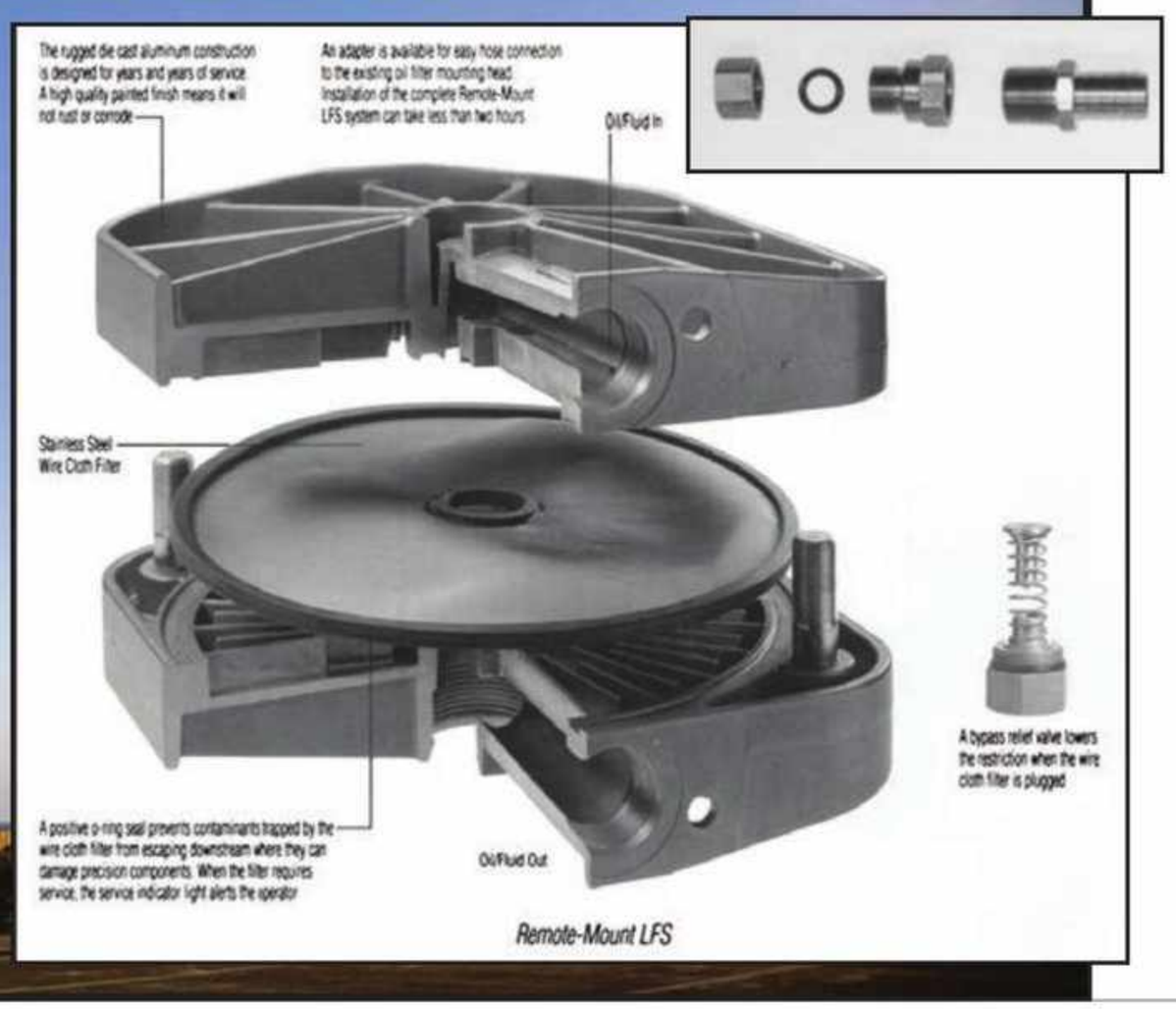
# GET GREASY!

## WHERE TO FIND THE NUTS AND BOLTS OF CONVERTING YOUR CAR.

In the wake of a cross-country trek in his "Veggie Van," a minibus powered by a popular cooking ingredient, Josh Tickell authored *From the Fryer to the Fuel Tank—The Complete Guide to Using Vegetable Oil as an Alternative Fuel*. Easy to understand and fully illustrated, this best-selling do-it-yourself manual shows how to convert a diesel-engine car or truck into a biodiesel vehicle.

Tickell went on to write *Biodiesel America—How to Achieve Energy Security, Free America From Middle-East Oil Dependence and Make Money Growing Fuel*. The eco-activist also maintains several Web sites, including **VeggieVan.org** and **BiodieselAmerica.org**, which relays news, announcements and oddities in the world of biodiesel and vegetable oil vehicles and conversion techniques.

Further information can be found at **GreaseCar.com**, **Frybrid.com**, **PlantDrive.com**, **GoldenFuelSystems.com** and **Elsbett.com**.


The rugged die cast aluminum construction is designed for years and years of service. A high quality painted finish means it will not rust or corrode
An adapter is available for easy hose connection to the existing oil filter mounting head. Installation of the complete Remote-Mount LFS system can take less than two hours
Oil/Fluid In
Stainless Steel Wire Cloth Filter
A positive o-ring seal prevents contaminants trapped by the wire cloth filter from escaping downstream where they can damage precision components. When the filter requires service, the service indicator light alerts the operator
Oil/Fluid Out
A bypass relief valve lowers the restriction when the wire cloth filter is plugged

*Remote-Mount LFS*

to the IRS, you've still got to pay road tax on any fuel, even if you make it out of your pet mutt's urine. California Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger recently got a slap on the wrist for this (failing to pay the mandatory tax, not for filtering dog pee).

Then there's the reality of driving a vehicle running on vegetable oil. I don't know of anyone who'd say this isn't messy. I've personally been covered in vegetable oil from head to foot many times and gotten it into just about every orifice of my body—mostly unintentionally. It's inevitable that—whether by spill, broken hose or a pump that starts up for no reason—all SVO enthusiasts will eventually be christened by oily goo. And some of it really is goo.

Next time you're at a local eatery, sneak around back. As you reach the corner, you'll know you're getting close to the grease dumpster when that nasty smell hits you—the leftover odors of whatever went into the fryers. Not to dissuade would-be SVOers; it's still less stinky than fuel from sewage. Seriously, I tried that too. And it's not as if an oil refinery or gasoline itself smells like a rose garden.

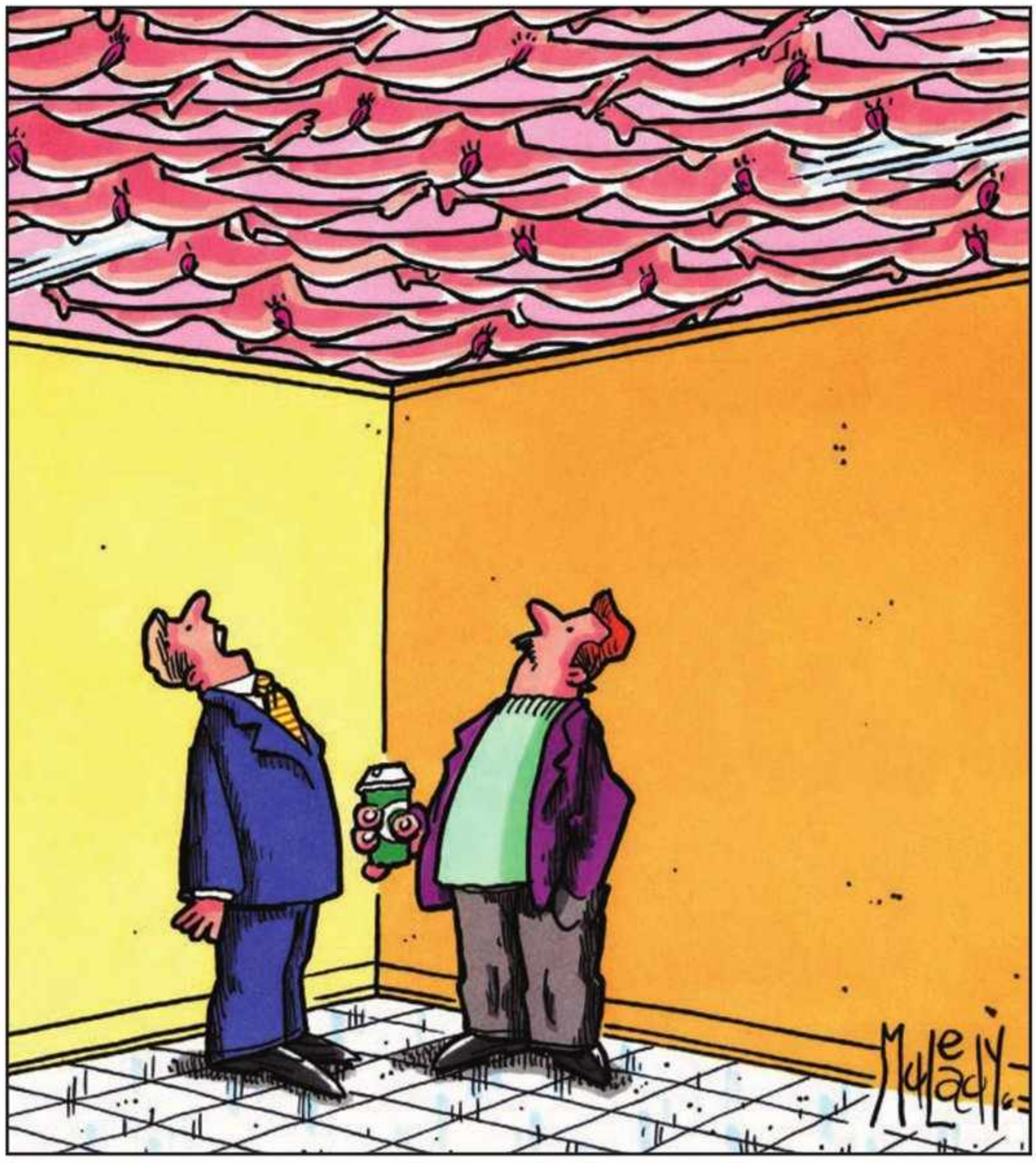
Unfortunately, I've also seen a lot of SVO vehicles end up in junkyards after their engines seized or their entire fuel systems became contaminated with clotted restaurant grease, which can turn solid at room temperature. This is probably why most vehicle manufacturers recommend against SVO and void their warranties if SVO is used. Bottom line: There are a number of slippery pitfalls with vegetable oil.

Due to the problems inherent with SVO, a lot of alt-fuel activists opt to make and use biodiesel, which is easier to use and requires little or no modification of your diesel vehicle. Biodiesel can be made from any type of vegetable oil, it doesn't stink, you can make it yourself for under a dollar a gallon, it's endorsed by both the EPA and the military, and you don't have to install any special equipment in your vehicle.

Today I'm putting biodiesel made from used cooking oil in my 2002 VW Golf, which now has lower emissions than a gasoline-burning car and still gets 50 miles per gallon. As gas prices continue to rise, a number of my friends have been making ethanol fuel for their gasoline cars. (See "Drink the Best, Burn the Rest!" on page 57.)

For me, nothing beats the whine of a diesel turbo running on a liquid that didn't come from the Middle East. And if this great nation ever falls, you'll find me speeding in my turbodiesel on some back road. But unlike Mad Max, I won't be looking for gasoline. I'll be hunting for grease buckets behind Chinese restaurants.

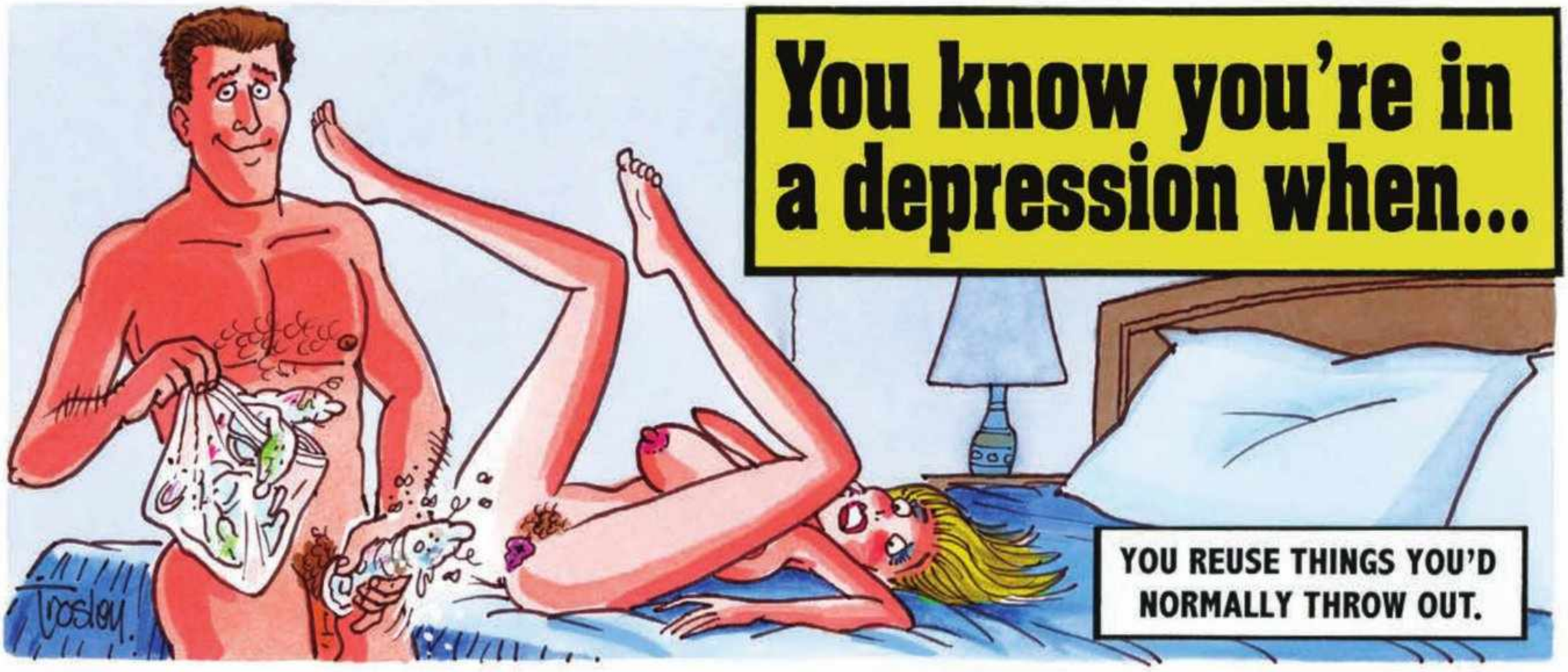
Environmental activist Josh Tickell lives in Los Angeles and has written two books on vegetable oil fuel. Check out his new documentary, *Fields of Fuel*—featuring celebs such as Julia Roberts and Sheryl Crow (FieldsOfFuel.com).

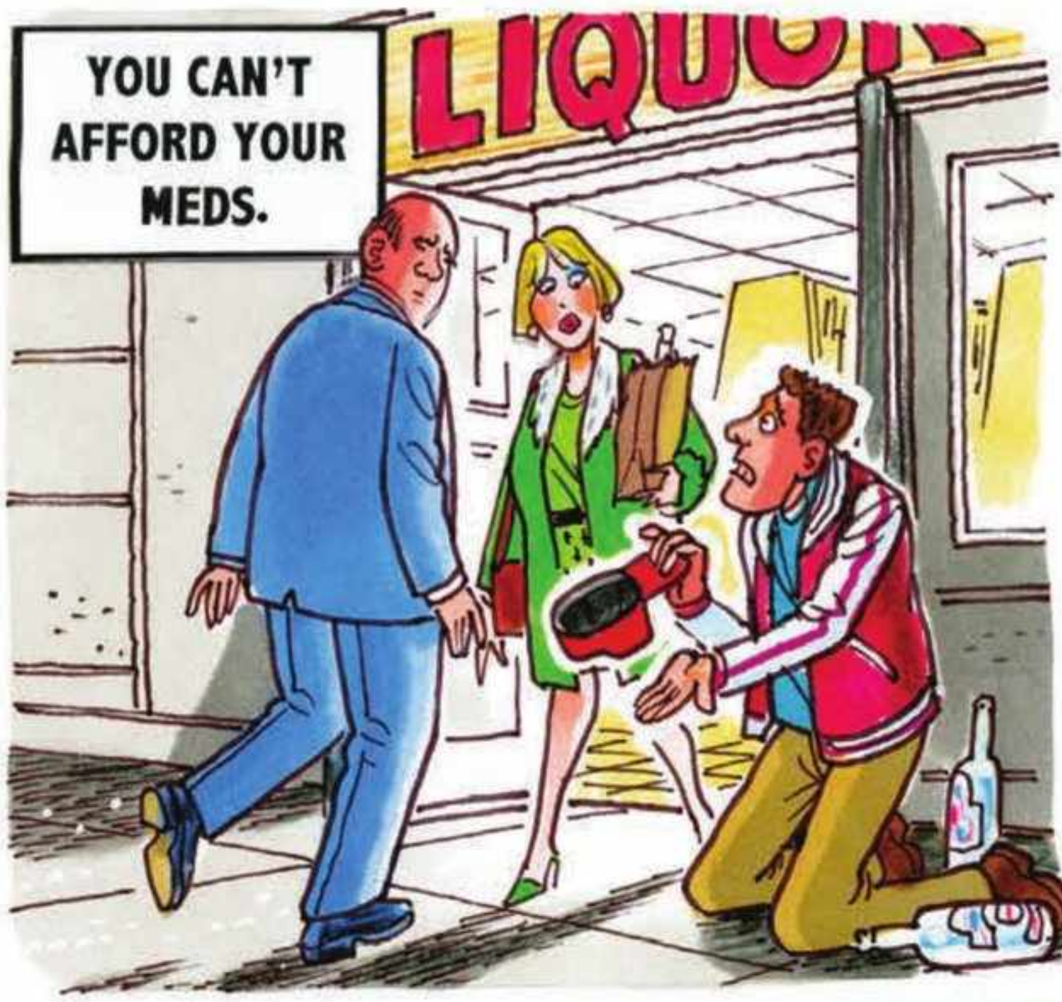


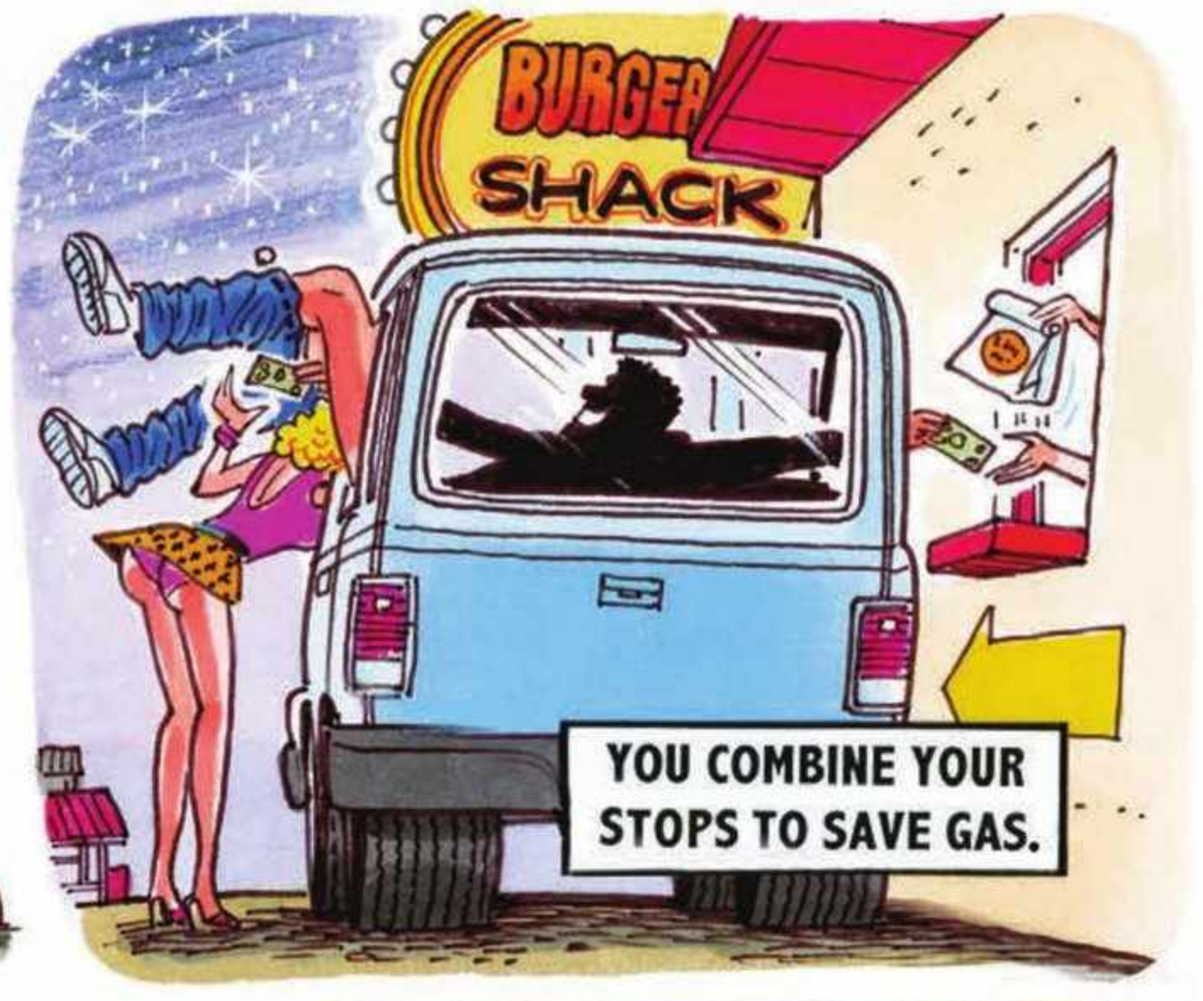
"Hillary was right. There *are* 18 million cracks in the ceiling."

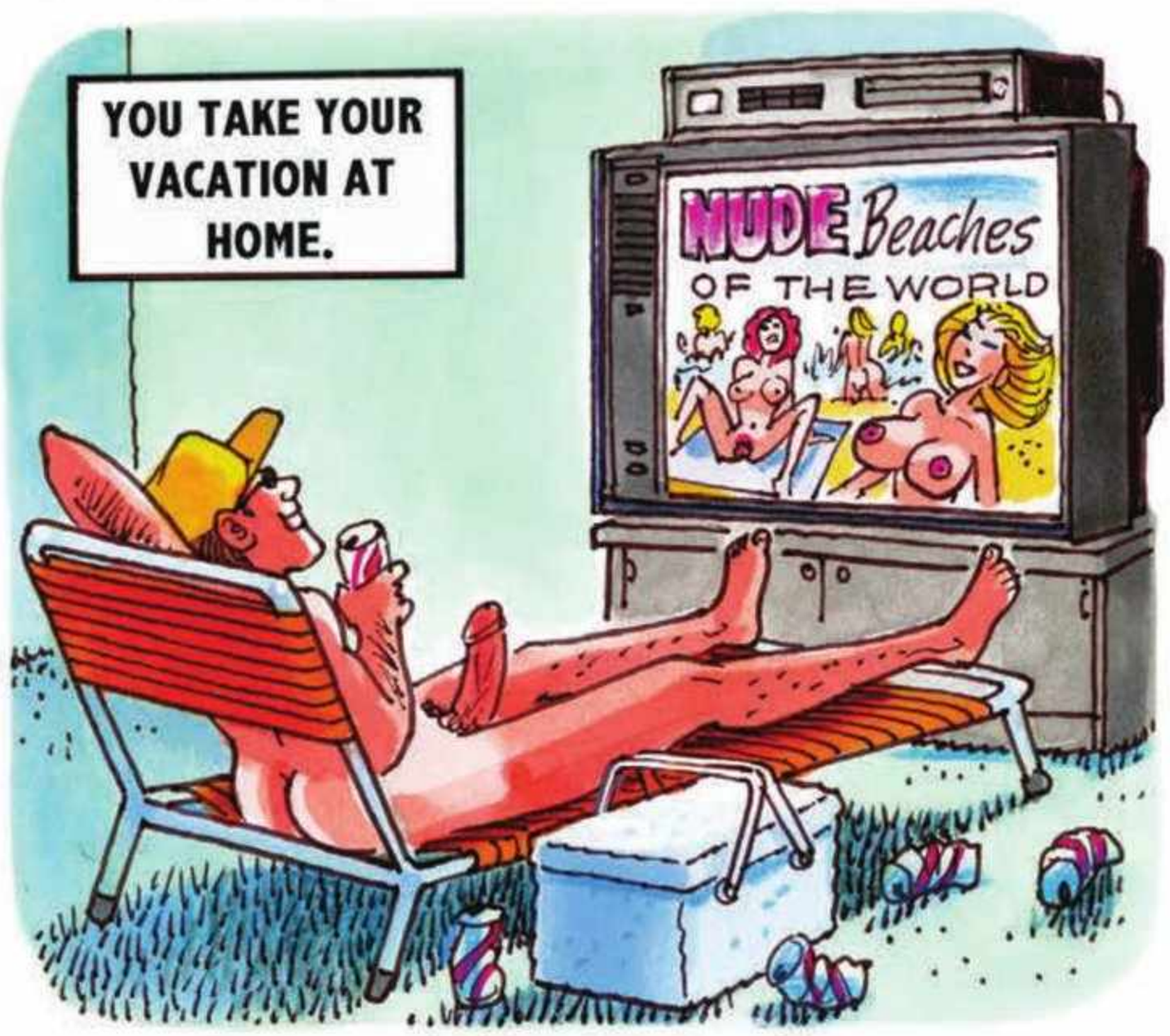
"Dad, that stuff sounds like horseshit. Are you trying to brainwash me?"

# You know you're in a depression when...

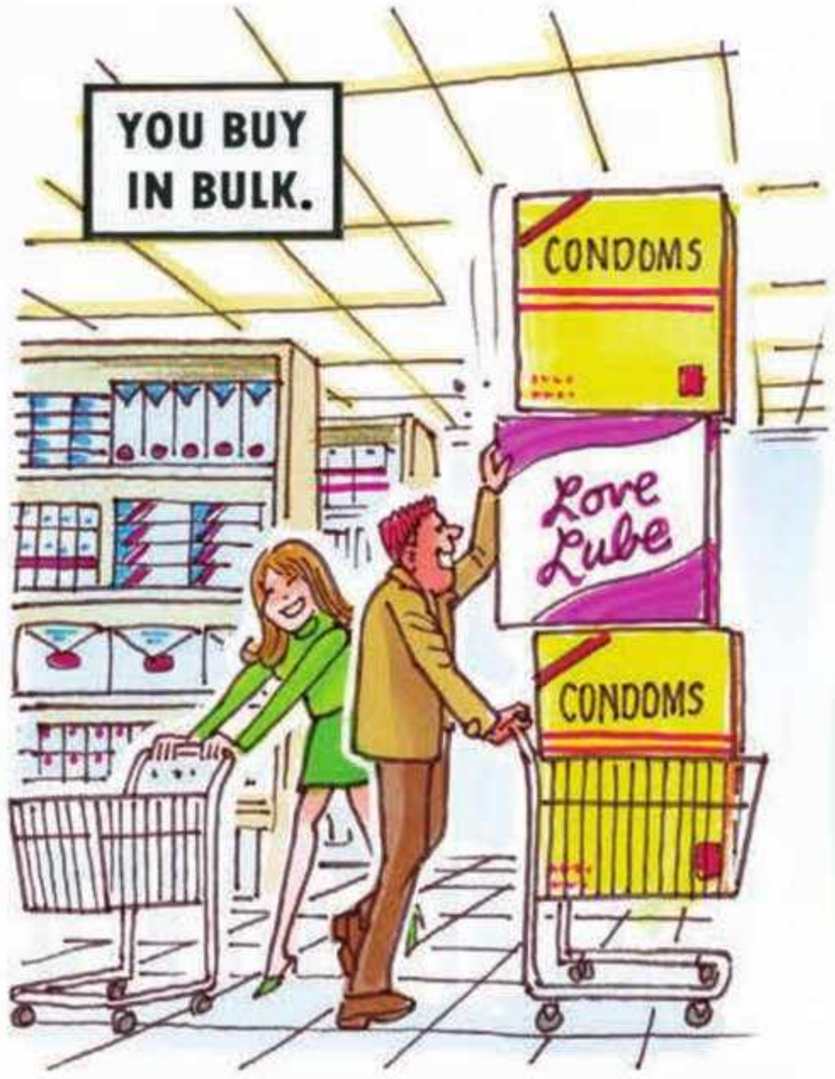


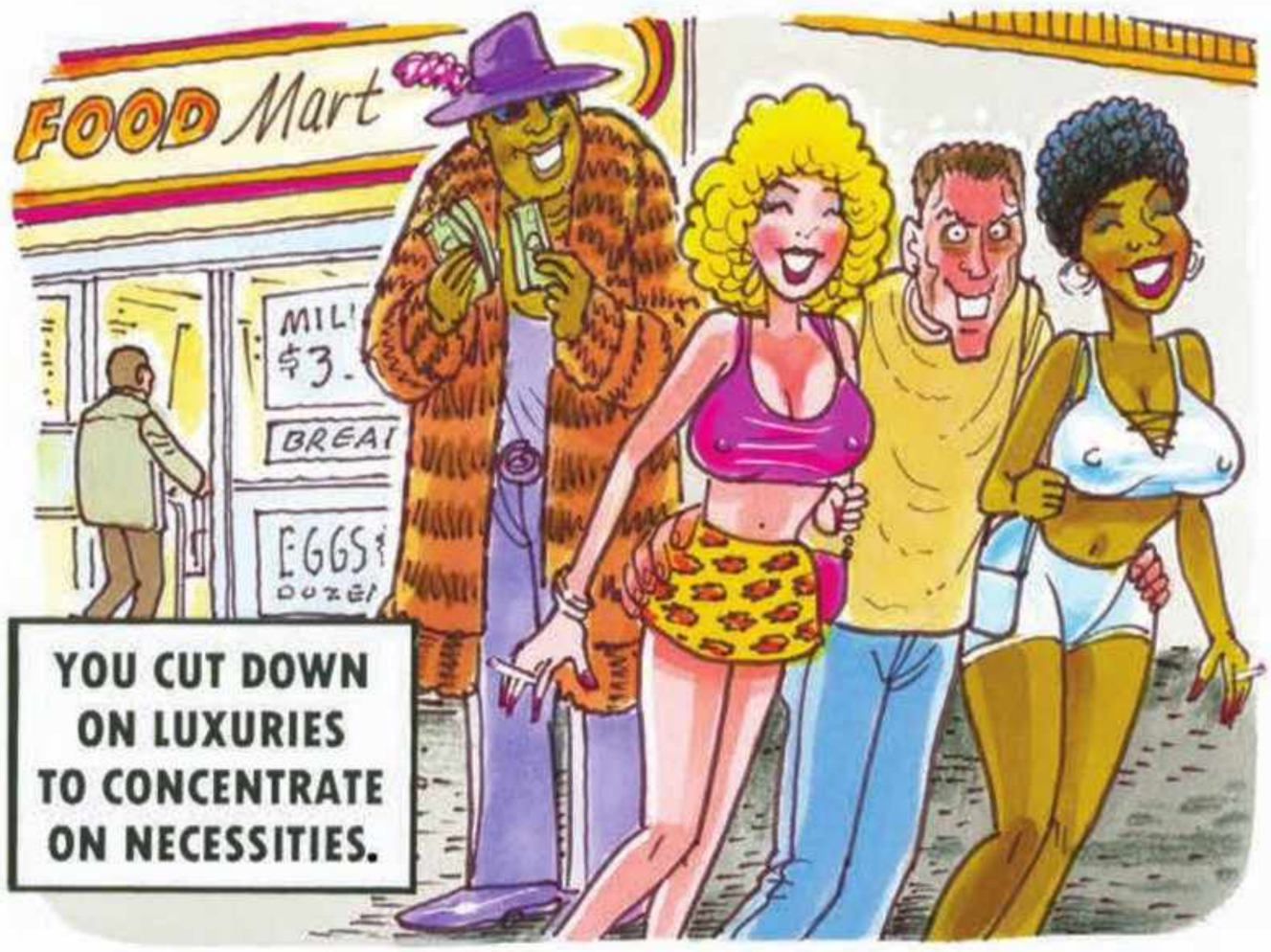



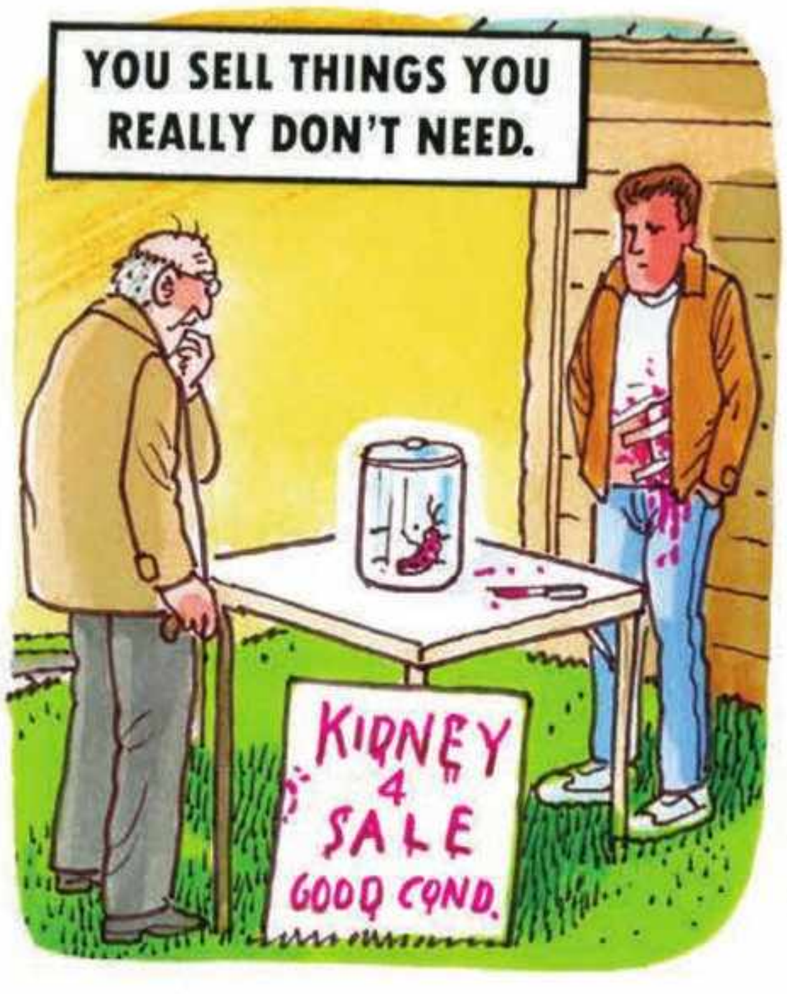
YOU CREATE YOUR OWN ENTERTAINMENT AT HOME.
MONOPOLY

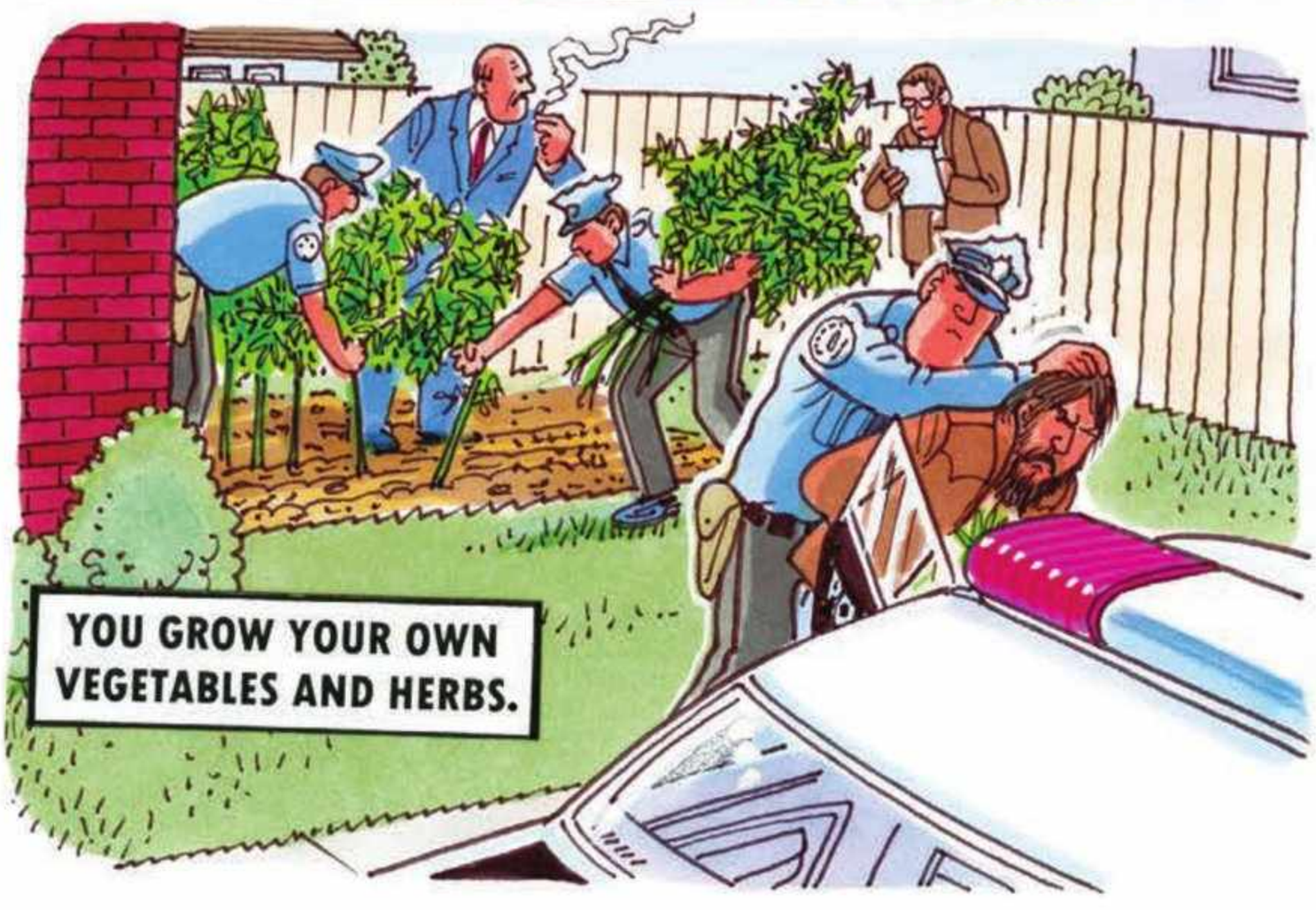

YOU BUY IN BULK.
CONDOMS
Love Lube
CONDOMS

YOU RECYCLE EVERYTHING.

YOU BARTER YOUR SERVICES FOR ANOTHER.

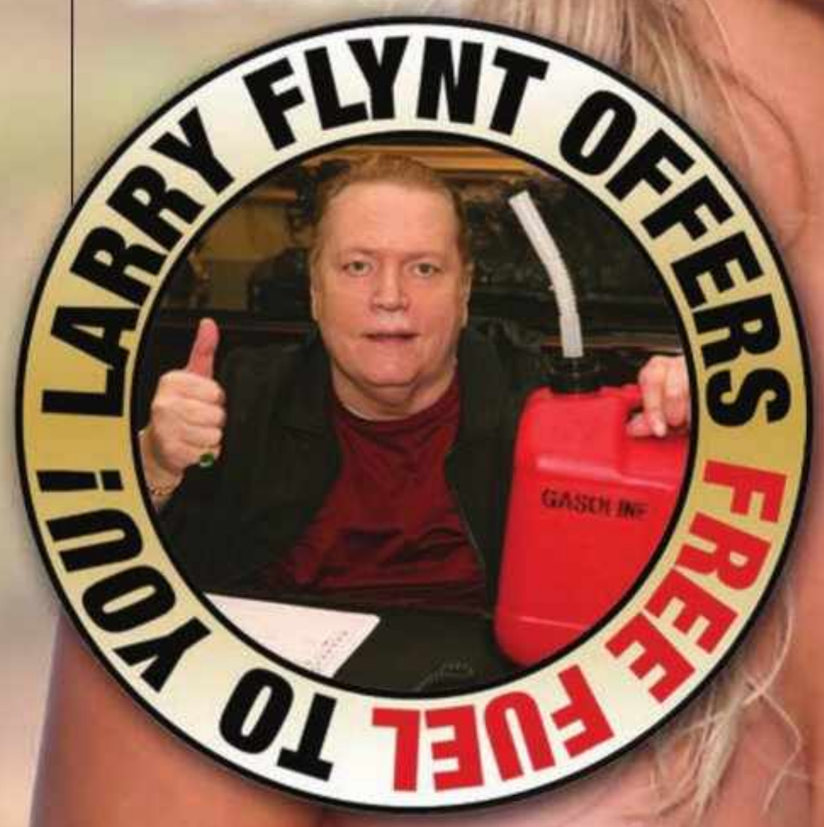

FOOD Mart
YOU CUT DOWN ON LUXURIES TO CONCENTRATE ON NECESSITIES.


YOU SELL THINGS YOU REALLY DON'T NEED.
KIDNEY 4 SALE GOOD COND.


YOU GROW YOUR OWN VEGETABLES AND HERBS.

PALIN'S BUSH

WIN FREE GAS!




# HUSTLER'S GREAT GAS GIVEAWAY!

**Forget Uncle Sam.** Here's an "economic stimulus plan" that *really* works: HUSTLER's Gas Giveaway!

Be one of our 101 lucky winners. For starters, the Grand Prize is $1,000 in free fuel. Yes, pretty soon a HUSTLER reader will be driving all over town with a major league smile on his face and an extra thousand bucks in his pocket—all for just filling out the form below.

Even if you don't nab the Grand Prize—a $1,000 check signed by Larry Flynt himself—you can be one of 100 consolation prize winners of a $50 check for a tankful of free gas. In these hard times we couldn't think of a better way to say "Thanks for making HUSTLER your favorite magazine!"

Fill out the official entry form below (or print your information and signature) on a 3x5 card and send it to us. Be the guy who pulls into a gas station and tells the attendant, "Larry Flynt sent me!"

OVER 100 WINNERS!

GRAND PRIZE: $1,000 FOR YOUR GAS TANK!

## GAS GIVEAWAY ENTRY FORM

**For your chance to win**, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Gas Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to Hustler@LFP.com.

NAME (PRINT) _____

SIGNATURE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

E-MAIL ADDRESS _____

Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

What kind of articles would you like to see more often in HUSTLER?
☐Sports ☐Rock 'n' Roll ☐Celebrities ☐Porn Star Profiles

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)
☐Cartoons ☐Articles ☐Hard-core Video Reviews ☐Bits & Pieces
☐Music Celebrities ☐Other: _____

Do you own a computer? ☐Yes ☐No

If so, do you have Internet access? ☐Yes ☐No

☐Yes, I'd like to receive special HUSTLER offers at my e-mail address.

**RULES:** No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by February 11, 2009. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winners will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winners will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winners and ship the winners his/her prize at no cost to the winners. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winners. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

In these tough economic times we realize you sometimes have to make sacrifices. Maybe that's why this hottie doesn't mind trading a little gash for gas. We know you're facing tough choices too.

If you can afford just two things, and your choices are groceries, gas or HUSTLER, we know you'll choose HUSTLER! After all, food is overrated. And gas? Why, you can get that for free.

You can! See page 63 for our gas giveaway. That way you'll have fuel to drive to the store and pick up the latest issue of America's Magazine. Well, that's enough economics for now. Let's get back to the sex....

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

# Got Gas?

ABBEY BROOKS & DERRICK PIERCE

Guess I won't have to pump my own.

Please replace nozzle after use.

Can you also check my oil?

Fill her up,
big boy!

Forget AAA. I'll take XXX!

I wonder if he's regular or unleaded.

Fucking this chick is a gas!

I think my tank is full.

That sure is some high-octane fuel.

# THE SUNSET STRIP KILLERS

## A PAIR OF PSYCHOS TERRORIZES LOS ANGELES WITH A HOOKER-WHACKING BINGE OF HORROR.

**It's been 28 years** since Douglas Clark went on his monstrous rampage, putting the fear of God into the City of Angels. But he still vividly recalls the "slaughterhouse" stench in the car he was driving on an L.A. freeway while his girlfriend and accomplice, Carol Bundy, had sex with the corpse of a prostitute in the backseat.

"There was a blood smell like copper, a sweet smell of blood like spoiled mango," Clark, 60, told this reporter on San Quentin State Prison's death row during a series of interviews in March 2008. "And it smelled a little like feces." It appeared that the ponytailed killer was getting off as he relived the gruesome spectacle, leaning forward with his intense blue eyes fixated on the floor, spit flecking from his fast-moving lips.

The couple's story—horrific murders, decapitations, twisted sex and conflicting accusations between serial-killing lovers—played out like a psychotic, trailer-trash version of a film noir.

*Forensic examination of the head of victim Exxie Wilson showed sperm in the throat and neck area.*

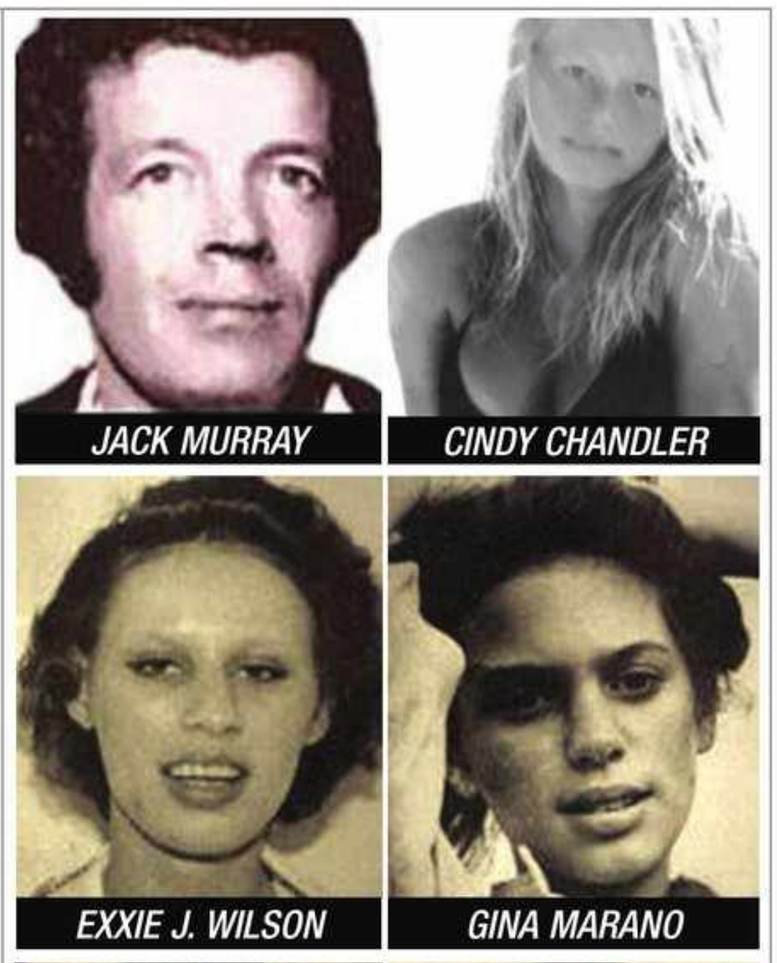
Sitting across from me in a locked cage, his unshackled hands flailing violently, Clark spewed hatred about Bundy, who ultimately turned on him and cooperated with the authorities. He admitted that he'd planned on killing her with his Remington Wingmaster shotgun because she'd been blackmailing him. His plan: "Take my shotgun and blast her in the face." Clark was arrested before getting the chance.

Despite these homicidal impulses, Clark denied ever actually committing murder, and although his acts of necrophilia are well documented, he insisted he never had sex with a dead body. "Oh, hell no," the condemned killer sputtered when asked point-blank.

Clark was sentenced to death in 1983 for six slayings in what the media dubbed the "Sunset Strip Murders"

# SUNSET STRIP KILLERS

The headless body of Carol Bundy's ex-lover, Jack Murray, was scarcely recognizable as human after several days in the heat.



Three of the nine victims of the Bundy-Clark crime spree.

because the assailants had preyed on prostitutes and runaways on the famous thoroughfare during the spring and summer of 1980.

According to public records, Clark shot three prostitutes in the head—Exxie Wilson, Karen Jones and an unidentified woman nicknamed "Water Tower"—all while they were giving him fellatio. He decapitated Wilson, stored her severed head in his freezer and had oral sex with it in the shower. He decided not to have any postmortem fun with Jones's corpse, but as for "Water Tower," Clark drove hers to an area with large water tanks (hence the police appellation) and laid the dead woman on the hood of his idling car to make the body vibrate so he could simulate having sex with a live person.

"This was a special case," recalled Leroy Orozco, the LAPD detective in charge of the Sunset Strip Murders task force. Now retired, Orozco added, "The biggest surprise was finding Exxie Wilson's head frozen [in the refrigerator] and sperm in her throat and neck area. We never had anything like that before."

Clark was also convicted of shooting to death three runaways: Cynthia Chandler, 16; her stepsister Gina Marano, 15; and Marnette Comer, 17. Detective Orozco said Clark "sodomized" the bodies of Chandler and Marano for "four or five hours" in a garage to which he had access before dumping their remains. In Comer's case, her bullet-riddled corpse was found in a suburban ravine, with her stomach slashed open.

**[Clark laid the dead woman on the hood of his idling car to make the body vibrate so he could simulate having sex with a live person.]**

Clark was also convicted of the attempted murder of prostitute Charlene Andermann after Bundy tipped off prosecutors. Under a plea bargain, Bundy pled guilty to the killings of her other boyfriend, Jack Murray, and a prostitute named "Cathy," whose true identity remains a mystery to this day. The court handed Bundy a sentence of 52 years to life. In 2003, at the age of 61, she succumbed to heart failure at the Central California Women's Facility in Chowchilla.

During a recent interview one of Bundy's now-retired trial attorneys, Samuel Mayerson, surprisingly called his late client "a psychopath" who should have received the ultimate punishment. "She deserved the death penalty," Mayerson said.

Clark places the blame for the Sunset Strip Murders squarely on Bundy and Murray. He continues to claim that the pair was obsessed with notorious serial killer Ted Bundy, modeling their crimes after his. But Clark has never provided a shred of credible evidence to support his wacky theory. In fact, Carol Bundy testified at Clark's trial that she had never heard of Ted Bundy until after her arrest.

During discussions with this reporter, Clark said he first met Bundy at the Playtime Country Bar in L.A. in January 1980, but official records show they initially crossed paths at the nearby Little Nashville bar, where Bundy and Murray regularly hung out. He also claimed that he didn't know Murray, in an apparent attempt to distance himself from the other two.

But Clark, then 32, moved in with Bundy, then 37, at her Burbank apartment just blocks from the *(continued on page 100)*

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE

SCREEN NAME:

## Jessica Valentino

AGE: 19

STATUS: Single

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 300

LOCATION: Los Angeles, California

URL: MySpace.com/Vanessa99999999

It has been said that having sex with up-and-coming porn actress Jessica Valentino makes her partner feel really alive! During one memorable romp the sultry vixen took this attribute quite literally.

"On Halloween a few years ago, I went to a haunted house with my guy friend," she mischievously recalls. "We snuck in, and there were coffins, so we took the skeleton out of one and fucked like crazy. It was cramped, but I was on top, so it was great."

That scenario may seem like a hard act to follow, but it's just another episode in the life of this insatiable sexpot. While Jessica describes herself as bubbly on the streets, she'd rather get rough under the sheets.

"I like to go at it like a wild animal—harder, harder, *oooohhhh*, *yeahhhh*," Jessica demonstratively moans. "I fucked a girl in the ass one time with a strap-on while my boyfriend fucked her pussy. It was super-kinky and hot."

Thankfully, Jessica is quick to open her bed up to guys and girls, although she usually prefers having a strong man around—one with an open mind. "I like when guys let me use a sex toy when we fuck," the bi babe confides, "because I love to come as many times as I can."

Now living in Los Angeles, the Ohio native couldn't be happier with her new profession. "My first scene I was nervous and not sure what exactly to do," Jessica purrs, "but it went smoothly, and I enjoyed it. It's been more than a year since, and I've loved every minute! I just want to tell my fans I love you guys, and keep fucking."

BY MICHELLE McCARTHY

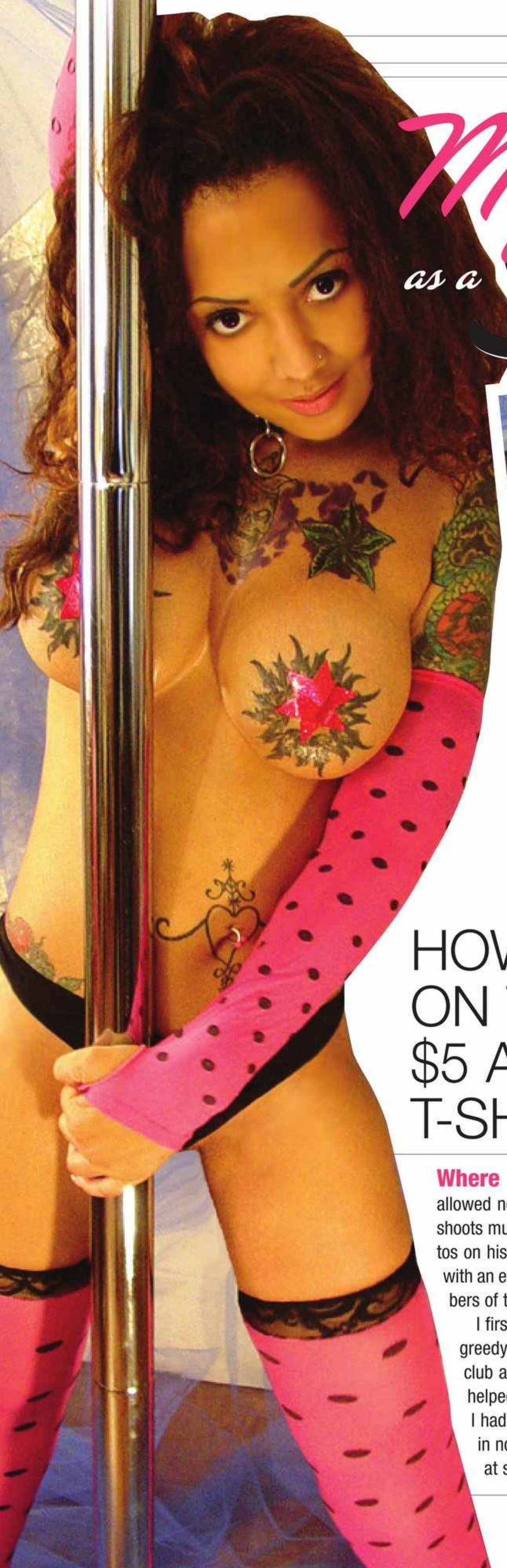
**OPEN AUDITIONS:** Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or by e-mailing ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE ★ HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE ★

# SPACE #26: JESSICA VALENTINO

Photos by Diablo Photography

# My Secret Life as a Stripper



## HOW TO GET BY ON TOP RAMEN NOODLES, $5 A DAY AND ALL THE WET T-SHIRTS YOU CAN EAT.

**Where I have a day job**—offering tech support to people who shouldn't even be allowed near a computer—quite a few people lead alternative lives. We have "Wilson," who shoots music videos for local rock star wannabes. A guy I'll call "Morry" takes foot fetish photos on his days off. One fellow shoots porn, while another runs an underground clothing line with an ex-model from California. My personal skeletons have tea parties with the other members of the large corporate closet here. Me, I've been an exotic dancer.

I first stripped at a rather posh club in Richmond, Virginia. The owner was an asshole, a greedy cad. No one had anything nice to say about the jerk. Anyhow, I found myself at his club almost earning enough to eat and keep my electricity on. Sure, college financial aid helped pay for some stuff, but not enough. I owned a house, had a car payment; in short, I had simply too many bills for a girl my age. I figured I had to do some "dirty work" (as in not illegal, but something seedy) to catch up. So I found myself in pasties and a T-bar at some butt-head's strip club.

PHOTOS COURTESY SUN KARMA

I had a few disadvantages: I didn't have blond hair, blue eyes or 44FF implants. All the black dudes who came in wanted flat, white asses gyrating in their faces; they didn't like curves, so I was an anomaly. Hell, I even tried to do *more* than just provide a little T&A. I did *routines*—the equivalent of what burlesque used to be back when strippers were just grinding on a pole. And because of it I made no money.

So I often found myself trying to live on $5 a day. When you're eating nothing but Top Ramen noodles and working ten-plus hours a day, it doesn't behoove you to drink. But do you think I cared?

Putting up with the cattiness of the dancers (there were fights over clothing, who got more stage presence, etc.), I would crawl into a beer bottle, or worse, slide down the neck of a wine bottle. The club allowed the girls to drink in moderation—as long as we could still dance.

Then there was that painful, memorable Wednesday night when I actually had—*gasp*—paying customers! A handful of Mexicans paid me good money to gyrate in front of them. I fantasized about eating chicken nuggets instead of Top Ramen that night. Woo-hoo! Imagine the delicacy! Just then, as I completed my last swing on the pole and finished my set, this handsome gentleman in a suit beckoned me over.

Mind you, I never did lap dances even though they were mandatory. I always managed to get out of it (although I'd get stuck with a fine). It's nasty to wiggle your thonged ass up on some guy's pants. Who knows where he's been? That and you get really bad yeast infections from that stuff. (Ask any dancer.) So I wasn't in the mood for anything like that. Much to my surprise, he offered to buy me a drink.

Wow! I was flabbergasted. I accepted.

I picked out the most expensive wine I could, thinking, *What the hell? I'm not paying for it.* Then I did the unthinkable: I walked away from my drink.

Well, shit, I had to pee. I thought, *Where's the harm?*

I forgot the one unspoken rule of strippers: Never walk away from your drink.

Well, I did. Five drinks later and half the bottle gone, I could barely hear what the customer was babbling as he rubbed my wrist. Eventually, the DJ called my name. It was my turn to take the spotlight.

Standing up with a red wine swagger, I made my way up to the stage and shuffled to the beat. I sidestepped the pole, grabbing it so it was behind my head. I was ready to do a lift and spin, but suddenly I didn't feel too good. At all. In fact, I felt putrid.

Thinking it might have been vertigo, I decided to spin it out. Wrong move.

Projectile vomit hurled all over the stage and onto my three front-row patrons. I hit the floor in my seven-inch platform boots, nearly breaking an ankle. I remember mumbling to the cabbie: "Call my boyfriend. Tell him…*BleeuuhURRPPLLACCCHHH.*"

I ended up in the ER for eight hours with a combination of drug and alcohol poisoning.

The next day I dragged ass back to the club to humble myself. The girls were talking all sorts of shit: "She must be a junkie," blah blah blah. And the asshole owner wanted to fire me until my boyfriend explained that I'd been drugged and showed him the results of the ER's blood work and urinalysis. Great, my boss finally believed the story, and my shitty job was saved.

**Of course, I had to pay** the hostess $30 for cleaning up wine-colored vomit and who knows what else, and I had to apologize to the customers. I was tired of paying out the pussy to shake my booty and being forced to give lap dances to disgusting guys. It was time for a change.

I moved down the street to another Richmond strip bar. This one was decent, or at least the people were. Several other girls from my old club secretly danced there on off days and made decent money. The shifts were three hours each—tiring but not grueling. There was also a black chick with piercings all up her spine, her face and everywhere (a freak!) and,

omigod, a Goth chick. With all my piercings and tattoos, I almost felt at home. I was in a T-bar-and-pasties heaven.

Private dances weren't mandatory, but wet T-shirt contests were. I developed a new form of loathing. Customers received squirt guns to shoot us while we were onstage, ponying around in perilously high heels and trying to show our asses without breaking them. Assuming there were no customers who entered the contests—since the owner automatically let them win to show good faith—the dancer who won got some type of tchotske in the form of a new costume or an hour off early with pay or some bullshit. I never won—except for that one lone Wednesday.

I wasn't working. Normally, I wouldn't go into a bar on an off-night, but the owner allowed me to hand out Web site cards to patrons as long as I wasn't interfering with business. I dressed up and headed down right before the dinner rush. My ripped jeans showed a bit of butt cheek, and my low-cut top showed some boobage as I handed out postcards of my tits to drooling beer drinkers shooting pool.

There was this Jamaican guy, a Rasta, who kept trying to get me to go onstage. Now the owner made it a point that dancers weren't allowed onstage on off-days. But this

"I saw Mommy kissing Santa Claus—and blowing him!"

dude was waving 20s in my face. I fantasized about my past-due electric bill getting paid. I couldn't resist. I asked the owner if I could enter the contest, seeing as how "my fans want to see me onstage." It was a slow night; he agreed.

I felt a bit sheepish since I didn't particularly want to get drenched. Do you know how much it costs to get my hair done? If it gets wet, I'm worse than a wet dog. But I could just imagine a month with all my bills paid. So I climbed up onstage in my five-inch sneaker pumps (yes, tennis shoes with a heel!) and started teasing the crowd.

Just then…SQUIRT. Shit. Right in the eye. Oh, thanks.

SQUIRT…SQUISH-SQUISH…SQUIRT….

Oh, goddamnit, not the hair!

SWISHY SQUISH SQUIRT SQUIRT.

Awww, fuck!

I was inundated with water, and now the stage was getting slippery. It was a mess. The Jamaican dude kept throwing out singles, fives and tens quicker than I could scramble to pick them up. My confusion grew as more patrons decided I should be their moving target.

SQUISH…SQUIRT…SWISH.

Whoops. … SPLAT!

Facedown on stage, right in front of the pole, halfway between a $20 bill and a pile of singles, I landed yet again—*KERTHUMP*! I thought, *I might've popped an implant!* It hurt so much. However, remembering my vomit experience, I quickly rolled myself over with my ruined hair, soaked T-shirt and my even more ripped jeans, did a back flip, scissoring my legs over my head and completely flipping over onto the wet stage and onto my feet.

What a save! I got cheers. Screams! And more dollar bills! I won. I took home a sweet $180.

My electric bill got paid, and I ended up a bit richer. I also ditched the heeled tennis shoes. Which brings me to now and where I am today. Am I rich and famous? No. Am I pursuing my dream career? No. But I do have a job in corporate, mainstream America that allows me to live my secret, double life and write as much as I want. And I don't spend hours around a stripper pole in a room packed with airheads and perverts. For now I'm content with my "mini-stardom" and gracing the pages of HUSTLER Magazine.

That's for now, anyway. Tomorrow, who knows? Well, there's always another Wednesday, right?

Sun Karma—HUSTLER's roving reporter and occasional model—has written a number of books, including *Pure: Memoirs of Sex, Abuse and Addiction*. You can find the erudite exhibitionist at **SunKarma.net** and **MySpace.com/SunKarma**. She also enjoys hearing from her fans, who are invited to send messages to ***TheRealSunKarma@gmail.com***.

NEW COLUMN!

# Cougar's Unleashed #1:

# LUNA AZUL

## FEATURING THE WORLD'S HOTTEST WOMEN OVER 40!

THIS MONTH: **LUNA AZUL**
AGE: **57**
LOCATION: **Orange County, California**
URL: **CougarWaiting4you.com**

**The twice-married-and-divorced** Luna Azul is a smart, sexy businesswoman who has owned and operated her own cleaning service for the past 14 years. Recently, not satisfied with her success as an entrepreneur, the mother of two grown children decided to get into the XXX game, with a Web site and hardcore videos that prove, once and for all, a woman in her late 50s can be every bit as sexy as

one in her 20s—and maybe more so. Looking at Luna, it's obvious this is a woman in full control of her life and her sexuality. You take Luna on her terms or not at all. You know she'll be a challenge.

It's fitting that we kick off this new feature with Luna Azul. Starting next issue, she'll be *Cougar of the Month*'s editor, using her expertise to track down what she refers to as "real women, not kids barely out of their braces." If they're as hot as Luna, you readers are in for some sizzling photos and erotic stories.

Here's Luna in her own words:

If anyone had suggested two years ago that I would be in adult entertainment, I would've laughed at them. However, after watching the DVD *What the Bleep Do We Know!?*, I decided I wanted a life beyond mediocrity. I wanted to explore who I really am.

First, I decided to rid myself of my addictions—religious, societal, familial. This is my one and only life. It would be a shame going to my grave never knowing who I really am. Thus I started my journey by buying a Harley and learning how to handle it. The freedom I

get from riding a motorcycle is exhilarating. Once I did that, I knew I could do anything I set my mind to.

When I decided to learn pole dancing, it never crossed my mind that I was too old to do somersaults. Pole dancing is surprisingly challenging. Pole dancers are athletes. I taught myself some advance stunts on the pole. I created YouTube videos right around the time I started my adult-entertainment Web site. All of this was beyond my wildest dreams. Most important, I feel alive.

One of the first responses I got regarding my photos was from a friend. His perspective about who I am changed radically after seeing them on my Web site. It was the first inkling I had of my sexual power. The photos awakened primal sexual urges in him, an urge that could only be satisfied by Luna…the cougar who patiently waits to have her sexual lust fulfilled by you…just you. My power over him was overwhelming, and it awakened my own sexual urges as well.

I had succeeded in my goal. I had created a sexual temptress who can be found in photographs and videos for one's entertainment. It is a turn-on. I feel naughty, nasty and so sexy just thinking about men masturbating as they look at me. My sexual persona radiates from within. In front of a camera, my sexuality is uninhibited. I love what the camera brings out in me.

However, in my everyday life, when a stranger approaches me, I will respond to him by conversing lightly. Although I drive away feeling alive and very sexy, I seldom accept an invitation for drinks or dinner. At least for now I am not interested in a long-term commitment. And I've had trouble with men who don't understand that, even to the point of persistent phone calls and other forms of stalking. So it will have to be someone very special if I ever have a serious relationship again.

Whoever my lover is, he must surrender to my sexual needs. This means he must accept me as a sex object—someone worshiped by men, not just for her beauty but also for her deep, demanding lust. He must accept the fact that I am caught up in my passion, that I need to give it full expression, that I choose to be taken by more than a single person. That my power, the very thing that draws him to me, comes from the men I seduce. They feed me as I gratify them.

I'm not even sure humans are supposed to be monogamous because we change over time. I have changed over the years, and so have my needs. I'm at a point where I can be alone and not feel lonely. That empowers me.

I can afford to be choosy about who enters my life. Since my second divorce, all my lovers have been younger than I am. A young lover appreciates my uninhibited sexual expertise. There aren't any expectations. There's just a willingness to explore our sexuality and have fun. Come to my Web site, and you can see much younger men taking me.

Luna was born out of the images gracing my Web site. Before that she didn't exist except as an idea. She was only someone I wanted to be. But with each step I took, each photo I posed for, she became more real. Now she has taken me over. I have become her. I have become the embodiment of female sexuality. I have become Luna Azul: temptress, seductress, slut goddess. And I am waiting for you!

PHOTOS THIS PAGE BY ANTON FURY

# She Floored Us

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

# ANGELINA ARMANI

For starters, we wonder what a nice girl like **Angelina** is doing in a place like this. "You mean, how did I end up naked in HUSTLER?" our stunning centerfold asks. "Or how did I get into porn? The answer is the same either way. I don't know! This business is something I got into on a total whim. I never planned to be an adult actress, but one day the idea was presented to me, and I figured why not? I look good, and the money is great, so let's get naked! I never even watched a porn movie until I viewed my own first scene."

Oozing with enthusiasm, **Ms. Armani** adds, "Now that I'm here, I want to make a huge splash. I'll do anything (and anyone) I can to become a huge name. I know I'll never become the next Jenna Jameson, because no one will. But that doesn't mean I can't try to be *almost* as big as she is."

What's the hardest thing **Angelina** has done on film so far? "I had to suck this gigantic black cock in *Manaconda 3*," she recalls, "and that was rough. I love giving head, but I'd never seen a dick *that* big. I prefer a nice, normal-size guy. That way I can deep-throat him without hurting my mouth. Like I said, I love giving head."

It sounds as if we've found a bona fide oral aficionada. "Hell, yeah!" **Angelina** howls. "It's my favorite thing—even sometimes more than fucking. I love when I can make a guy come with my lips and tongue. I also expect that he'll be willing to lick me silly in return. If so, we're cool."

See **Angelina Armani** (under the name Arianna) grunt in *Barely Legal Boot Camp: Class of 08* and *Barely Legal #87* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

**ANGELINA ARMANI'S VITAL FACTS:** HOMETOWN: Brooklyn, New York | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 119

# HUSTLER HUMOR

**The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *hopeless loser* as someone who gets a piece of ass only when his finger breaks through a wad of toilet paper.**

**After** a knock-down, drag-out, expletive-filled argument with his beautiful young wife, a doctor was about to rush out the door when he hit her with a zinger: "And another thing: You're not so hot in bed!"

Driving around town for a spell, the doctor came to regret what he'd said and returned home only to find his wife in bed with another man.

"What's *this* all about?!" the startled husband roared.

The cheating missus calmly replied, "I wanted a second opinion, Doctor."

**HUSTLER asks: So why is it that when a man talks dirty to a woman, it's considered sexual harassment, but when a woman talks dirty to a man, it's three bucks a minute?**

**Drunk** on moonshine, Redneck Bob lifted up his rifle and blasted away at what he thought was a deer. Getting closer, he realized it was a cow and went to the nearest farm to apologize.

"Dagnabbit!" the distraught farmer howled. "Y'all kilt muh favorite heifer! She had her a pussy like a woman's. What the fuck am ah gonna do now?!"

"Don't worry, sir," Redneck Bob assured the farmer. "I'll bring my wife over. She's got her a pussy just like a cow's."

**Question: What's the difference between mayonnaise and sperm?**

**Answer: Mayonnaise doesn't hit the back of a chick's throat at 30 miles per hour.**

**On** the day that Jane met Tarzan, she was very attracted to him and asked how he had survived in the jungle for so long without sex. "What sex?" the perplexed apeman asked.

Pointing to his crotch and then hers, Jane explained, "It's when you put your pecker in my pussy and move it around until you come. Would you like to try it?"

"Yes!" Tarzan howled, whereupon he kicked Jane right in the cunt.

In immense pain, Jane tearfully screamed, "What did you do that for?!"

"Tarzan always check for bees in tree trunk."

**When** California became a state in 1850, there was no electricity or money, gunfights in the streets were a daily occurrence, and almost everybody spoke Spanish. It's pretty much the same nowadays, except back then the women all had real tits.

**Dying** to know, a little girl asked her mother how babies were made. "Well," the MILF explained, "Mommy and Daddy make love, and he puts his penis into my vagina. That's what we get babies from."

"Gosh, Mommy, last night I peeked into your bedroom and saw Daddy put his penis in your mouth," the girl squealed. "What do you get from that?"

"A Caribbean cruise," the mother sighed.

**While** on their honeymoon, two Italian virgins had no idea what to do in the sack, so the groom decided to call his mother for some wedding-night advice.

"Take the biggest part on your body, Luigi," she instructed, "and stick it in the hairiest part of Isabella's body."

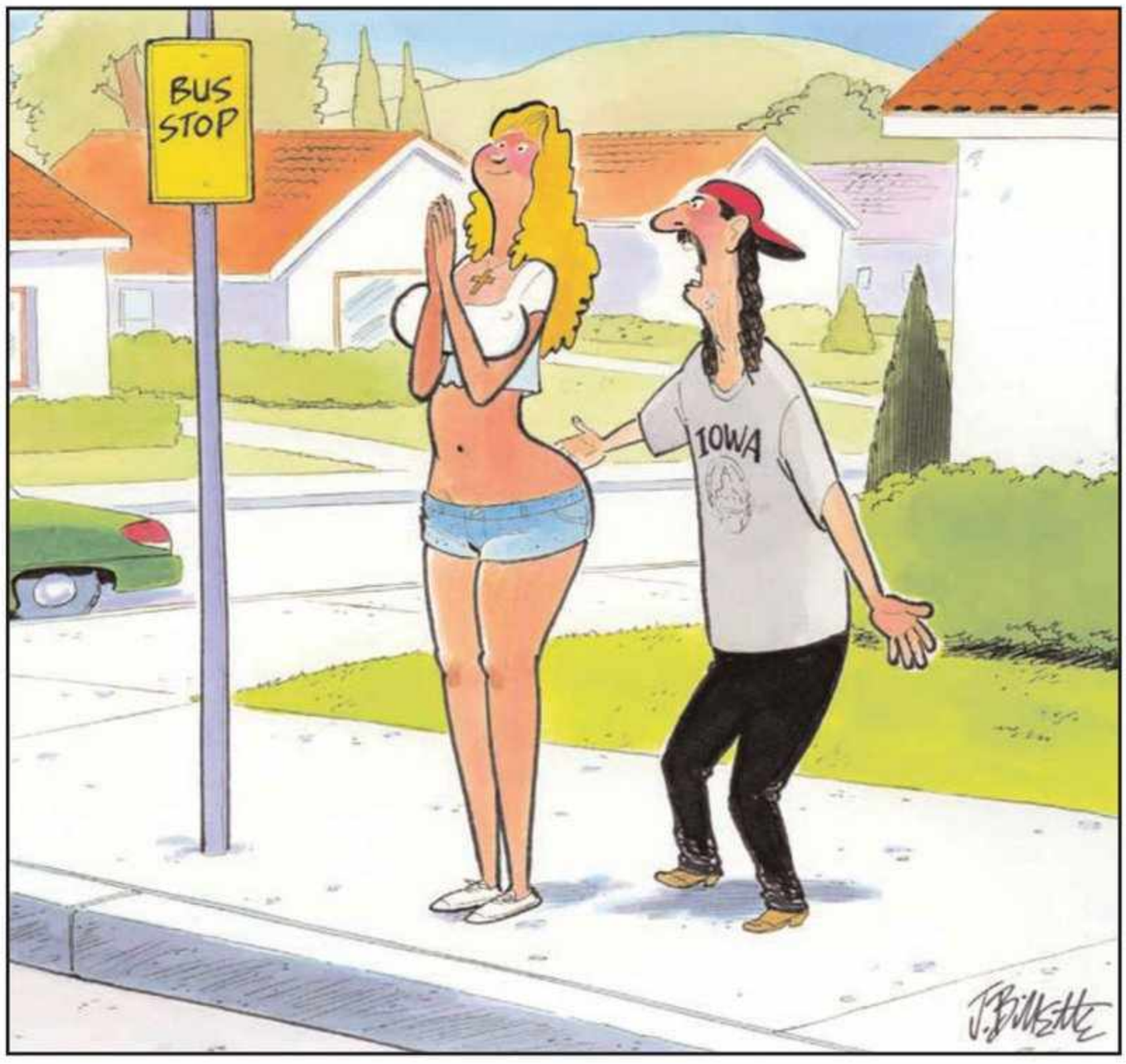
Ten minutes later the ignoramus called back and gasped, "Okay, Mama, I have my nose buried in her left armpit. Now what?!"

## GRAFFILTHY

*Thanks and $50 go to Roy B.*

*HUSTLER Humor* jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

WHY DON'T YOU EVER TELL ME WHEN YOU HAVE AN ORGASM ?
YOU'RE NEVER HERE.
J.BILLETTE




"We move to the San Fernando Valley so you can become a star in the porn capital of the world, and suddenly you get all fuckin' 'born again' on me?!"

"I lied. The motor was never broken. I just didn't want to go back until after Bush and his assholes were gone."

*(continued from page 40)* Ohio jumped the gun, becoming the first state to come into compliance with the Adam Walsh law. For the first time, distributing or selling material deemed obscene in an Ohio court could mean you have to, in addition to whatever criminal penalties are imposed, register as a sexual offender.

Under the bill, all states are required to be in compliance with the three tiers. Each tier has a group of sexual offenses. If you're convicted of a Tier 1 offense, you have a 15-year registration that can be terminated upon petition to the court at the end of ten years. If you're Tier 2, you have to register for 25 years, and you can't get off early. If you're in a Tier 3 offense, it's a lifetime registration. All states have to come into compliance with this Adam Walsh Act by July 27th of 2009 or lose 10% of their federal funding to law enforcement.

**Could a bookstore clerk who sells a magazine over the counter be charged as a sex offender?**

Yes. If a person is convicted, he or she would have to register as a sexual offender in Ohio while we appeal the decision. If we were successful in reversing the conviction—as we very often are when it comes to pandering obscenity convictions—that person doesn't get some written statement that says, "You have been mislabeled for the period of time this case pended on appeal." And appeal takes anywhere from eight months to two years. During that period, that person will have to be registered.

This law creates a chilling effect upon the availability of sexually explicit material in a community where God only knows what could be charged. *Playboy* could be charged. I have said to people who are in the adult business, "You have a responsibility to let your employees know they could be charged with pandering obscenity. If they get convicted, they may have to register as a sexual offender. That goes on a Web site. And people have access to that Web site."

**The Adam Walsh Child Protection and Safety Act was passed by a Congress that the Democrats have controlled since 2006. Did our lawmakers have any idea what they were doing?**

I don't know. I think this law just went under the radar. Nobody was really watching it. And we know all the justification for this stuff is fear. We listen to people without any scientific evidence to back up their claims that pornography causes rape, and we ignore evidence from the scientific community that shows the opposite is true. The moralists will start this bullshit about how they're worried about their daughters getting raped. I'm the father of three daughters. I don't go to bed at night worrying about them being raped. I worry about whether they're going to be living in a free society, because I really believe they've taken that away.

# The Art of GINA KING

ByGina.com

*(continued from page 75)* Jergens moisturizing cream factory, where he worked as a boiler engineer. "I just needed a roof over my head," Clark recalled. "Carol was the number-three fuck of five women I was shacking up with." He claimed that Bundy—a vocational nurse who was estranged from her husband and had two kids—soon turned into a "fucking freak."

Detective Orozco described Bundy as a "fat, pathetic woman who was lonely and craved attention from men." As the retired lawman went on to explain, she "didn't want to lose Clark," so Bundy showed Clark she could be trusted by participating in the murders, "doing the same thing he did."

Orozco said Clark was "such a good bullshitter" that his victims never suspected anything before he blew them away so he could fulfill his ultimate sexual fantasy—necrophilia.

Bundy's take on her bond with Clark was just as bizarre. At her boyfriend's trial she testified, "In the early and midterm part of our relationship, there was much exploration of bondage. … I wanted him to have control, total control of me and the relationship."

According to Clark, the devious Carol Bundy set him up for blackmail. One night when he returned from drinking, Bundy had a provocative surprise waiting for him. Supposedly, Bundy had dolled up an 11-year-old neighbor, Shannon Ortiz, who baby-sat Bundy's children. Bundy had the scantily clad girl pose lewdly, draping herself over Clark. "Carol put Shannon on my lap, straddling me, and Carol was taking pictures," Clark said.

Like Clark, Bundy gave conflicting accounts about her role in the Sunset Strip Murders. Before her arrest she phoned an L.A. police station anonymously and told an officer, according to the transcript of the call, "The honest truth is it's fun to kill people…like riding a roller coaster." Yet in court she called herself a "reluctant partner" who was "pressured…to do it" by Clark.

Police say the homicides began with Marnette Comer on May 31, 1980, and ended with Jack Murray in August of that year. The rest of the killings were scattered in between, but the remains of one hooker were found two weeks after the couple's arrest in August 1980.

Clark, on the other hand, maintains the murders commenced with Murray on August 4, 1980, and culminated three days later with "Cathy" the prostitute. Clark claims it was Bundy who killed Murray because he'd stolen $25,000 from her, wiping her out.

Detective Orozco provided another motive. He said Bundy opened up to Murray about the slayings committed by herself and Clark. Fearing he would go to the cops, Bundy executed Murray in his van at the Little Nashville. Orozco quoted Bundy as saying, "I told [Murray] to roll over because I wanted to lick his butt. When he turned his back, *Bam!* Shot him in the back of the head."

*The bloated corpse of Jack Murray cooked in his abandoned van in the summer heat.*

Using a knife from a "kill kit" containing her cache of weapons, Bundy decapitated Murray. "It was a bitch cutting off his head," she later said. Supposedly, she "did it to prove to Doug that she was just as good as him" at murder.

Leaving the headless body in Murray's van, Bundy drove back to her Burbank apartment with the victim's head. There, she giggled while telling Clark, "I just killed Jack. I got his head in the car."

Bundy led Clark down to her Datsun parked in the garage, then opened a passenger door to reveal Murray's head wrapped in a plastic bag on the floor. "I saw the neck stump and the right jaw line," Clark said. "The whole damn plastic bag was bloody. I recoiled, turned and threw up on the garage floor."

Then, Clark went on to say, the mousy Bundy turned sinister, ordering him to help dispose of Murray's head. "I thought I was talking to the reincarnation of a Nazi," he muttered in his cage at San Quentin. "She had the gun. I wasn't going to cross her."

At the time, Bundy told Detective Orozco that it was Clark who'd ordered her to "wrap up" Murray's skull. Then she suggested spiking the head on a fence post or using it as a bowling ball. The psychotic couple ultimately dumped it in a garbage can.

Police never recovered Murray's severed head, but his rotting corpse was found days later inside his van. "He had physically cooked because of the summer heat," Clark recalled. "He had big blood blisters, and his scrotum bloated up."

According to Clark, one evening a few days after disposing of the head, he and Bundy were returning home in her Datsun when she spotted a prostitute on Highland Avenue, near the Sunset Strip. Rolling down the passenger-side window, Bundy sweetly called out, "Oh, miss, I want to hire you for my husband."

The trio wound up parked behind a gas station with Bundy remaining in the front passenger seat while the streetwalker, who gave her name simply as "Cathy," shared the backseat with Clark. Cathy requested $30, but Bundy handed her two 20s, according to Clark. Once he'd put on a condom, Cathy started giving him oral sex. Suddenly, Clark looked up and saw Bundy pointing a .25-caliber Raven pistol at his stomach.

"The gun went off immediately," Clark said. "It was extremely loud. I thought she shot me. Carol was saying, 'Is she dead?' " He heard Cathy, who'd been shot in the head, gurgling. "I said, 'Why did you do that?' [Carol] said to me, 'What kind of a serial killer *are* you?' "

To the contrary, Detective Orozco insisted that it was Clark who'd shot Cathy as she sat with him in the front seat while Bundy watched from the backseat. "Each had their matching .25-[caliber Ravens]," which Clark and Bundy called their "toys," Orozco explained. "Clark shot [Cathy] in the head." However, because police failed to definitively link the slug to his gun, Clark was never convicted of Cathy's murder. Meanwhile, Bundy pled guilty to supplying Clark with the weapon used to snuff out the prostitute's life.

After the shooting, Clark said, Bundy ordered him to drive north on the Hollywood Freeway while she climbed into the backseat with Cathy's dead body. Supposedly, Bundy complimented the lifeless hooker on her "nice tits" before "fist-fucking" the corpse, producing the aforementioned "slaughterhouse" smell inside the car. Clark drove about 30 miles before turning off into a dark, rustic area near Magic Mountain amusement park. He said Bundy finally dumped the body beside a dirt road.

It's Clark's contention that he soon confronted Bundy with an ultimatum: Either she'd go to the police, or he would. He also demanded the incriminating photos of himself with baby-sitter Shannon Ortiz, but Bundy declared she would never hand them over. Clark recalled, "I'm thinking my life is over. Let me kill this bitch. I decided at that point that she was going to commit suicide—with or without her intent."

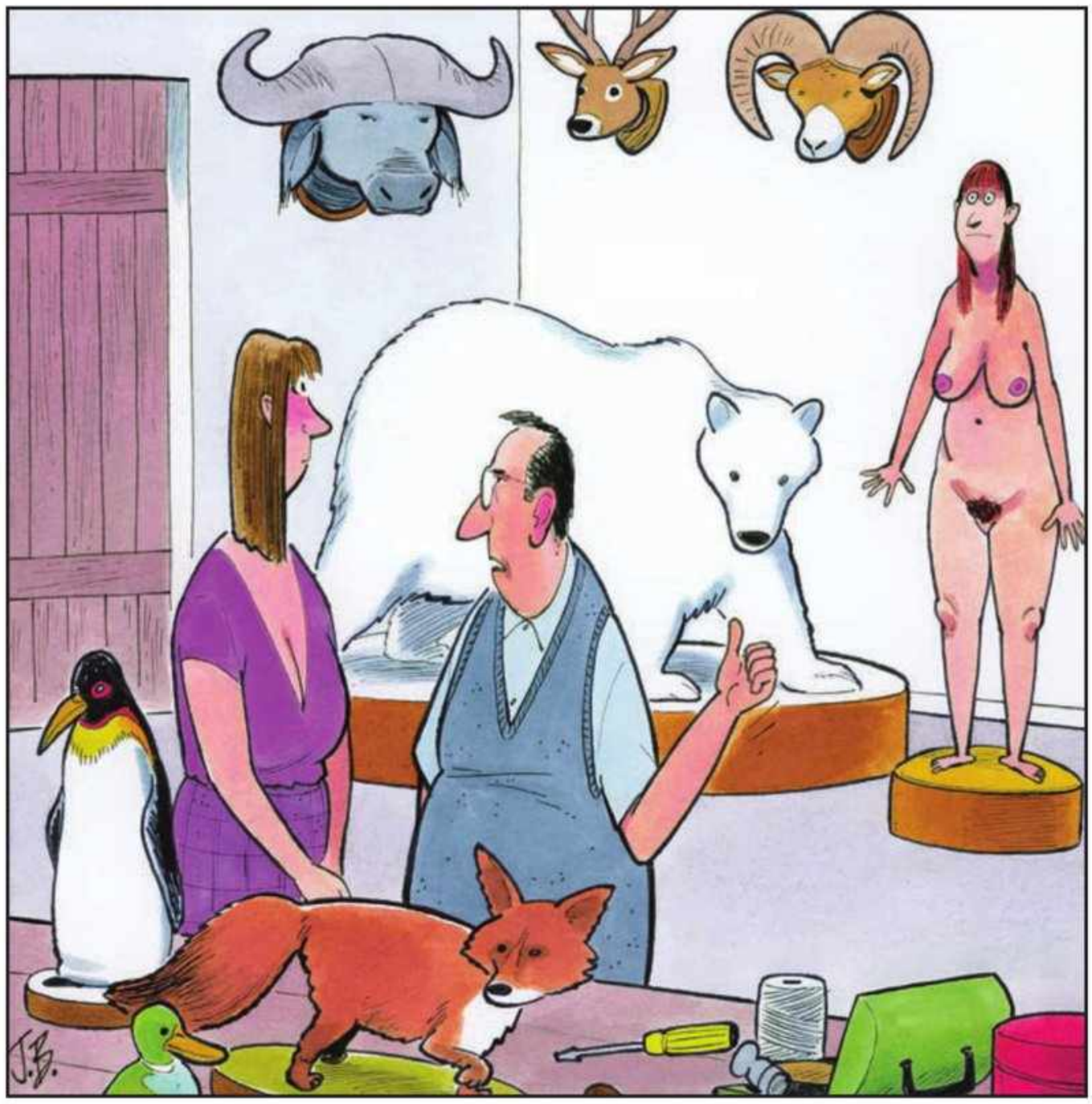
But Clark's plan blew up in his face. Bundy spilled her guts to the police first. Then she went down to the Jergens factory to deliver the bad news to her accomplice.

According to Clark, "Carol told me, 'I broke down at work, told them everything, and the cops are on their way. You better run.' I thought, *I just wish that this woman would turn into a pile of dogshit and die.*"

Clark and Bundy were soon in custody. Initially, Clark was booked on child molestation charges after Bundy turned over to police the incriminating photos of him with Shannon Ortiz. Detective Orozco said investigators searched Clark's workplace and recovered a pair of .25-caliber Ravens from a cosmetics bag hidden behind a loose brick. Ballistics matched slugs from six of the victims to one of the weapons belonging to Clark, Orozco said. Coupled with Carol Bundy's compelling testimony, Douglas Clark's fate was sealed.

No date has been set for his execution.

Jamie Schram, the *New York Post*'s crime-beat columnist, has also written front-page stories on some of America's most sensational crimes and interviewed or corresponded with such notorious figures as David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz and Polly Klaas killer Richard Allen Davis. His story on the Hillside Strangler killings appeared in the April '08 HUSTLER.




"My ex never approved of my taxidermy. That's her back there."

"Take it from me, there's something very satisfying about nonconsensual anal sex."

# HINDER

## The Legend of Tarpy the Ball Sac

**You know** the multiplatinum rockers Hinder from their breakout hit ballad "Lips of an Angel." (Yeah, we know your girlfriend loves that song.) While recording their second CD in L.A, the boys from Oklahoma City stopped by to discuss DUFFs, fucking Paris Hilton and their guitarist's gigantic nut sac.

**HUSTLER: Were you surprised that your debut CD, *Extreme Behavior*, was such a hit?**

CODY HANSON (DRUMS): We felt that it was a great song that could touch a lot of people. In this day and age, records don't sell that much, so we were surprised and happy.

**After selling three million copies of that CD how much pressure is there in recording the follow-up?**

MIKE RODDEN (BASS): There is always the "sophomore slump" fear. After we recorded the album, I think that what we have done is fucking amazing and that fear has gone out the window.

HANSON: A lot of people say you have your whole life to write your first record and a couple of months to write your second. With us it wasn't really like that. We were writing songs in the studio while recording our first CD. [With] this one we wrote them early before the recording started.

**As Hinder became more popular, did the quality of women improve?**

RODDEN: Before we hit, we were having sex with some awful-looking ladies. Once the single started getting bigger, they started getting—

AUSTIN WINKLER (VOCALS): The girls got smaller, weightwise.

RODDEN: They got smaller. The rest of ours did, but Joe's didn't.

RODDEN: The thing I love about him is that he'll fuck anything. He's beached his fair share of whales.

WINKLER: He takes care of all the DUFFs.

**What's a DUFF?**

WINKLER: Designated Unfuckable Fat Friend.

RODDEN: If there's a hot chick that comes backstage and has a fat friend, Joe will fuck the fat friend so that the hot one stays around.

JOE "BLOWER" GARVEY (GUITAR): I'm helping out you guys.

HANSON: There was one time when we hired two hookers as a joke. Joe had his choice between a short, fat one and a hot one. He picked the short, fat one.

GARVEY: I figured she would go root to tip really good. Fat ones try harder and give better head.

**What are your best groupie stories?**

RODDEN: Joe and I fucked a couple of our stylists and photographers from our shoots. We had a little fiveway going one night.

**Fucked any famous chicks?**

RODDEN: I fucked Paris Hilton. We ran into her, she slipped and fell right on my dick. Kidding.

**Would you fuck her if you could?**

RODDEN: I'd fuck the shit out of her. Yeah!

HANSON: I think we all would.

**How do you deal with being on the road?**

RODDEN: We drink a lot, and light Joe on fire.

GARVEY: We like to light my ball sac on fire.

HANSON: He has a huge nut sac. It has a tattoo on it.

RODDEN: His nut sac stretches out like a tarp. So he tattooed the name "Tarpy" on it in pirate letters because it's like a fucking tarp!

**What do ladies say the first time they see it?**

GARVEY: They don't say anything. They just kind of stare at it.

**If the band falls apart, can you making a living off your giant ball sac?**

GARVEY: Maybe I could tour in a circus.

RODDEN: Get that guy with the beard that sells OxiClean at two in the morning to sell Car Tarpys.

**Is your nut sac really that big?**

GARVEY: Wanna see it?

**No. We said no!** ■

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

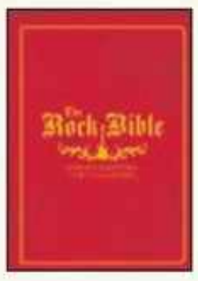
## Books That Rock!

**LOST IN THE SUPERMARKET:**
***An Indie Rock Cookbook***
**by Kay Bozick Owens & Lynn Owens**

Want to eat like some of our favorite rocker stars? Well, now you can. This book features recipes from such indie musicians as Animal Collective, Black Dice, Sunset Rubdown, Belle and Sebastian and more. Now if we could only get Kim Gordon's hummus recipe. That would rock.

**NEW YORK DOLLS:**
***Photographs***
**by Bob Gruen**

Since the start of the legendary New York glam band, Bob Gruen was snapping photos of the New York Dolls. This great book captures some of the high and low points in the group's life. From the early CBGB days to the Dolls in Hollywood to their recent reunion, Bob's photos of Johansen, Sylvain, Nolan, "Killer" Kane and Thunders chronicle the story in vivid detail.




**THE ROCK BIBLE:**
***Unholy Scripture for Fans & Bands***

The publisher of the sometimes-hysterical *Chunklet Magazine* has created this very funny guide to the rock star life. Chock full of tips and tricks on everything from drummers to backstage couch surfing, this bible may come in handy the next time you see a band.

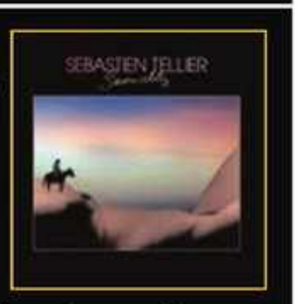
**RADIO SILENCE:**
***A Selected Visual History of American Hardcore Music***
**by Nathan Nedorostek & Anthony Pappalardo**

Books documenting the rise of punk rock music are a dime a dozen. So why is this such a cool chronicle? It doesn't rehash and rerun images of the Ramones and Sex Pistols. Instead, *Radio Silence* focuses on small, lesser-known (but no less important) U.S. punk bands like Gang Green, 7 Seconds, Minor Threat and more. This book is so much cooler than you think you are. ■

# The Dirty Dozen

## TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

**SEBASTIEN TELLIER**
***Sexuality***




You need to own this funky CD for the cover alone. A guy on a horse riding into the valley of vagina? Come on! Produced by one of the Daft Punk guys, *Sexuality* is a groovy slice of modern danceable pop.

**EMILÍANA TORRINI**
***Me and Armini***

Something about a hot chick with a foreign accent works. Reminiscent of Sade without sounding retro, this light and breezy, jazz-tinted disc is packed with smoky and seductive tunes that might get you laid. After all, there's no way your girl is going to put out with Iron Maiden's "Number of the Beast" blaring in the background.

**BIGELF**
***Cheat the Gallows***

These self-proclaimed "space rockers" channel everyone from Queen to Styx on this surprisingly cool CD. Seriously, who expects to like a band with members named Professor Diablo and Sir Oliver Leftee? But we must say *Cheat the Gallows* is a rocking and catchy affair.

**BEN FOLDS**
***Way to Normal***

Punk/rock piano man's latest solo CD is loaded with the familiar sardonic wit and hook-laden songs he's known for, plus something else...anger! Somebody really pissed off the master songsmith this time out, and it's a very good thing. Highlights include a duet with Regina Spektor and a tune about Folds busting his head open after falling offstage at Budokan.

**UH HUH HER**
***Common Reaction***

Former Murmurs leader Leisha Hailey's new all-female duo offers a stronger, fuller sound than that of her former acoustic dyad. This fully realized pop opus features well-crafted hits waiting to happen.

**THE VERVE**
***Forth***

Watching the Verve play is like seeing magic personified. Their hypnotizing blend of retro rock and heartbreaking lyrics is nothing short of brilliant. After a ten-year absence the modern psychedelic rockers reunite for another flawless release. *(continued on page 104)*

# FLASHBACK FAVES

## Catching Up With 1980s Music Stars

# The Lexicon of... Martin Fry

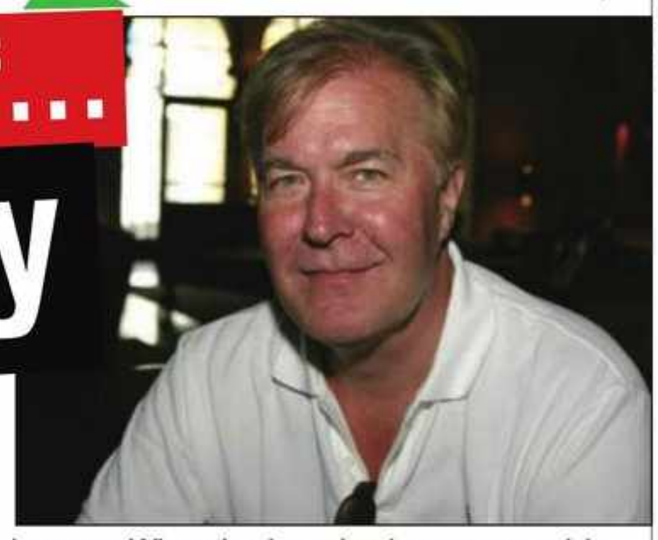


PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

**Throughout** the 1980s Martin Fry led his band ABC through a string of hits, notably "Poison Arrow," "When Smokey Sings," "Be Near Me" and, of course, "The Look of Love." We caught up with the stylish singer during a stop on the Regeneration Tour—a packaged show featuring ABC, Human League, Naked Eyes and other '80s mainstays—to discuss gold lamé suits, meeting Andy Warhol and the advantages of being a pop star in 2009.

**HUSTLER: As a former journalist, do you have any interview advice?**

MARTIN FRY: Don't be scared to embarrass them, and you must never ask anyone the origins of their name. "How did you get the name ABC?" That's the worst.

**How does it feel being part of the Regeneration Tour?**

It's a great feeling to be onstage in 2008 singing "The Look of Love," "Poison Arrow" and "Be Near Me." It is a great privilege.To see different generations in front of you throwing their knickers at you, jumping up and down and singing all the words to your songs means a lot.

**Are the knickers much larger today than in the 1980s?**

I'm graduating into that sort of zone, I think. Like Tom Jones and Neil Diamond. When it first happened to me a couple of years ago, I realized people show up with a bag of knickers. It's a bit weird when people take them off in front of you. It's sort of a rite of passage for any singer. After 20 years it's kind of flattering. But I've not reached the point where I have a knickers guy to pick them up. I'm sure Tom Jones has a knickers guy who picks up the bras and knickers.

**What happened to all the bras and panties that hit your stage?**

I don't know. *I'm* not wearing them. (*Laughs.*)

**ABC started off as a quartet, then became just Mark White and you. Why did White ultimately leave the band?**

He left because he fancied a completely different life. He's one of those very dogmatic guys. When he heard a house record in 1988, he burned his whole record collection—all his Bowie and Marc Bolan. In 1992 he said, "Right, that's it. I'm done with music. I'm selling my guitars." He has never made music since. On VH1's *Bands Reunited* they tried to put us back together, but Mark didn't answer his door.

**Do you have any regrets?**

"The Look of Love" video with me wearing a straw hat and bow tie is one. Do you think Kurt Cobain would have ever done a video with a parrot on his shoulder? A video with kids and a little "Punch & Judy" puppet show? He probably said, "I wish I could do shit like that." (*Laughs.*)

**How would you describe your new CD, *Traffic*?**

Musically, it's kind of on steroids. It's a tougher sound for ABC. It's about traveling through America. Life is very fast now. Now, with a BlackBerry and a phone in your ear, you have to make your decisions a lot faster. Songs like "Sixteen Seconds to Choose" reflect that.

**How many suits do you own?**

Many.

**How many are gold lamé?**

I have three gold lamé suits. One got left in Tokyo. One got stolen. I also have a couple of platinum suits.

**What is your favorite 1980s memory?**

My best memory is going to New York for the first time. We met Andy Warhol. He invited us to "The Factory." He was chatting away about our videos. At the time I kind of thought nothing of it. Years later I realize that music can take you to these incredible places and introduce you to some very powerful people.

**What is the best part about being in ABC in 2009?**

The [frequent flier] miles. I say to anyone out there thinking about forming a band, you got to do it. It still beats working in a bank. Air miles. That's the best. ■

# MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

**REVCO**

***Sex-O Olympic-O***

Led by Ministry madman Al Jourgensen, Revco (a/k/a Revolting Cocks) is back and better than ever. This loud, snotty, sexed-up disc could easily be the soundtrack to an orgy or the most fucked-up party you'll ever attend. Either way, *Sex-O Olympic-O* kicks a lot of naked ass!

**MEIKO**

***Meiko***

This Los Angeles-based singer/songwriter is blessed with the voice of an angel and the body of a goddess. (Sorry, but this *is* HUSTLER.) Meiko's eponymous CD is the perfect blend of hope, happiness and heartache all wrapped up in melodic pop songs.

**HANK III**

***Damn Right Rebel Proud***

Part country good ol' boy. Part Satanic rebel rocker. All so goddamn good! The grandson of country legend Hank Williams Sr. and son of Hank Williams Jr. has never played by Nashville's rules. This record blends so many styles, it may make you dizzy. The end product is original and brilliant. *Damn Right* also includes a song dedicated to G.G. Allin called "P.F.F."

**LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM**

***Gift of Screws***

Fleetwood Mac's enigmatic guitarist/lyricist could easily just rest on his laurels, playing his greatest hits to sold-out crowds. Instead, he delivered this daring and exciting new solo disc. *Gift of Screws* showcases all of Buckingham's gifts from his signature songwriting to awesome fret work.

**BLACK LIGHT BURNS**

***Cover Your Heart***

Former Limp Bizkit ax-slinger Wes Borland's band of oddballs rips through a batch of their favorite covers. They take on and twist the works of everyone from PJ Harvey to Iggy and the Stooges and even Duran Duran, often creating better tunes than the originals.

**DAVID GILMOUR**

***Live in Gdansk***

Backed by the Polish Baltic Philharmonic Orchestra, Pink Floyd's de facto leader offers up two CDs and two DVDs from a date on his recent tour. This set features stunning explorations of Gilmour's solo work, plus new versions of Pink Floyd classics. ■

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

# Matthew Sweet: Retro-Active

**Creating** retro-sounding rock for more than two decades now, pop rocker Matthew Sweet is—as Elvis Costello sang—a "man out of time." We visited him at his home studio to ask about working with Susanna Hoffs of the Bangles, the art of recording and his latest CD, *Sunshine Lies*.

**HUSTLER: Your music has such a '60s vibe. Do you ever feel like you were born too late?**

MATTHEW SWEET: You know, sometimes I used to think that. I thought the '60s would have been the great time. When I was really young, like a teenager, I thought that people then just had the best time. They had the Beatles. But no, I feel like I am a person of my time. Sometimes I think I'm a little too soon.

My outlook goes with people who are about to come. To me I always felt like I didn't relate to people my age. I never felt like I fit in generation-wise. My generation fell in between. I love technology and always have. I loved *Star Trek* as a kid. To me the iPhone is the greatest thing ever. I'm always with technology even though I'm thought of as a retro person.

**But you tend to use a lot of vintage instruments?**

Yeah, but I fully record on Pro Tools, which is a pretty modern way to go. I don't go out through consoles. I mix right in Pro Tools. That is what I dreamed of when I was 18—a box that you could record in. I started up with a cassette four-track. That was the technology when I was starting to write songs. I was so shy that I never played or sang aloud for anybody, and that technology allowed me to hide and make music.

**In a time when people are lamenting the death of the music business and big-time recording studios, you must be thrilled to be able to do it all yourself.**

It's really great, and the quality is good now. When it started out, it wasn't that good in 2002 or whenever they released the HD systems. It just sounds better. It's a weird time because people like me who aren't engineers with experience are getting into situations where we are mixing and doing our things. It's an exciting time because people can do it for nothing themselves. For me it's exciting because anything goes. Anyone can make in their house a record that could be successful.

**What inspires you to continue to keep creating music?**

That's just the feeling I originally had that I have to do something. When I get into making music, I feel better, and that's me. When I get in the studio and crank up some tracks I'm working on, I feel so much better. It's a place where I feel most comfortable. It's scary if you think about it, that it's getting harder and harder to make a living making music. But I do feel like I can do it under any circumstances because of the technology,

and I feel more free to create without the heavy pressure from the music business.

**What music do you listen to?**

It's weird, but I don't listen to a lot of music. When I do, it's more obscure, older stuff. This year I had to listen to lots of well-known 1970s stuff because Susanna Hoffs and I are doing an *Under the Covers* 1970s record. A lot of the time when I'm working on music, I just don't want more music. It's a strange thing.

**What will the '70s covers CD with Hoffs be like?**

For us it's going to be more adventurous than the 1960s covers CD we did. It's a huge amount of stuff we recorded. It's stuff people won't believe we chose to do. We did more familiar tunes than on the '60s record because we were so familiar with them. We covered "[I've Seen] All Good People" by Yes. I found out Sue was into Yes, which is one of the first groups I bought records by. It was funny because they are psychedelic in a way that I liked. Sue and I started talking about that, and she went crazy.

We did some songs people would expect from us like Big Star and an Elvis Costello and some things that are more obscure. We have also way overrecorded. We've done like 40 songs at this point, and we aren't exactly done.

**What's it been like working with the lead singer of the Bangles?**

It's usually fun and up. Sue is pretty high-energy. She can kind of get distracted unless we get right into something and work. We are also really good friends, and sometimes we'll just talk about our lives and complain. It's very comfortable, like we really know each other well. Like she's my sister or something. We started working together just for fun and had no expectations, and people enjoy it.

**How would you describe your new CD, *Sunshine Lies*?**

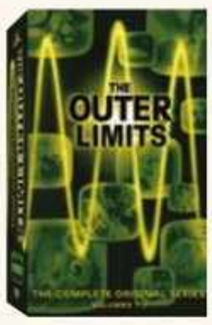
It would depend on if [listeners] knew other records of mine. If they never heard any of my records, I would say it's kind of melodic, '60s-style rock pop. If it were a fan, I'd say it's like my *Altered Beast* CD. That disc had two kinds of songs on it—one side is a monster guy and one somebody nice. This one has more of the monster guy on it. This record has been a long time coming for me. In a weird way it's the most strung-out of all the discs I've done, but I really like the way it turned out. It has energy, and it's vibrant. To me I was really into it when I did it.

**Is your CD *Girlfriend* your *Pet Sounds*, your masterpiece?**

I don't think of it that way. I think very fondly of it, but it's not like I felt like I had to get over it. I love that it has feeling in it. To me that's when music feels important, when it's full of emotions. When I hear it, it's kind of cute to me. I was very tentative as a young person—afraid to come out of my shell—and there is some of that on it. ■

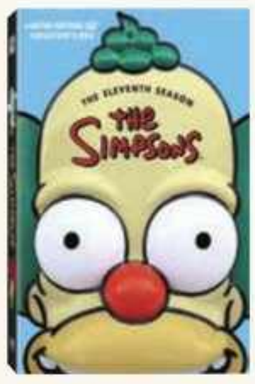
## Because You Can't Just Watch Porn

DVD Distractions




**THE OUTER LIMITS:**
***The Complete Original Series Vol 1-3***

Do not adjust your television. The greatest sci-fi show since *The Twilight Zone* is finally available on DVD! This box set features every single episode. Yes, all the creepy monsters, alien encounters and supernatural storylines are here.

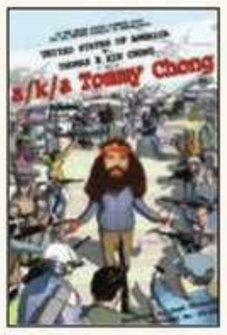



**THE SIMPSONS:**
***Season Eleven***

Hey, hey! The 11th season of the longest-running animation show in the history of the boob tube hits DVD. This set includes the hysterical "Saddlesore Galactica" episode and the VH1 *Behind the Music* spoof, "Behind the Laughter." Plus a ton of extras and commentary.

**PLANET OF THE APES**

"Get your hands off my box set, you damn, dirty apes!" You need to own this breathtakingly packaged set that features a full-color book tracing the series' history, remastered versions of all the *POTA* films and more. The best part is this cool compilation doesn't include the recent laughable *Apes* remake.




**A/K/A TOMMY CHONG**

This fascinating documentary looks at the injustices suffered by our favorite big-screen stoner god at the hands of the Bush White House. Following Chong on tour, behind bars and out of prison, Josh Gilbert's film serves as the ultimate proof that the U.S. government can wrongly take away your freedom in a heartbeat simply because it wants to.

**DOCTOR WHO:**
***The Complete Fourth Series***

This ain't your daddy's *Doctor Who*! No top hat. No scarf. No lame-ass special effects. When it comes to intrigue and suspense, series four of the BBC's sci-fi series rivals anything ever seen on the small screen. Yes, we're talking to you, *X-Files*!

**ROBOT CHICKEN:**
***Season Three***

Watching Seth Green's twistedly funny parody show will have you screaming with laughter and yelling "I wish I thought of that!" again and again. This hilarious series features dozens of quick sketches acted out by an army of altered toys and playthings. Season three rips on everyone from *Mr. Magoo* to *The Love Boat* and *Sin City*.

**MY NAME IS EARL:**
***Season Three***

Over time, sitcoms tend to get worse and worse, usually losing the vision of the original season by reducing characters to stereotypes and settling for hackneyed plotlines. Not the case with *My Name Is Earl*. Season three shows everyone's favorite white trash sitcom as rocking and funny as ever.

**PRIMEVIL:**
***Volume One***

This clever and well-crafted BBC export looks at a team of modern-day dinosaur trackers rounding up out-of-control giant reptiles. Think *Jurassic Park* meets *Without a Trace* and the oft-mentioned *X-Files*.

**THE HUDSON BROTHERS RAZZLE DAZZLE SHOW:**
***Complete Series***

Ah, the 1970s, when any person with a modicum of fame could get a variety show. Remember Sonny & Cher, Flip Wilson, the Hudson Brothers? The long-forgotten trio of teen idols (safe bet your mom pleasured herself to them) not only hosted a variety show, but it's also now on DVD. *Razzle Dazzle* is a nice retro blast from the past, full of music and mirth. And hopefully a clear indication as to what is in the Jonas Brothers' future.

# MOVIE Mammaries

# SCI-FI STARLET MILLA JOVOVICH

**Former model Milla Jovovich** has built quite an impressive résumé playing supervixens and extraterrestrials in a string of flicks laden with special effects. While we certainly are fans of the science fiction genre, we'd like to strip away all the furious action and high-tech hocus-pocus to focus on the most important parts of the lady's work: her naked body.

Jovovich offered up a topless peek very early in her career with *Return to the Blue Lagoon* (1991). This sequel to the Brooke Shields box office hit featured Milla as a teenager coming of age and discovering sex while shipwrecked on a desolate island. Next came another nip-slipping and somewhat-gripping performance in the biopic *Chaplin* (1992) opposite Robert Downey Jr.

The actress's first foray into sci-fi led to an attention-grabbing stint as the mute and mostly naked alien in *The Fifth Element* (1997). In Spike Lee's *He Got Game* (1998), Jovovich showed she was game for anything during a couple of sizzling sex scenes. She followed that with a heaping helping of full-frontal running in *No Good Deed* (2002). Do yourself a good deed and rent this steamy thriller.

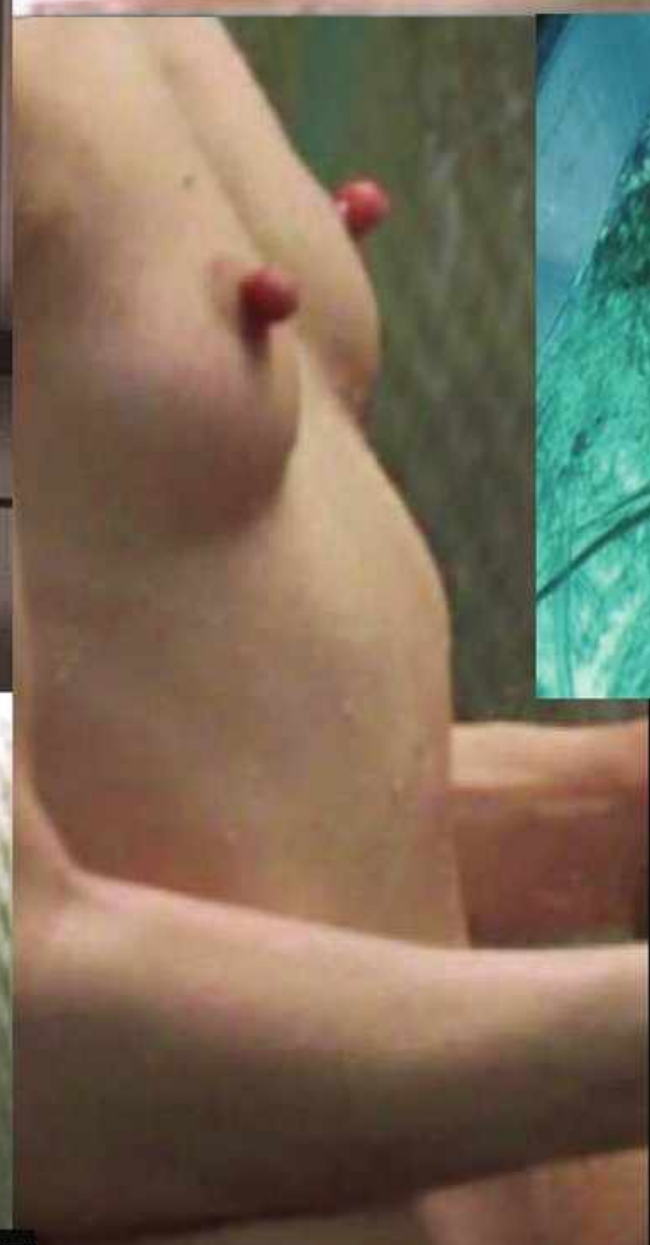
*Resident Evil* (2002) started one of our favorite trends: films in which Milla portrays a kickass, futuristic space babe while letting it all hang out. Her bountiful bush and perky tits will have your rocket going off again and again. The sequel *Resident Evil: Apocalypse* (2004) finds the babe naked yet again, this time underwater in a sort of suspended animation. We don't

## Rent These NOW!

NO GOOD DEED

.45

RESIDENT EVIL



RESIDENT EVIL: APOCALYPSE

know much about *.45* (2006) except for Jovovich enjoying an extra-wet shower with some lucky dude, plus tempting tub time highlighted by Milla's first onscreen lesbian action. This flick will make you wet…and sticky!

Although *Ultraviolet* (2006) offers only a brief ass shot (but, man, it's absolutely awesome), the film also showcases Milla kicking alien ass while wearing skintight leather. And we love a chick who can kick ass.

# BONUS BOOBS: JANE FONDA!

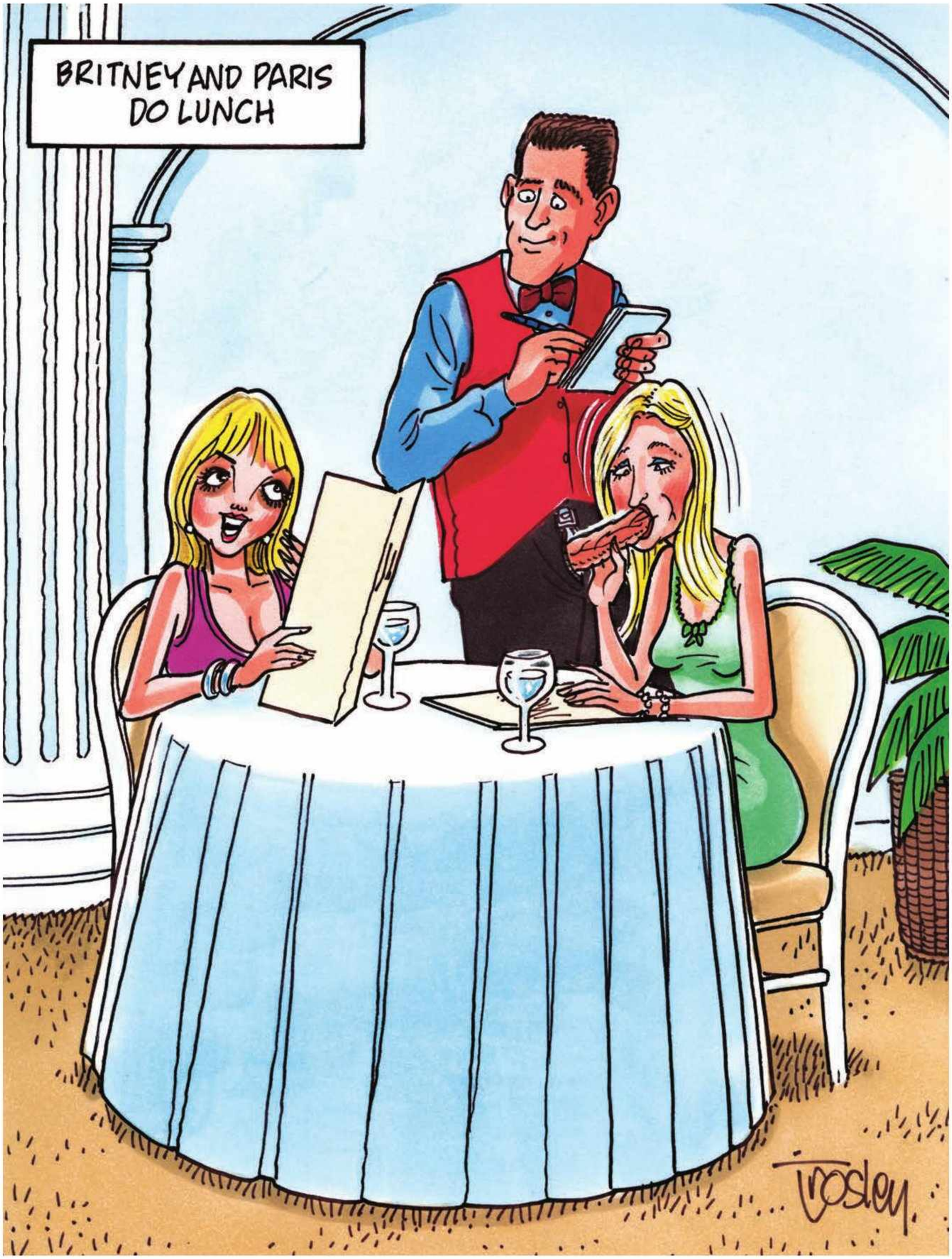
THE MORNING AFTER

**As hard** as it may be to believe now, Jane Fonda used to be one of the hottest actresses gracing the silver screen. Let's take a look at her risqué résumé. *Joy House* (1964) may have been shot in black-and-white, but it provided our first peek at the then-looker's nubile nipples, which were again on display (this time in full color) that same year in *La Ronde* (U.S. title: *A Circle of Love)*. While both of those movies were nice, we contend that Fonda was at the height of her sexual prowess in *Barbarella* (1968). This landmark sci-fi film set the industry standard for the perfect combination of sex and special effects—and it's sure to have you floating in space.

*Coming Home* (1978) serves up foxy Ms. Fonda as the lover of a messed-up Vietnam War veteran played by Jon Voight. This depressing drama is unwatchable except for the couple's love scene, which showcases Jane's juicy jugs. Fonda also garnered praise and respect for her portrayal of a drunken floozy who may or may not have killed a man in *The Morning After* (1986). While her performance was outstanding, we just love seeing a woman drunk *and* topless.

Luckily for us, Fonda knew when to say when. *The Morning After* was her last stab at onscreen nudity. Thank you, Jane, for a truly memorable body of work.

Remember, HUSTLER faithfully delivers the best in cinematic and big-name skin. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***.




"I really shouldn't…but I'll have the 'Waiter's Penis' too."

# Blonde on Blonde

NIKKI JAYNE

& FRANZISKA FACELLA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Question: What does a blonde put behind her ears to make her more attractive?
Answer: Her ankles.

**What do you say to a blonde who won't give in?**
Have another beer.

**What do blondes say after sex?**
Are you boys all in the same band?

**What do a blonde and a beer bottle have in common?**
They're both empty from the neck up.

**What do blondes and spaghetti have in common?**
They both wriggle when eaten.

**Why did the blonde tiptoe past the medicine cabinet?**
So she wouldn't wake up the sleeping pills.

**Why did the blonde wear condoms on her ears?**
So she wouldn't contract hearing AIDS.

**Why did the blonde stop using the pill?**
Because it kept falling out.

**What do a moped and a blonde have in common?**
They're both fun to ride until a friend sees you on one.

**What do a blonde and an instant lottery ticket have in common?**

All you have to do is scratch the box to win.

**Why are blondes like cornflakes?**

Because they're simple, easy and taste good.

**Why are there lipstick stains on the steering wheel of a blonde's car?**

Because she blows the horn!

**Why is a blonde like railroad tracks?**
Because she's been laid all over the country.

**What is the definition of the perfect woman?**
A deaf-and-dumb, blond nymphomaniac whose daddy owns a bar.

# Tails of the Bunny Ranch

## Shit Happens!

Messing around isn't always what it's cracked up to be.

Okay, this is going to be pretty gross, I guess, but a lot of times real can be gross and a bitch, and that's just the way that this world is sometimes.

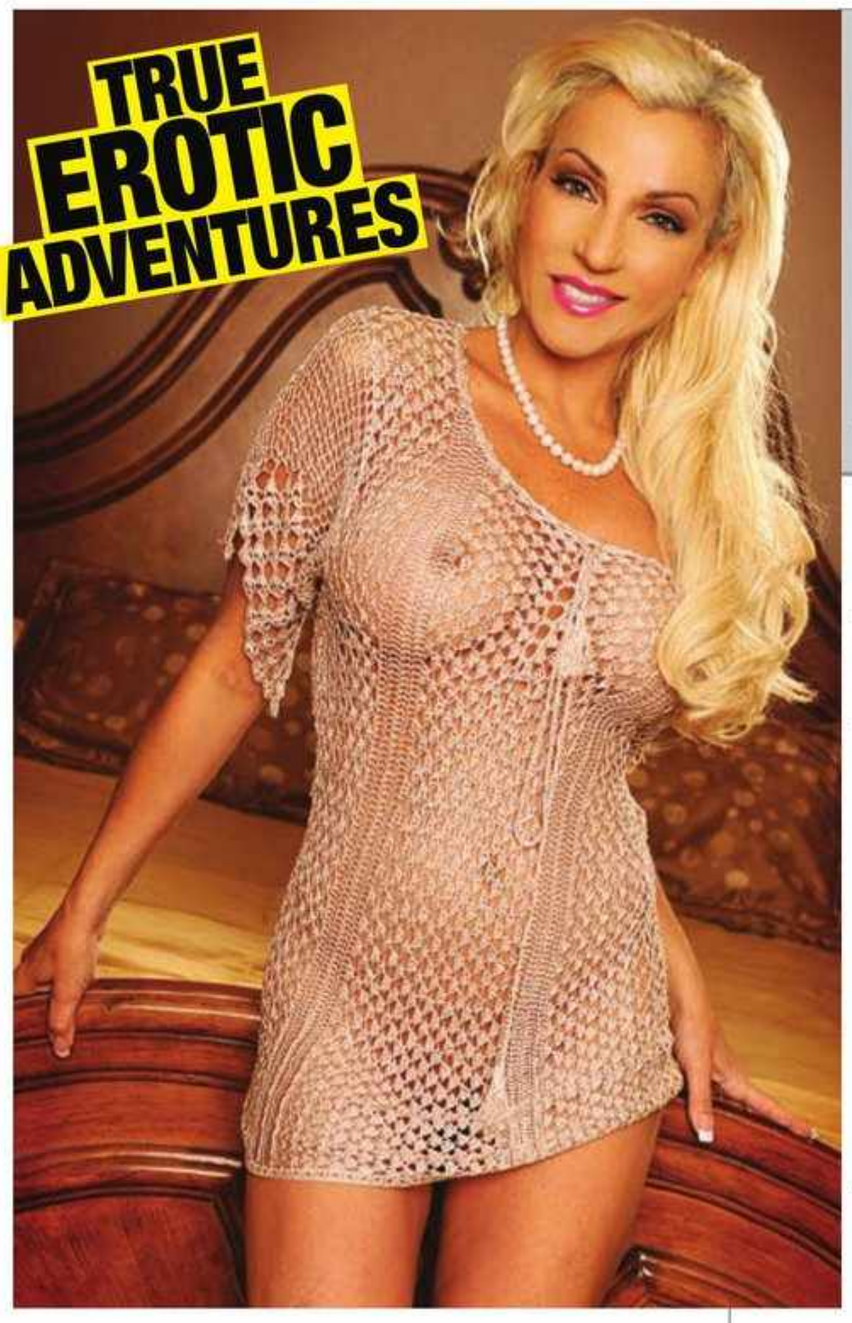
One night a guy came in for a party, and he picked me from the lineup. We went back to my room, and as soon as I opened the door, I noticed this godawful smell. I was reminded of those cartoons showing a little mouse in his hole, and the smell of cheese forms into the shape of seductive fingers, caresses his head and then delivers the knockout punch. The poor little sucker is dragged through the hole and out onto the kitchen floor, where some cartoon cat's ready to pounce on him.

It was just like that, except it wasn't cheese that was assaulting my poor nose. I looked down and noticed a line of brown footprints on the hallway floor, running from my door back to the parlor.

My prospective customer had stepped in what must have been the biggest, freshest, wettest pile of dog poop between the BunnyRanch and the California line. I mean this stuff was all over my carpet, and it took me weeks to get it all cleaned off so that I couldn't smell it anymore. I guess I'm a little hypersensitive, but come on; it was dog doody—and a lot of it!

The man asked if he could clean up, and I thought, *You know, that would be such a good idea.* So I let him use the bathroom that I share with one of the other girls. Things were already pretty bad, but they only got worse. Like I said, real can be gross and a bitch sometimes.

I started talking to the guy through the bathroom door, trying to square away our business negotiations despite the overpowering smell of dog poop. He didn't seem to be responding to my questions in a coherent manner, so I wondered what was up.




**Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.**

I opened the door. Man, I wish I hadn't done *that*! I don't know if the man had dysentery or what, but the bathroom just reeked of shit. This time it was of the human variety.

I took one look, and it was like his colon had just exploded. The whole bathroom was covered with shit: wall to wall, ceiling to floor, all over the toilet. And the guy was making some vain effort to clean it up…as if he'd ever be able to hide a disgusting mess like that.

It was like that stupid joke about a farmer who wants his pig to win the blue ribbon for being the biggest pig at the county fair. Beforehand he stuffs a cork up the pig's butt and trains a monkey—and don't ask me where a pig farmer gets a monkey; this isn't my joke, okay?—to pull out the cork after the pig wins. The punch line is that the pig explodes poop everywhere, and one dazed fairgoer says, "I don't rightly know what happened. All I can remember is shit flying everywhere and a poor monkey trying to stuff it all back in." Yeah, the joke's not that funny, but neither was this particular situation.

Well, I'm not the kind of person to be rude, so I wasn't mean or anything to the poor man, but I did excuse myself from our party. Having spent almost half an hour in my room, he paid me $500 without my having to ask, and I escorted him to the bar.

I spent the rest of the night with a scrub brush and a bottle of bleach, cleaning up the bathroom and the carpet in my bedroom. Believe me, I hope the customer comes back squeaky clean and picks me out of the lineup again. He may just find out what it's like getting laid with a butt plug in his rectum.

***—Mila***

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.

THE STARS OF HBO'S *CATHOUSE* RECOUNT THEIR MOST MEMORABLE SEXPLOITS.

BY JASON MABIE

PHOTO BY LEA SUZUKI/SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE/CORBIS

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

# Tree-Sitters Challenge the Chainsaws

## Protesters at **UC Berkeley** fight to save a venerable oak grove from destruction.

Berkeley, California: flash point of the 1965 Free Speech Movement, hotbed of political activity during the Vietnam War, haven for hippies, runaways and the homeless. The Bay Area city, which has been called "Berzerkeley" to condense its diverse denizens and eccentric activities into one easy buzzword, also boasts one of this country's most prestigious and selective academic institutions: the University of California, Berkeley. Traditionally considered the top public university in the United States, UC Berkeley has had 20 Nobel Prize winners in its faculty over the years and dozens of graduates have gone on to become Nobel laureates.

With such opposing ideologies sharing the same space, clashes are inevitable, such as the 21-month standoff between the school and a group of tree-sitters. This protracted arboreal protest came to a head in September 2008, but was initiated in February 2005 when UC Berkeley Chancellor Robert Birgeneau announced that Memorial Stadium would be renovated to make it safer. (The campus's aging football facility sits directly above the earthquake-prone Hayward Fault.) Nearby, the university also proposed to erect a massive, four-story Student Athlete High Performance Center (SAHPC), with a price tag exceeding $125 million.

For the SAHPC to go up, other longtime inhabitants of Berkeley would have to come down—namely a grove of ancient oak trees and two redwoods standing in the way of progress. A municipal law prohibits, within the boundaries of the city, removal of any Coast Live Oak with a trunk larger than six inches. But because the trees were situated on the campus, which is outside city boundaries, the university claimed an exemption to the statute and decided to remove the grove despite the opposition of many UC students and Berkeley residents.

A group of tree-sitters went into action on December 2, 2006. For nearly the next two years, human beings lived in the trees adjacent to Memorial Stadium, attempting to prevent their demolition as supporters delivered daily food and water rations.

In the meantime the University of California tried several tactics to coax the tree-sitters down. On August 29, 2007, a construction crew surrounded the grove with a chain-link fence, mainly to isolate the tree-sitters from rowdy football fans who'd pass by on their way to and from Memorial Stadium. Despite the fence—or perhaps because of it—even more protesters took to the trees.

On September 12, 2007, the university sought a restraining order, claiming the tree-sitters were an unsanitary blight, that they were dropping human waste, as well as using dangerous propane lighters to heat food. On November 15, 2007, the fence was reinforced with barbed wire.

After several appeals and court rulings the last of the tree-sitters were forced to come down on September 9, 2008. To date, it is the longest urban tree-sit in history. Nonstudents Ernesto Trevino Pena, Armando Resendez, Raul Colocho and alum Michael Schuck were arrested on charges of lodging illegally and violating a court order. The men spent several days in jail, but three were bailed out with funds donated by supporters. (At press time a court date had been set for October 2008.)

As the trees finally fell, the sitters watched in disbelief, seeing their "homes" cut from under them. Some screamed profanities at the police standing guard. One unidentified supporter, a man in his 60s, shook his head in defeat, muttering, "This shit's not right." Meanwhile, a team of fratboys laughed and held out a sign that read, "FREE FIREWOOD!"

Many UC students, with no particular position on the issue, gathered to watch the proceedings to witness this strange bit of Berkeley history. "I understand the concerns of the tree-sitters," freshman Shaunt Attarian said, "but the whole situation seemed to devolve from a true protest into a circus."

With helicopters flying overhead during the final week of the standoff and protesters in masked costumes running from watchful police, "circus" would be a good way to describe the end of the 21-month tree-sitting face-off. Then again, what else can we expect from Berzerkeley?

Jason Mabie, a University of California, Berkeley junior majoring in political science, was a member of the UC Men's Octet when the a cappella group won two national championships. He has also ghostwritten a forthcoming full-length true-crime biography of a cocaine dealer.

**Attention college reporters:** If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

**Coeds:** Send us some sexy pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 145 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

# Real College Girls

## Sarah: University of Northern Colorado

**"What they said** in *American Pie* is all true," asserts lovely Sarah. "Band members are perverted. I played flute in my high school's marching band and Northern Colorado's for a couple of semesters." Now the 5-foot-6 sophomore has graduated to brazenly marching into our pages. "HUSTLER is a cool magazine, and I like being naked," intones the 20-year-old language major, who's mastering Chinese, Spanish and sign. "Since I like to be watched, it sounded like a good combination." And Sarah sounds like the XXX star she aspires to be. "I'm kind of a slut. I love sex with girls and guys, playing with toys, ass-spanking, hair-pulling when I come, threesomes, sucking big cocks, tasting cum and doing anything that involves me getting off," the uninhibited coed confides. That's quite a tawdry curriculum, but Sarah also relishes her academic life. "Sure, I want to make a name for myself in porn, but college is a once-in-a-lifetime experience," Sarah acknowledges. "I'm going to earn a bachelor's degree, but after all the diplomas are handed out, I'll be tempted to crave a memorable naked revel, tossing my mortarboard *and* robe high into the air."

—Photos by MistysXXXgirls.com

# BLUE-MOVIE ★★★★ SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Teagan warms up in* ***Roller Dollz.***

## Roller Dollz

ADAM & EVE PICTURES/ZERO TOLERANCE. DIRECTOR: JAMES AVALON. STARRING: AVA ROSE, KAYDEN KROSS, BREE OLSON, COURTNEY CUMMZ, TEAGAN PRESLEY, ALEKTRA BLUE, SUNNY LANE, EVA ANGELINA, PENNY FLAME, MIA PRESLEY, CAMRYN KISS, TOMMY GUNN, JAMES DEEN, ERIK EVERHARD, MIKEY BUTDERS, MR. PETE, MICK BLUE & ERIC SWISS.

Two of pornland's biggest studios tag-teamed to bankroll this double-disc release about a hot rivalry between a pair of roller derby squads. The flick is uneven but loads of fun, and the casting is perfect: Bree Olson plays Pyra Clastic, star of the Bitch n' Moaners (who do a lot of that), while Sunny Lane is her sworn nemesis, Florence Fightingale. For our money, Sunny's the better skater, but both girls can fuck anyone against the wall. The three-hour movie features roller rink footage ably shot by Mike Quasar, but not much of the rough-and-tumble action we were hoping for. Instead you get a recurring dream sequence in which Bree has fallen down and can't get up—and her boyfriend's too busy banging Kayden Kross to help her. Never rely on a porn dude! The sex scenes come fast and hard, highlighted by Teagan's locker room scorcher and a derby brawl that turns into an orgy on wheels. No one's left standing, and everybody wins! ***—M.J.***

*Teamwork!* ***Roller Dollz*** *Eva, Ava, Bree and Sunny score.*

*Family freak: Shawna Leneé as Marilyn in* ***This Ain't the Munsters XXX****.*

*Lee Stone and Roxy DeVille do the* ***Munster*** *mash.*

*This Ain't the Munsters, it's guest hottie Jenna Haze.*

## This Ain't the Munsters XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ANTON SLAYER. STARRING: ROXY DEVILLE, SHAWNA LENEÉ, JENNA HAZE, VICTORIA SIN, AIDEN STARR, SAMMI RHODES, WHITNEY STEVENS, LEE STONE, MICK BLUE, TRENT SOLURI, VOODOO, EVAN STONE & GAVIN WELLS.

Like some weird concoction cooked up in Grandpa Munster's lab, HUSTLER's latest classic-TV spoof takes the cheesy haunted house look of the 1960s sitcom (you can choose color or black-and-white), re-creates its goofiness (canned laughter and all) and tosses in a healthy dollop of hard-core. The resulting brew is unmissable porn-kitsch. You might not even fast-forward to the whack-off scenes! The banter is all-out cornball, the performances are sheer camp, and the script is chock-full of subplots like Eddie's sex tape scandal and Herman's anniversary surprise for Lily. Then there's pussy-hound Grandpa's presto-chango trick that turns him into a porn stud whenever he eyes a luscious target. That coot always did seem like an old perv! Roxy DeVille and Lee Stone, perfectly cast as Lily and Herman, gleefully sink their chops into their roles. We'd take Roxy on the slab anytime, even if she weren't green, but the standout is Shawna Leneé. Her transformation from sweet, "normal" Marilyn to dick-gulping sex freak could make a dead man come. It even livened up some of the zombies here at HUSTLER! Now *that's* scary. ***—M.J.***

Roxy DeVille swallows the **King Cobra**.

**Escape From Women's Prison**: Egypt gives Ashley Blue some hard justice while Maggie (above) gets caged.

It's good to be **King**: Sasha Grey plays plushy.

## King Cobra

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: JACK THE ZIPPER. STARRING: LANNY BARBY, SASHA GREY, ROXY DEVILLE, PAGE MORGAN, JADE STARR, CHAPEL WASTE, LELA STAR, SHANNON KELLY, CHRISTIAN, MARTY ROMANO, BRIAN SUREWOOD & SLEDGEHAMMER.

This "full-throttle joyride to hell" is another disc of filth with fucked-up people from the Vivid-Alt camp. As usual, the box cover is better than the movie, but Lanny Barby is hot as hell as a sadistic biker broad (à la *Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*) who helps gang-rape some innocent blonde in a hotel room. Our review copy froze up, unfortunately, so we're not sure what else happens, but from what we could make out, there was plenty of raunchy orgy sex with trashy desert-snake types, including Sasha Grey in some sort of punk-bunny disguise. The biker she blows is Brian Surewood, by the way, who was actually involved in the hit-and-run death of a five-year-old boy a year ago. We told you these people were fucked up. Get seriously shitfaced before you try to charm the *King Cobra*. **—M.J.**

## Escape From Women's Prison

POWERSVILLE. DIRECTOR: JIM POWERS. STARRING: ASHLEY BLUE, JASMINE LYNN, MAGGIE STAR, EGYPT, ASHLEY MOORE, RAFE, MR. PETE, BEN ENGLISH, ROD FONTANA, HAMILTON STEELE, SCOTT LYONS, MATT HAZARD, JOHNNY THRUST, DEVLIN WEED, ERIC CAMDEN, KEVIN MEADOWLARK, ED J & BISHOP.

Leave it to sleazemeister Jim Powers to revive the nasty, exploitative tradition of women-in-prison films. This XXX tribute to grindhouse is full of gutter-trash girls, abusive power freaks and enough forced sex to offend the Hillside Strangler. Living filth legend Ashley Blue plunges into the role of a pyromaniac looking to avenge her prison bitch. Along the way, she and her gal pals get cavity-searched, beaten, raped and generally treated like human toilets. Powers has a talent for getting his actors to play nasty, and he stocks this flick with credible gimmicks, like a villainess from the Aryan Sisterhood, a sleazy lawyer and dildos made in the prison wood shop. The "escape" comes a little late in the film, but you'll be watching this to stroke your billy club, not pick apart the storyline. Put it this way: Unless your lady is a bull dyke prison warden or at least a bitch you're trying to get rid of, this is not a movie for couples. **—M.J.**

***Vipers*** *Lavish Styles (left) and Alexis Silver will fuck you dry.*

*Black adder: Nyomi Banxxx lures a victim in* ***Vipers****.*

## *Vipers*

JUICY ENTERTAINMENT/P.I.M.P. PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: MICHAEL RAW. STARRING: NYOMI BANXXX, CASSIDY CLAY, MS. PLATINUM, RAYNE REVERE, ALEXIS SILVER, LAVISH STYLES, JULIUS CEAZHER, ROCK, BYRON LONG & JON JON.

This is straight-up pimp-style porn: greasy, sleazy and full of ghetto gals decked out in pricy weaves and bling. We're always down for that, but the best reason to check out *Vipers* is Nyomi Banxxx (misnamed Naomi on the box sleeve). Nyomi's always "ready to do what it takes," and she delivers another slithering-hot performance full of throaty moans and convincing pleas to "make this pussy purr." The rest of the cast is a little halfhearted, but there's no shortage of gorgeous dark skin. And when it comes to slickin' up those booties, the director doesn't skimp on the oil. Vegas rapper Spark Dawg lends some beats to give this disc the right fuckin-in-da-hood feel, but *Vipers* doesn't have the fangs it should. Nyomi always charms our snake. (Look for her in Wicked's *Race2Race* and our own *Ghetto Lollipops #2*.) ***—M.J.***

*Nina Mercedez gets her wish (Tera Patrick!) in* ***Where the Boys Aren't #19.***

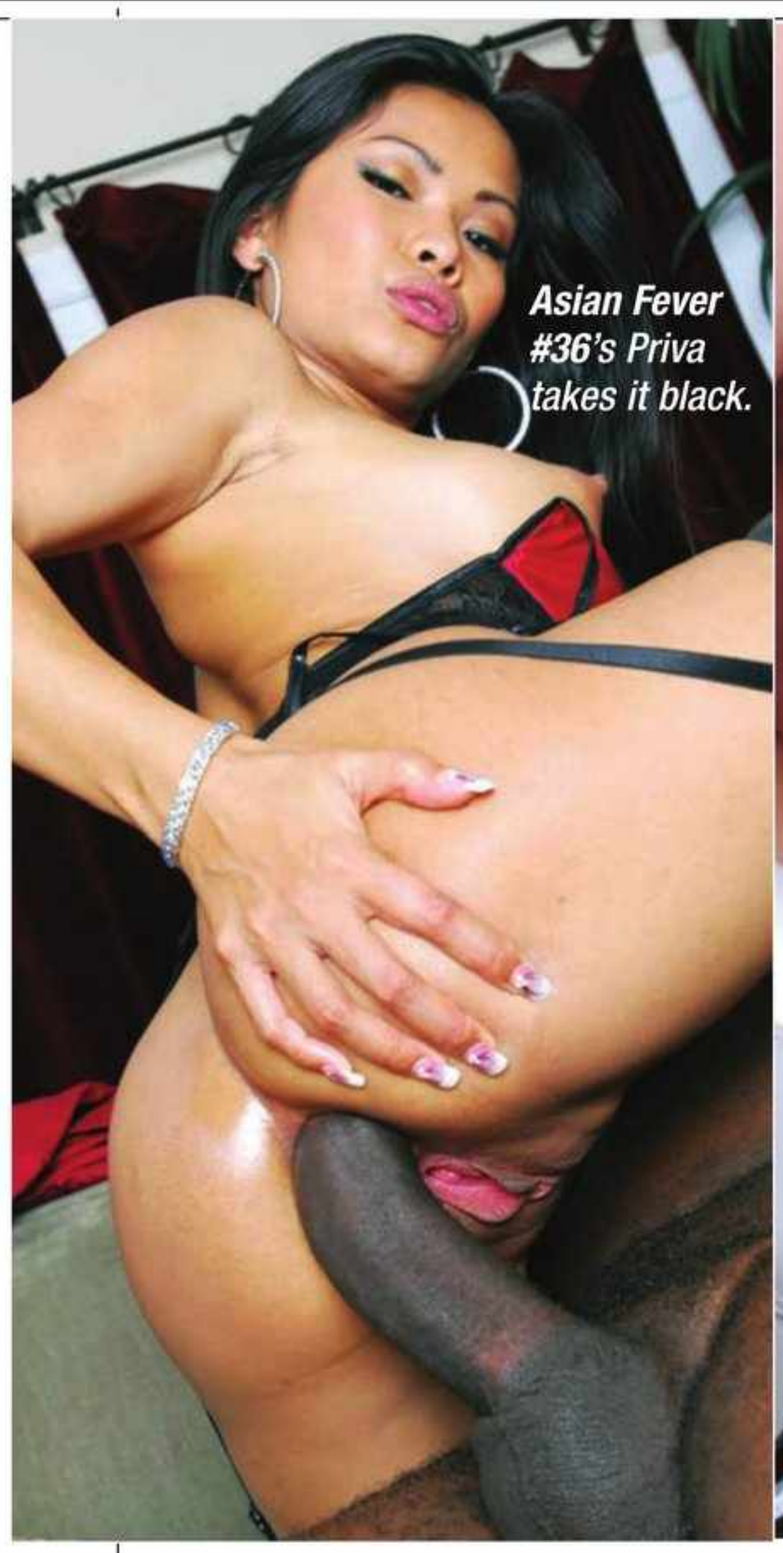
***WTBA19:*** *Lexie and Stefani explore the hot Savanna.*

## Where the Boys Aren't #19

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: CHI CHI LA RUE. STARRING: TERA PATRICK, LANNY BARBY, BRIANA BANKS, MONIQUE ALEXANDER, LEXIE MARIE, TAWNY ROBERTS, NINA MERCEDEZ, LYNDSEY LOVE, SAVANNA SAMSON & STEFANI MORGAN.

Shot a few years back, this opulent harem fantasy has finally seen the light of day. But despite its flashy costumes and star power (Tera, Lanny and Briana in the same flick!), this all-girl grinder about sandfoxes bored with their sheikhs is more lackluster than luscious. We have to admit that it's fun when Nina Mercedez rubs her lamp, and Tera emerges as the genie who tells her she can have anything she wants. And surprise! Nina's wish is to have Tera suck on her pumped-up boobs (which uncannily resemble Ms. Patrick's own huge rack). Things heat up a little in the final ten-chick moanfest, but it all still looks like outtakes from an *I Dream of Jeannie* knockoff. Our only wish is for a young Barbara Eden to come back and do porn!

***—M.J.***



*Asian Fever #36's Priva takes it black.*

*Tia Ling spreads the Asian Fever.*

*AF36: Lily Li is as tight as they come.*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*SUPER DARK MONSTER BLACK MEAT*

*JUICY LATIN COOCHIE BARELY LEGAL: YOUNG & THIRSTY*

*BLACK & WILD #27*

*BIG BREASTED TEENS #12*

Lexi Belle aces her exams in ***Real College Girls #16***.

Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if it offers HUSTLER TV.

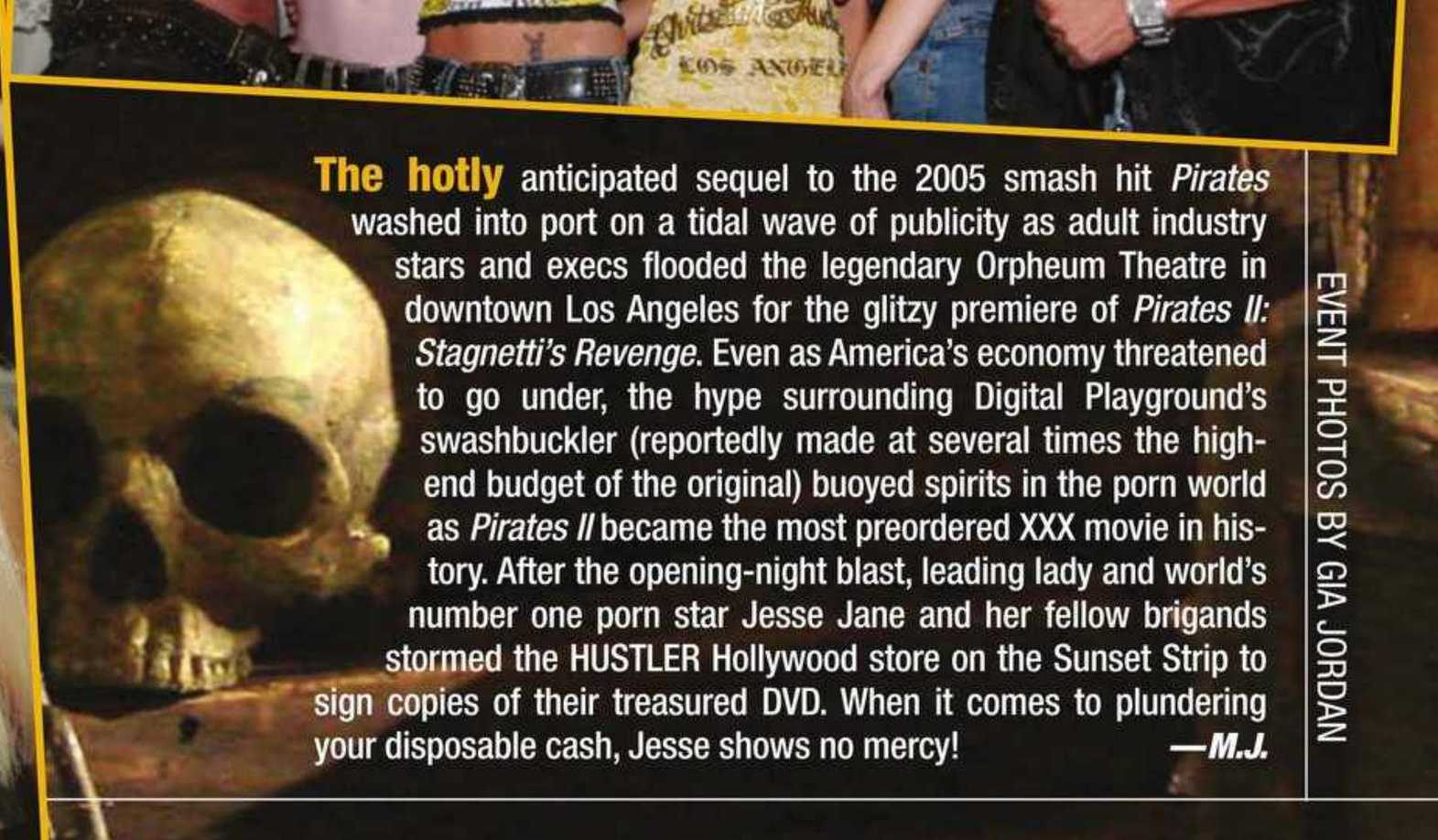

## Asian Fever #36

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: KEVIN MOORE. STARRING: PRIVA, LANA VIOLET, TIA LING, LILY LI, MIA LELANI, SEAN MICHAELS, STEVE TAYLOR, JOEY BRASS, JERRY, MARCO BANDERAS & ALEC KNIGHT.

HUSTLER churns out an average of four *Asian Fever* installments a year, so don't expect art. What you can expect is well-oiled smut featuring exotic delights conscientiously doing the job they're paid to do. All of these lovelies will appeal to anyone suffering the Far East sweats, especially cuddly-cute Lana Violet and—thanks to their unabashed anal willingness—Priva and Tia Ling. But it's the final scene's tattooed-and-demure Lily Li who lends *#36* the requisite authenticity. In its ninth year, *Asian Fever* continues to deliver! ***—M.J.***

# RUM 'N' BOOTY: PIRATES II INVADES!

Digital Playground and superstar Jesse Jane make history with the most epic fuck flick ever.




**The hotly** anticipated sequel to the 2005 smash hit *Pirates* washed into port on a tidal wave of publicity as adult industry stars and execs flooded the legendary Orpheum Theatre in downtown Los Angeles for the glitzy premiere of *Pirates II: Stagnetti's Revenge*. Even as America's economy threatened to go under, the hype surrounding Digital Playground's swashbuckler (reportedly made at several times the high-end budget of the original) buoyed spirits in the porn world as *Pirates II* became the most preordered XXX movie in history. After the opening-night blast, leading lady and world's number one porn star Jesse Jane and her fellow brigands stormed the HUSTLER Hollywood store on the Sunset Strip to sign copies of their treasured DVD. When it comes to plundering your disposable cash, Jesse shows no mercy! ***—M.J.***

EVENT PHOTOS BY GIA JORDAN

# WIN

## AUTOGRAPHED COPIES OF DIGITAL PLAYGROUND'S *PIRATES* BLOCKBUSTERS!

## *PIRATES II* GIVEAWAY

### CONTEST ENTRY FORM

For your chance to win a two-pack of porn's greatest epics signed by Jesse Jane and her costars, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to *Pirates II* Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to Hustler@LFP.com.

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Subscriber (check one) YES☐ NO☐

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

What kind of articles would you like to see more often in HUSTLER? ☐Sports ☐Rock 'n' Roll ☐Celebrities ☐Porn Star Profiles

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one) ☐Cartoons ☐Articles ☐Video Reviews

☐Bits & Pieces ☐Music Section ☐Celebrity Section ☐Other: _____

Do you have a computer? YES☐ NO☐

Do you have Internet access? YES☐ NO☐

☐Yes, I'd like to receive special HUSTLER offers at my e-mail address.

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by February 10, 2009. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winners will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

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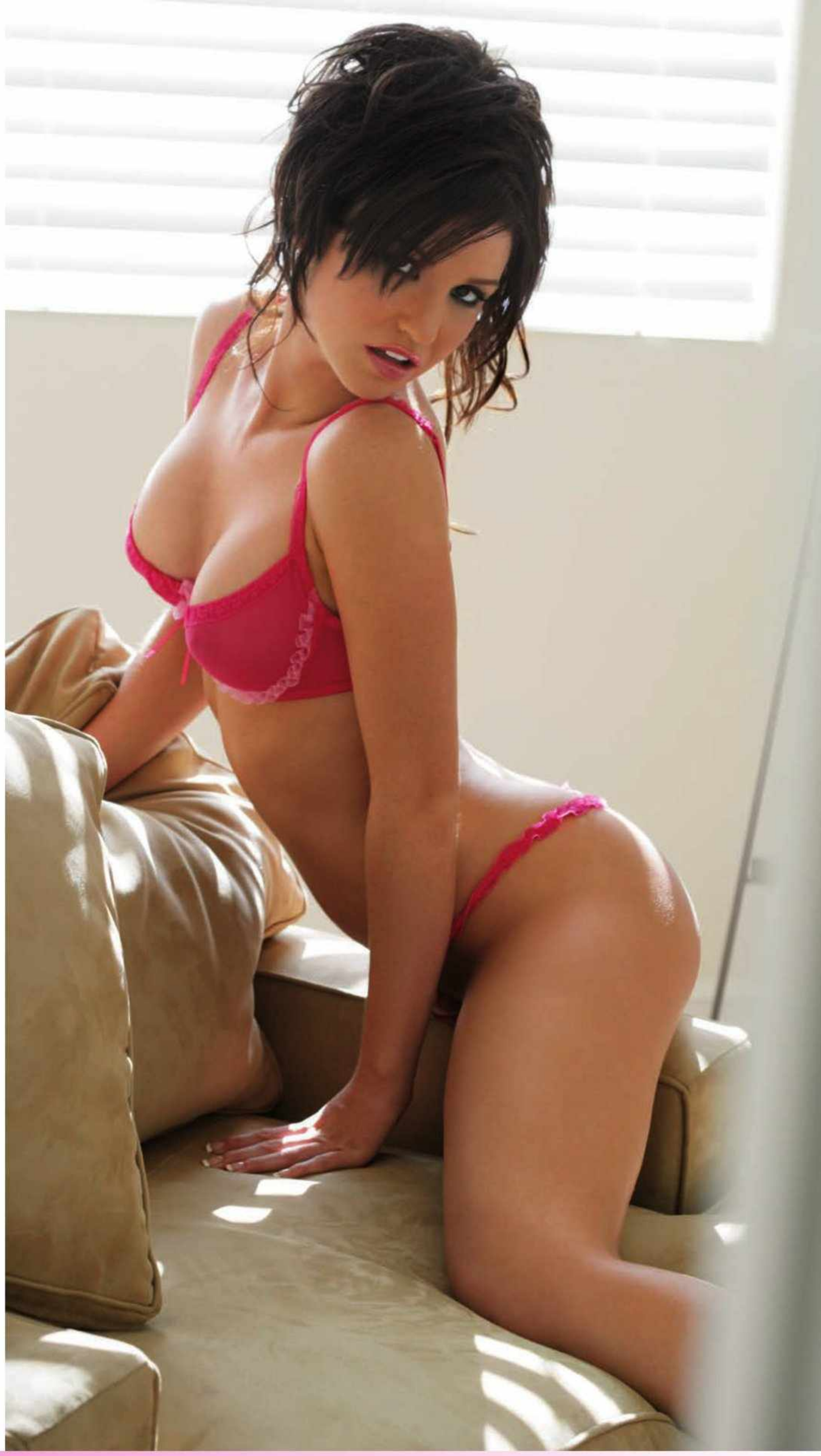
PEAK INSIDE

# This is a S

# VERONICA SAINT

# aint's inner



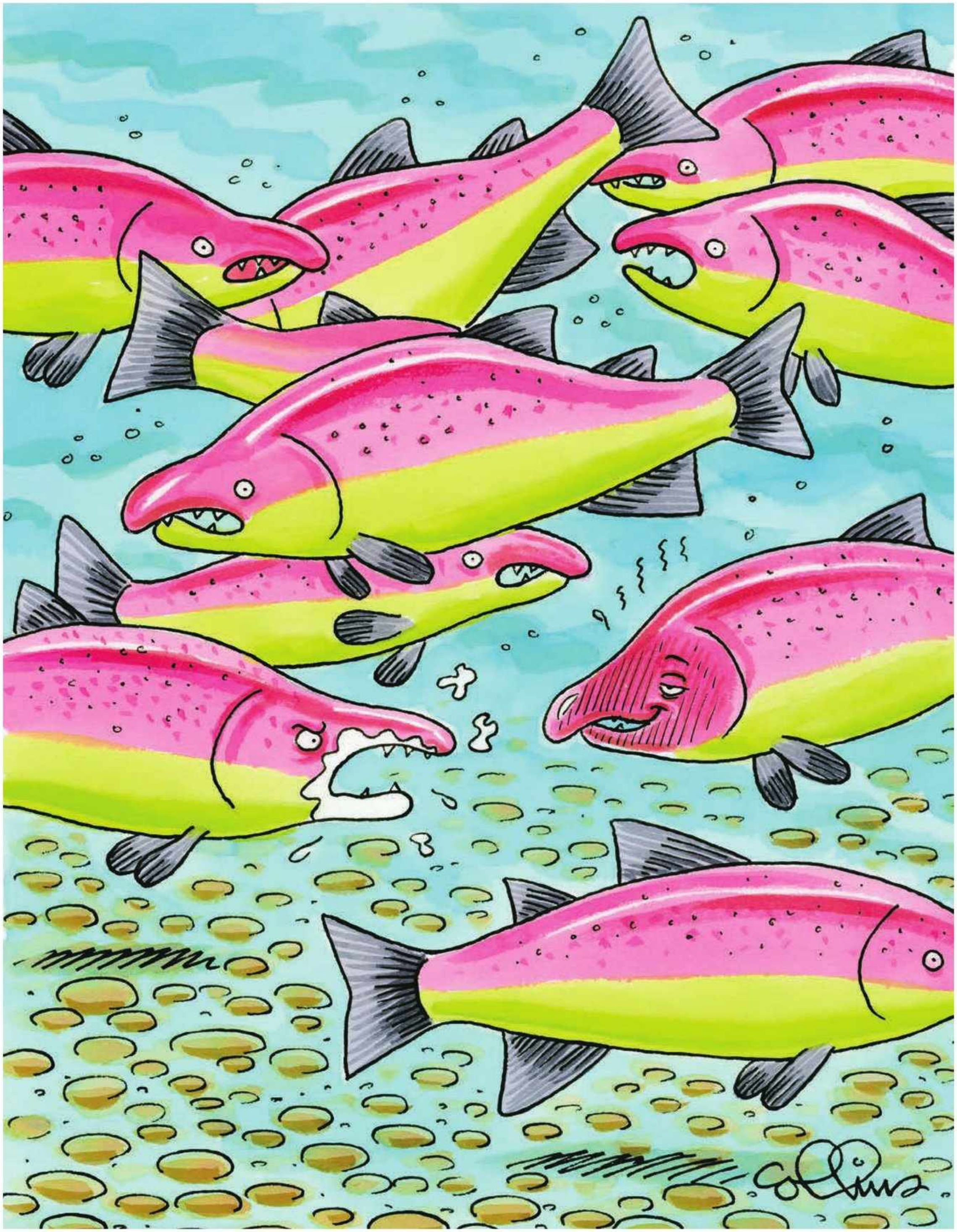
PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. STEPHEN HICKS FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

I feel bad for anyone who has to work in a real job," says sultry **Veronica Saint**. "I can't imagine going to an office every day and being stuck in that 9-to-5 drag. That must suck. I'm a porn star. I get up every morning and go to a photo studio or film set. Once I arrive, someone does my hair and makeup. Everyone treats me like a princess, and then I get to have sex with the hottest guys and girls! Being an adult actress is easily the greatest job any girl could hope for."

How does **Veronica** spend her time out of the limelight? "When I'm not working, I get to go to the coolest parties and meet the most interesting people," she tells us. "I have the best fans ever. It amazes me how into my films they are. One of my favorite things to do is meet fans and sign autographs. I'm very lucky to be able to do what I do, and it wouldn't be possible without the fans."

As for getting it on in her private life, "sinful" **Ms. Saint** confides, "I never fake it on film, so I guess sex in private is the same. I go at it full force whether or not cameras are around. And I always get myself and my partner off. I guess sex away from work is less crowded!" Wrapping things up, **Veronica** lightheartedly coos, "Sex is sex is sex. Even if it's bad, it's good. Actually, I never have bad sex. I can't. Otherwise, I'd get fired from my fun job."

**VERONICA SAINT'S VITAL FACTS:** HOMETOWN: Chatsworth, California | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 120 | MEASUREMENTS: 34C-26-38



"We migrate 3,000 miles, avoid fishermen and bears,
jump waterfalls, and then you come in my mouth?!"

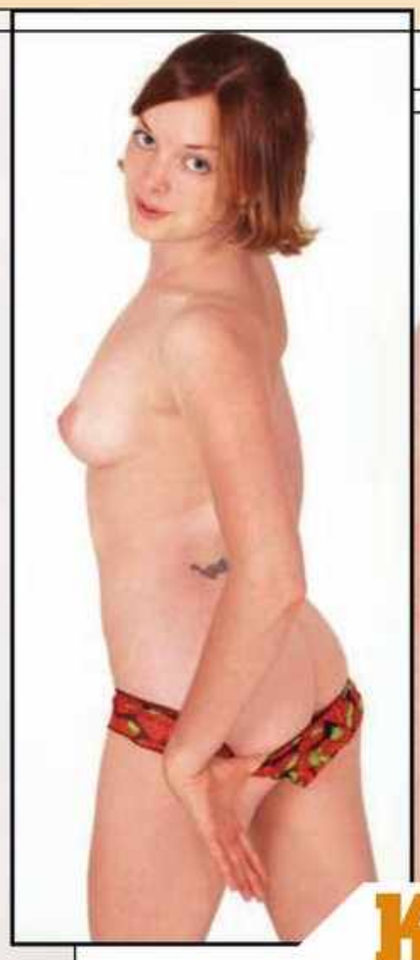
## DAWN

Sarah Palin may be America's most famous game huntress, but hold your horses. This 25-year-old gardener by way of York, South Carolina, is more game for in-the-public-eye nudity, and when a deer wanders into her crosshairs, Dawn's a "crack shot" to boot. The bona fide country bumpkin also has a blast without a shotgun. "I love getting bare-assed naked in the woods for some skinny-dipping or other fun stuff," Dawn informs us. "I'm very spontaneous and unpredictable. That's why I just had to give *Beaver Hunt* a shot." Keen on making the skies friendlier, the 5-foot-6 darling hankers "to have sex in an airplane." Yes, Dawn aims to please. —Photos by Boyfriend

## RHYZZA

"I'm naked at home all the time," professes this nurse's aide from Kahului, Hawaii. Now, with her 27th birthday on tap in February, Rhyzza has risen to the occasion by allowing a shutterbug to capture all her appetizing splendor. "I was a little afraid at first," divulges the 4-foot-11 Mauian, who's fond of shopping, tennis and going to the beach when she isn't "taking care of old people" at work. "But then I just started thinking of all the guys I could make happy seeing me without any clothes on." Thanks for taking care of voyeurs, sweetheart! Rhyzza's ancestry is Filipino, she speaks Ilokano, and she's hotter than a volcano during her intimate escapades. Here's just one of her naughty fancies: "I love sitting on a man's lap and being spun around as I slide up and down his cock." As a sex goddess and eye candy, Rhyzza assuredly takes the cake. —Photos by Friend

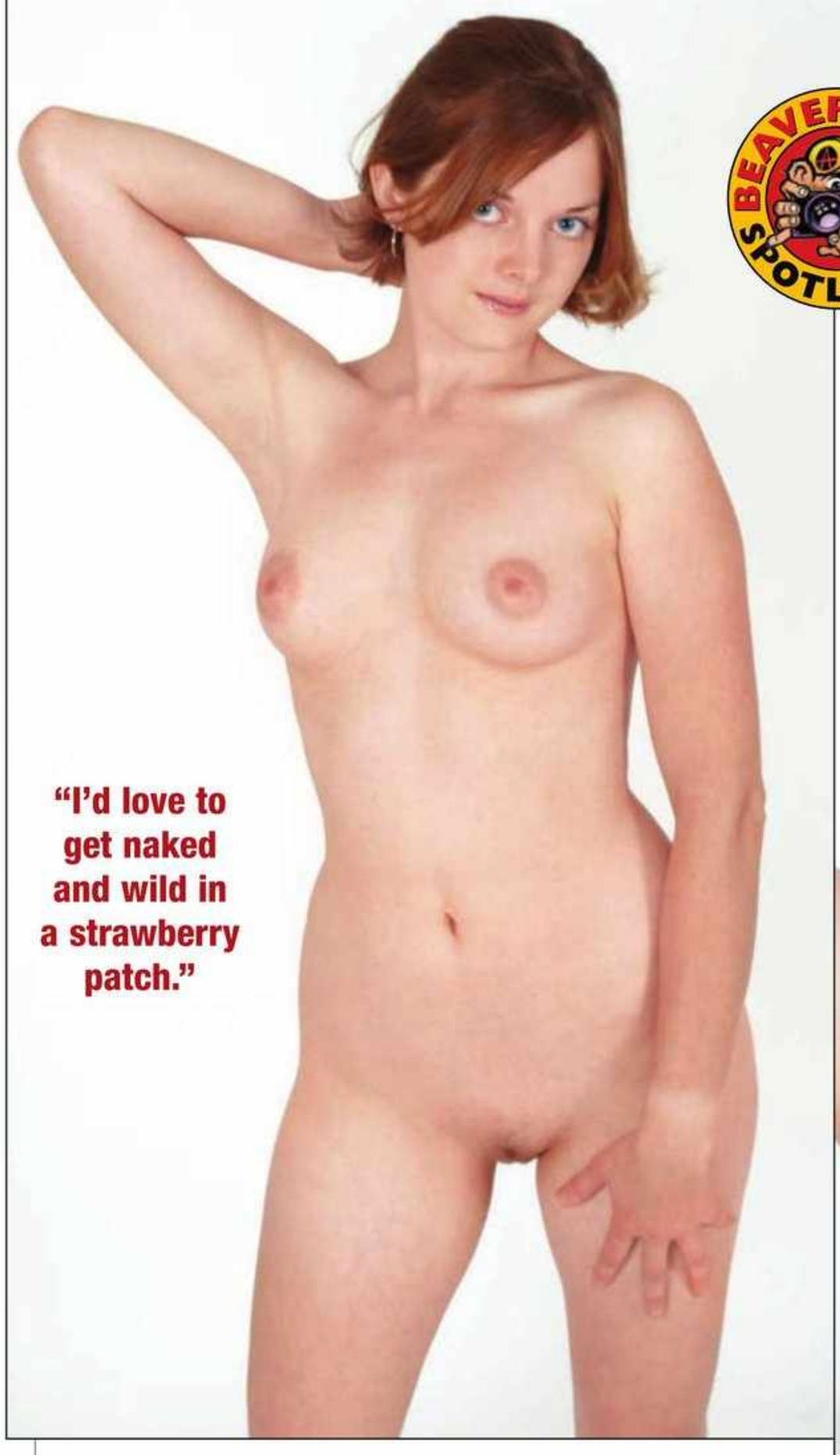
**"Getting laid doggy-style always makes me smile!"**



# KARRI DOVE

"I came out of my shell in college, flashing at frat parties," announces this adorable ad designer from Youngstown, Ohio. Inevitably, 25-year-old Karri Dove would be taking it all off in a publication once headquartered in the Buckeye State. "I've always been fascinated by men's magazines, especially HUSTLER," the 5-foot-6 ingenue discloses. "Even being a girl, I think the models are hot." Providing more than a little sizzle herself, Karri Dove—whose interests include sculpting, painting and grooving to the industrial groups Skinny Puppy and KMFDM—confides, "I'm kinky and spontaneous. When I get horny in public, I want to go at it. I love foreplay, and cowgirl-style always gets me off." Paying homage to the sculptor Rodin and her own whimsy, the cutie expresses a desire "to have sex beneath *The Thinker* at the Cleveland Art Museum." We think Karri rocks. —Photos by Friend

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT



**"I'd love to get naked and wild in a strawberry patch."**

## KRISTI

"I'm kinky, crazy and will try anything once," proclaims this perky bartender from The Dalles, Oregon, who's now added a serving of *Beaver Hunt* shots to her leisure-time portfolio. "I was down for it," coos Kristi, 38, a devotee of "fishing, hiking and biking," as well as "sucking and fucking for hours, in private or in public." Going public with her capricious private side, the 5-foot-5 tyro also fesses up, "I really like sex in the woods, my favorite position is doggy-style, and I watch porn almost every night. My perfect vacation activity? A man's tongue in my asshole while his tongue rubs against my clit." —Photos by Boyfriend

## DELICIOUS

"I thought it would be pretty cool to see if I had a chance to be picked," reckons this successful entrant from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. "With an ass like mine, my boyfriend said go for it." Delicious, 24—an online networking buff whose amorous life "couldn't be better"—admits, "Rough sex is the best, and I also love giving and receiving oral." For a wild fantasy the 5-foot-8 toy enthusiast offers "having sex with another girl and two guys." —Photos by Boyfriend

## LENA

Having once resided in Iceland, it seems appropriate that this certified nursing assistant out of Lewiston, Maine, would saunter butt naked beside an ice-covered lake. "I'm a very open person," chirps Lena, who was born in '69 and lists her hobbies as "camping, fishing, boating and anything that involves the beautiful outdoors." And she means *anything!* "I love taking long walks with my fiancé and stopping for sex," the 5-foot-2 "blowjob connoisseur" reveals. "The more exciting the situation, the quicker I get off." Finally, bi-curious Lena dreams of "two beautiful blondes with big breasts and me." —Photos by Fiancé

# JULIE

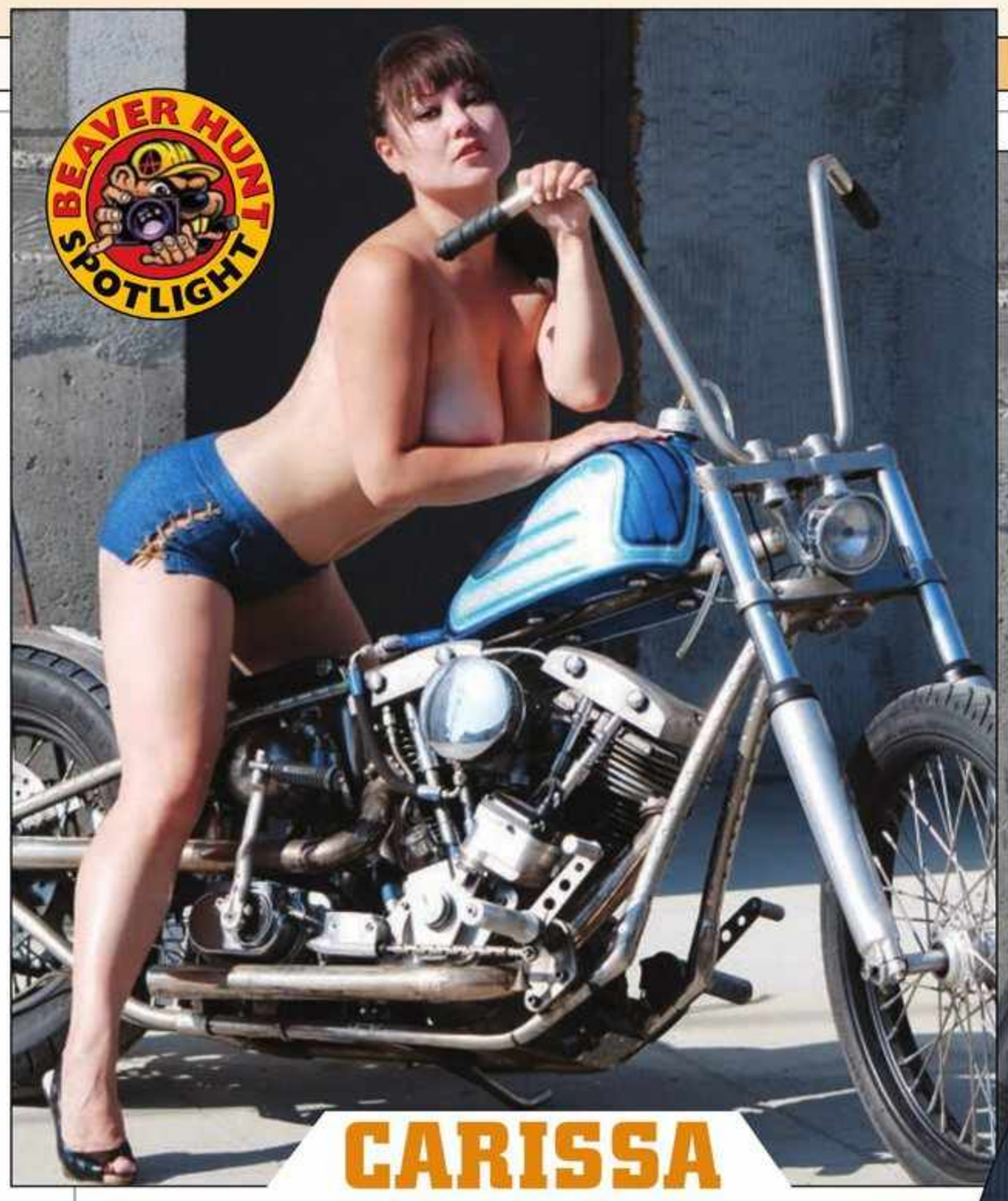
"I'm no Barbie, but I'm a lot of fun," extols this 30-year-old cashier from Strongsville, Ohio. "I can't wait to strip for my husband so he can take more nude pictures or have his way with me. HUSTLER is our favorite magazine, and it's no coincidence that I married a man named Larry." Standing 5-foot-10 and amenable to anal and threesomes, Julie is quite the wife. "I love watching my husband's facial expressions when I'm giving him a passionate blowjob," she toots. "And I'm always getting naked and masturbating in our porn room. That's where I'd like to record myself and another girl doing 69 and using big toys on one another. To complete the fantasy, I'd leave a note on the DVD player, telling hubby to hit the play button." —Photos by Husband

**"I know how to properly greet my husband when he walks in the door!"**

# RED

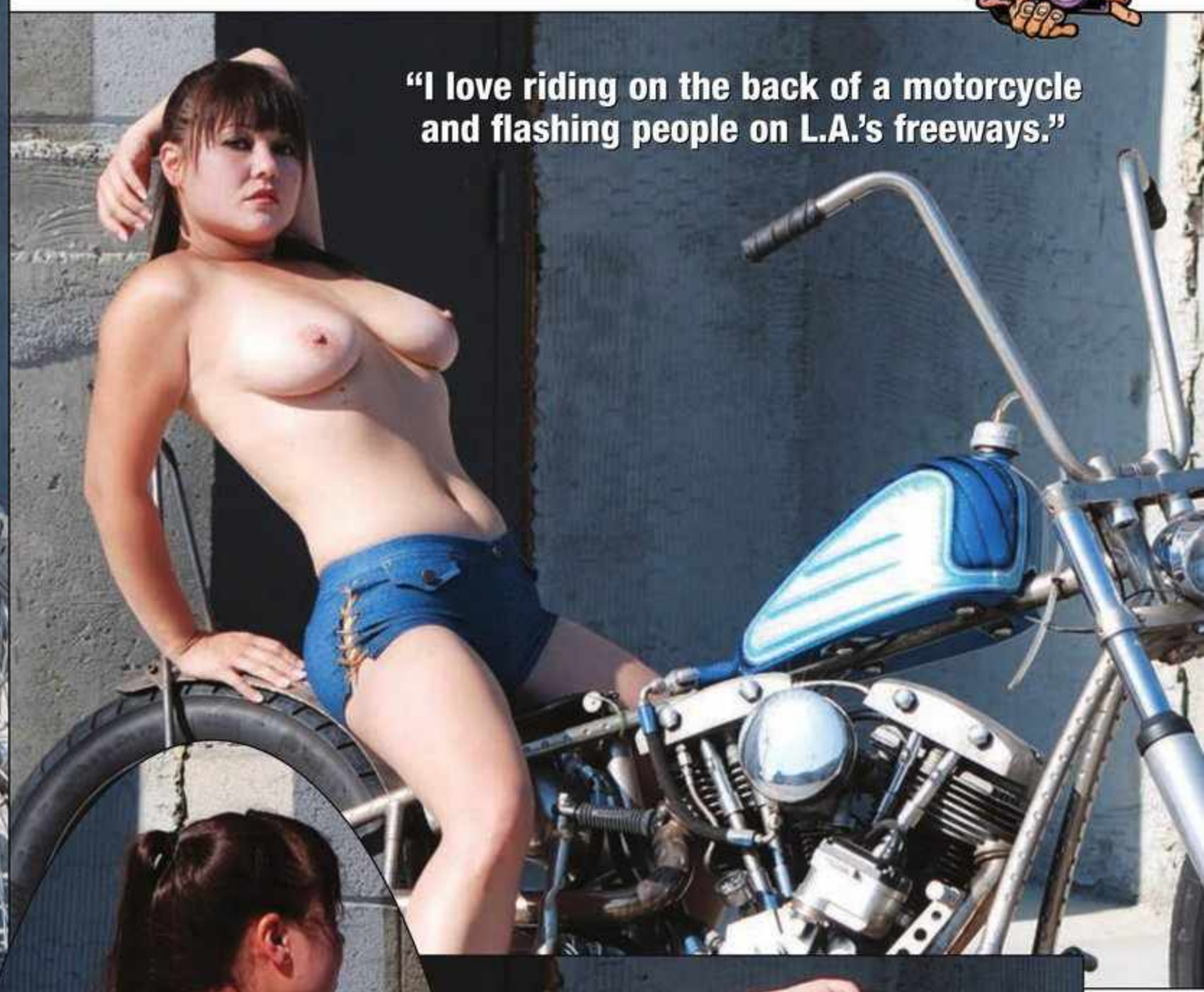
"As the mother of four, I wanted to see if I had what it takes to be in your magazine," states this onetime school bus driver from Burlington, Wisconsin, who'll turn 39 on February 2 (Groundhog's Day). "You only live once, and it's better without any leashes." Red, a big fan of Felix the Cat and an ardent antique collector, is one voracious feline. "I have a large sexual appetite," the 5-foot-6 MILF explains. "I love giving and receiving head, doggy-style and trying new things in the bedroom or outdoors." And that leads us to Red's most pressing desire. "I want to do a DP really bad," the carrottop remarks. "What woman doesn't? Two men to please me until I'm satisfied, then do it again!" —Photos by Fiancé

**"One of my fantasies is getting married naked. To hell with a wedding dress!"**




# CARISSA

"I love being naked and having sex in public," pipes this "half-redneck/half-Korean" photo assistant, who's left the Big Apple behind in favor of Los Angeles. "I try to be as naughty as possible at all times. The idea of being watched gets me completely wet. That's why I like going out to a mall or restaurant in short skirts and no panties and 'accidentally' flashing guys." Curvaceous Carissa, 30, also savors "cheeseburgers, baking cookies, reading biographies, roller-skating, motorcycling, attending rock shows, rewatching the movie *Dreamgirls* and buying shoes and slutty tops made out of leather." For a refreshing mouthful, the 5-foot-3 minx goes on to share, "I enjoy sucking cock and eating pussy." Her tossing in an "Anal's all right" and "I'm hyped for an all-girl threesome" makes Carissa's bio truly ribald. —Photos by Boyfriend



"I love riding on the back of a motorcycle and flashing people on L.A.'s freeways."

"One of my sexual fantasies had always been being in *Beaver Hunt* and having millions of guys looking at naked pictures of me and jerking off."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

# CHERRY FERRETTI

"HUSTLER was the first men's magazine I ever picked up," recalls Cherry Ferretti of Cypress, Texas. "I set my goal to do it, and here I am." But the 22-year-old newcomer—a self-described "nerd in high school" and an accounting major in college—has bigger dreams than simply being a top-notch Beaver who deftly intertwines networking, tennis, video games and stellar sex. "I want to be a famous porn star," the 5-foot-2 "*World of Warcraft* mistress" lays on the table. "I may look like the sweet-and-innocent girl-next-door, but I'm anything but. I'm a giver, and I love to please by giving blowjobs and going down on a girl. Of course, I don't mind taking it too. I plan to do a lot of fucking before moving on to other challenges. There are lots of things I want to do. High on my fantasy list is a rape scenario. I like the idea of being tied down and taken by a masked stranger while I'm dressed up as a cheerleader who refrains from wearing panties. I never wear 'em when I go out." —Photos by Friend

# ERIN

Anchoring our expanded amateur roundup is this luscious waitress from Lahaina, Hawaii. "I take pride in my body, and I have no problems posing nude," Erin, 23, avows. "I enjoy letting other people see it." But the 5-foot-7 newbie—whose spare-time pursuits include surfing, gardening and training dogs—also digs putting her bod and talents to good use. "I tend to be dominant," Erin asserts, "but sometimes I'll beg to be taken over. I absolutely love having someone go down on me, and I'm also into doggy-style, being spanked and playing with my nipples. They're very sensitive." And Erin may someday cease being a secluded-beach or behind-closed-doors sexpot. Her fantasy is "to be the Nordic goddess in a porn movie."

—Photos by Friend

# WIN BIG BUCKS!

**ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?**

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. (The layout winner's shooter will pocket $250.) All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

## MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

***Please Print***

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

City | State | Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

***Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.***

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/date/year)

In consideration of the payment of $350 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, display, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet Web site and/or transmission, or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

**In its sole discretion, LFP Publishing Group, LLC, or its affiliates, licensees or assigns, may elect to post the Images submitted by the Model on its Internet Web site currently located at BeaverHunt.com instead of publishing them in HUSTLER Magazine. In that case, the Model agrees to accept as full consideration for such posting six months of free membership and benefits in said BeaverHunt.com Web site.**

**AMATEUR MODEL'S PHOTOGRAPHER:** _____(PRINT NAME)

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Photographer's legal signature | Date (month/date/year)

***Note: Prize money sent to model only.***

# Pinch Me, I'm Dreaming

## JESSICA DIFEO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

Life really is a beach for this lifelong Californian. “I grew up near the ocean, so I guess it’s in my blood,” **Jessica** explains. “I’m happiest when I’m wearing as little as possible while hanging out in the sun and sand. Hey, maybe that’s why I ended up a nude model?” Has anyone ever told **Jessica** she’s a dead ringer for Nicky Hilton? “I get that a lot!” the lovely lookalike exclaims. “It usually happens in bars and clubs. I don’t mind, because it’s worked to my advantage on more than one occasion. I’ll get free drinks, gift bags, even invitations into the VIP section once in a while.” Relishing the resemblance, **Jessica** continues, “One night I hooked up with this rich guy who thought I was Nicky. We went back to his place in Beverly Hills and got it on. He wasn’t very good. Because the high-roller thought I was Nicky, I knew I never had to see him again. Of course, if he had been good in bed, that would have been a problem.”

As seductive as the lady can be, one-night stands aren't her cup of tea. "I love a guy who's in it for the long haul," **Jessica** reckons. "I'm done with the 'hit-it-and-quit-it' types and two-minute men. I like studs who can hold out for an unbelievably long time and give me repeat orgasms."

On that note, **Jessica** professes, "I'm not looking to get married or anything, but I do want to meet a man who can keep me satisfied for months on end. The longer you stay, the more you get." With a wink, she teasingly points out, "I'm not giving up my ass on the first date, but four months later? I'll be more than ready to go back-door, baby!"

**JESSICA DIFEO'S VITAL FACTS:** HOMETOWN: Huntington Beach, California | AGE: 31 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 110

Britney Brighton

# COMING NEXT TIME

## THE Q&A: DR. HELEN CALDICOTT

The famed physician, writer and anti-nuclear activist exposes the billion-dollar lies of the energy industry and the deadly secrets of the Pentagon's depleted uranium ammunition. "We are waging nuclear war in the Middle East," Dr. Caldicott proclaims, "polluting the cradle of civilization for the rest of time." HUSTLER Features Editor Ted Newsom interviews the Nobel Prize nominee.

## LARRY FLYNT: "HOW I SPOT THE CHEATS"

HUSTLER publisher and casino owner Larry Flynt recalls the best poker scams he's ever seen and how he deals with creeps when they're caught. Plus, professional magician Allan Kronzek shows you how to turn the tables on card sharps with "Six Ways to Save Your Ass at Poker."

## COUGARS UNLEASHED: SEKA

The legendary lady of lust returns in a mouth-watering photo-set and a deliciously dirty interview with HUSTLER's resident cougar, Luna Azul. See porn's platinum goddess at the mind-boggling age of 54.

## SEBASTIAN BACH

Rocker-turned-reality-TV-star bitch-slaps the world with roadie tales of kickin' ass on stage, wild threesomes and finger fun in elevators. Entertainment Editor Keith Valcourt gets the raw meat from rock's savage animal.

## CONSLUTS: DRAGONCON 2008

Check out Atlanta's annual comic book/fantasy fest, where geeks rub shoulders with sci-fi celebrities and outrageous costumed babes vie for the most exposed skin. HUSTLER roving reporter Sun Karma covers all the action, even the eye-popping after-hours parties.

## NO GUTS, NO GLORY

In this exciting real-life adventure, two Special Ops commandos drop behind enemy lines into the jungles of Cambodia. Their secret nighttime raid nearly becomes a bloodbath when the Americans find themselves vastly outnumbered. Security expert Jim Bolen's account reads like fiction—but every action-filled sentence is true.

The March '09 HUSTLER goes on sale January 20, 2009. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.